

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FREE NOVEL

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SYDNEY



*Special
Birthday
Number*

If you ask me why I'm happy,
Then the words that I shall say
Are that I have caught a rainbow
And I'm wearing it to-day.

BIRTHDAY

Yes, I have caught the rainbow,
Bringing laughter to my way,
And you must share my happiness
Because it's my birthday. —P.D.-B.

NOW We are TWO: Women's Weekly CELEBRATES De-Luxe Birthday Number Marks Important Occasion! MILLION READERS EVERY WEEK

It is two years ago this week since the first issue of The Australian Women's Weekly was published. We are celebrating our second anniversary by producing this special issue with its many pages in color, and its fine array of special features.

This seems to us a fitting manner in which to express to you, our readers, our heartfelt gratitude for your loyal and enthusiastic support. We feel that when you have read this issue, you, whose goodwill means so much to us, will wholeheartedly wish us "Many Happy Birthdays."

TO-DAY we are selling over a quarter of a million copies of our paper. It is fair to assume that each copy is read by four people, so that we can justly claim to have a million readers.

A million readers! That is a great triumph. No other women's paper in the southern hemisphere, no other weekly paper for women in the world, can claim such a success. Of course we are proud of it.

It is also a great responsibility. We shall endeavor to discharge it worthily and to continue to merit your confidence.

You all know how we pioneered this new field of women's journalism, at a time, too, when our country was in the depths of economic depression, when papers of long standing were being killed by their worried proprietors; when other papers were exercising the most stringent economies, and the ranks of out-of-work journalists, composers, Press artists, photographers, and others in the printing trade were weekly growing larger.

You can guess what the prophets of gloom predicted for The Australian Women's Weekly! It took courage and faith in Australia to launch this new enterprise on the scale on which it was done.

It meant establishing branches in the capital cities of the Commonwealth, a special cable service and offices in London—all on a scale second only in magnitude to that of a great metropolitan daily.

You know the result. From its first issue you hailed this paper with joy. You bought it and kept on buying it. We, on our part, have constantly endeavored to keep on improving it.

Among the most daring and costly of our efforts has been the addition of a separate, book-length novel as a free supplement. We know of no other paper in the world that attempts this.

Other papers have been quick to follow our lead, and, to-day, the field of women's journalism is in an entirely different position to that of three years ago, when a couple of columns of social news and a few local features comprised the maximum space devoted to women's interest. This is all to the good.

Followed Our Lead

OCASIONALLY, being human, we feel indignant at the assiduous imitation of our features by other papers. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but, frankly, it does put a strain on one's philosophy sometimes. However, women generally have profited by this new attention to their journalistic needs and what it has meant in increased enlightenment it would be difficult to estimate.

We may be excused for uttering an exaggerated wish that our imitators would try exploring a few paths of their own, instead of following so closely on those we have marked out, but, on the whole, we warmly welcome this extension of a great field of service to women.

Abroad, as well as in Australia, The Australian Women's Weekly has been closely watched, and, this week, news reached us that the head of a powerful group of English newspapers is arranging to bring out in England a journal

for women modelled on the lines laid down by The Australian Women's Weekly.

TO-DAY we have one million readers. To each and every one of you we extend our warmest thanks for your support. We assure you that we shall use our best endeavors to retain your interest and friendship.

Thousands of you have made inquiries as to our future plans, and have assured us that you would accord the same support to a daily or Sunday paper issued

HERE IS YOUR PAPER being printed. This photograph showing a section of the machine-room gives some indication of the huge plant necessary to produce The Australian Women's Weekly.



by us as you have done to The Australian Women's Weekly.

At the present moment our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. George Warnecke, is abroad, making a special study in England, America, and on the Continent of the most modern methods of newspaper production. In due course you will reap the benefit of his investigations.

All we can say, in addition, at this stage, is that the success of The Aus-

tralian Women's Weekly has been so encouraging that we contemplate an early entry into the fields of daily and Sunday journalism, and when our plans are matured we will duly announce them to you.

Meantime, for your continued loyalty to this paper, we again say:

"Thank you!"

SEARCHING IRELAND for Heir to Australian FORTUNE While a Premier and a Prime Minister Search for Ancestors AMAZING TRIBE OF BURKES

From G. W. WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly, who is making a world tour for this paper.
By Air Mail—from Dublin.

I have been in Ireland for the past week watching an Australian Prime Minister and an Australian Premier searching remote villages for traces of their ancestors.

Both Mr. Lyons, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Ogilvie, the Premier of Tasmania, are of Irish descent, and both are proud of it.

At the same time, a special commissioner appointed by the New South Wales Public Trustee is roaming the countryside looking for the true heir of Martin Burke, an Australian who died in Sydney in 1893, worth £45,000, but forgot to make a will.

MR. LYONS has had a number of letters from people who claim relationship. In most cases his secretary has had to write pointing out that there is no connection.

I don't know whether Mr. Ogilvie has had any letters.

But as for the ancient tribe of Burke, it seems to have multiplied in the bags and the vales more numerous than the seed of Abraham. Burkes and Bourkes and O'Bourkes have appeared in such numbers that the Commissioner has spent weeks travelling the country, taking evidence, inspecting old parish

registers, and interviewing oldest inhabitants.

This search for the rightful heir of Martin Burke is likely to produce a new history of the Irish in Ireland, the Irish in America, and the Irish in Australia. It is one of the most amazing legal cases in recent times.

Some of the Burkes went to Australia in the old days and lived in bark huts, and then went to America.

Some of them went to America and then to Australia.

Some of them stayed at home. But they are all the nearest heir of Martin's £45,000. Over 700 claims have been considered so far.

Yesterday the Commissioner went to a remote part of the west of Ireland to take evidence from old people who were too infirm to travel. One old man, Edmund O'Gorman, aged 80, was discovered to be up the mountains following cattle.

At about 5.30 at night he was located on the roadway about a mile from his home, and the Commissioner decided to take evidence on the spot. With a number of lawyers standing round, the Commissioner asked O'Gorman to take the oath.

O'Gorman refused, saying he was only the height of a stick when the events

A modern Dick Whittington and his lady honored by the King. . . .

Read this story of how Sydney's most remarkable couple have achieved a title... See page 21.

happened they wanted to question him about.

Another woman, who claims to be a first cousin of Martin Burke, said her memory went back to the time she was two, although she was now 80.

"I remember Martin Burke carrying me around in a hayfield," she said, "and I was not two years old at the time." The names of Burkes living in places as far apart as Armidale (N.S.W.), Markham (Wiltshire), and San Francisco (U.S.A.) have been mentioned in the case.

Legal Expenses

Of course, while the case goes on the costs pile up, and when the heir is eventually found it is probable that quite a bit of the fortune will have disappeared in "legal expenses."

This question was raised when the parish register of Ogonnell was examined. One of the names had become practically obliterated, and a solicitor suggested it be photographed by infra-red rays to see if it was the signature of Martin Burke.

"The cost should be borne by the estate," he suggested.

The Commissioner said that each claimant must bear his own expenses, but later on the Public Trustee would make any allowance he thought fit.

Australian visitors of Irish descent are frequent in Ireland. But it is safe to say that no visitor has caused such a stir for a long time as the legal gentleman from New South Wales with £45,000 in his bag, ready to hand it over to the Burkes, or Bourkes, or O'Bourkes.

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It would be a dull world without color ... which man's ingenuity has now used in an amazing way to amuse you!

RAINBOW o'er FILMLAND

This rainbow is the film world's latest thrill!
What will Hollywood and Elstree give us next?

By . . .
Beatrice Tildesley

THAT crock of gold which lies at the rainbow's end is fast spilling its treasures over Hollywood and Elstree, and the spill-over will amuse and entertain millions of people all over the world.

To such enchanting rhythms as Walt Disney's "Silly Symphonies," all the characters of Cartoon Land are stepping out in a gay parade of the pigments which promises to add all the beauty of the spectrum to the enjoyment of the films of the near future. Long-feature pictures in color are now joining in the march.

Just as early "movies" gave way to "talkies," now "talkies" seem likely to be displaced by "tinties." The end of the present monochrome or one-color films has been predicted if photographic experiments now being made are successful.



THE GODDESS of Spring, by Walt Disney (United Artists).

"La Cucaracha" won great and well-deserved popularity everywhere. This was a product of Pioneer Pictures Incorporated which is associated with R.K.O. The subject of "La Cucaracha" was dramatic, with humorous interludes, and it was very effectively rendered by the principal actors and the dancers. But the brilliance and the clarity of the colors and the absence of fuzziness in the outlines quite clearly contributed mainly to its success. In this picture vivid green and red and rich gold were set off by a pale misty-blue that was considered an achievement.

Now a bright blue has been added to the spectrum for the next production of the company, "Becky Sharp," a full-length film based on Thackeray's novel, "Vanity Fair," starring Miriam Hopkins and Cedric Hardwicke. This is being anticipated with much eagerness.

It is impossible here to refer to all the series of short subjects in color issued by various companies. Paramount has been responsible for some successful cartoons, including "The Little Dutch

Mill," and the James Fitzpatrick Travelogue, released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, are now made entirely in color. It may be surmised that as regards cartoons color will shortly oust black-and-white completely. Disney himself has announced that he will make no more Mickey Mouse cartoons in black-and-white.

Other short films suggest that the use of color is most effective in dealing with medieval or costume plays. Men's clothing and a good deal of the workaday garb of modern times hardly justify the expense of color photography.

On the whole the prominent people in the industry all tend to the conviction that color will come to stay. But some of them do not seem to think that it will come quite so soon or so overwhelmingly as others. One prediction is that there will be at least 10 full-length feature pictures in color made during 1936; that in three years 50 per cent. of the pictures will be in color, and that before five years have elapsed Hollywood will be producing 90 per cent. of its output in color work.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE before the race in Walt Disney's color cartoon, shortly to be released by United Artists.

HAVING already been treated to a considerable number of color cartoons and short dramatic subjects photographed in color, Australian picturegoers will shortly see a full-length feature picture, "Becky Sharp," which is claimed to reproduce the brilliant hues of life.

If this ambitious production is successful there is likely to be a succession of full-length color films at the earliest possible date that they can be produced and a gradual decrease in the number of pictures without color.

Some people have even suggested that monochrome pictures will cease to be made. But on present indications that is looking too far ahead.

The public has grown so used to the black-and-white effects of ordinary photography, and the skill of camera-men and directors has lately produced such a variety of tone and composition in the best examples of feature pictures exhibited that the lack of color has passed almost unnoticed.

But remember how that spectacular musical success, "Viennese Nights," broke all previous records for popularity.

The colors in that picture were limited in range and rather variable. They failed of natural brilliance very often and the shadows were somewhat opaque.

Most serious defect of all, the outlines were inclined to blur. Yet the color, such as it was, gave a liveliness to the scene and helped the stereoscopic suggestion—the effect of seeing objects and persons in the round—that is still the subject of anxious experiment.

That process had a two-color base and belonged to the earlier Technicolor group with which the inventor, Dr. Kalmus, an American engineer, was busied as far back as 1914.

Progress on the invention was very slow. It was not until 1921 that the company with which he was associated produced its first moving-picture, "Toll of the Sea," starring Anna May Wong.

Forty Years Ago

Of course color had been used sporadically in moving-pictures long before that. But the previous method, which was introduced in 1894 with a short film produced by Thomas Alva Edison, "Anna Belle, the Dancer," was the laborious one of applying the colors to the film by hand with a brush.

Gorgeous results were obtainable by this means, and many other companies in different parts of the world proceeded to utilize it. Some filmmakers in Australia may remember a U.F.A. film with an Arabian setting. It was a version of an Arabian Nights tale and was entitled "Secrets of the East."

Many sequences of this film showed brilliant color—vivid red and sea-green—applied by the Pathe stencil method.

But here again the outlines, not always coinciding exactly, were a difficulty, and the process as a whole was so expensive as to be almost prohibitive.

Technicolor, which in 1929 was improved by the addition of another color to the basic scale, seems to have given more satisfactory results, judged on films shown to the public.

This three-color process was a tremendous advance. It created a renewed interest in the commercial possibilities of color.

But there was still a certain hesitancy on the part of studio executives to try it out, due to the disappointments sustained with earlier efforts. It was to the enterprise of Walt Disney more than to any other person that this improved process owed the beginnings of its popularity.

Naturally, Disney has been followed by others. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has issued some delightful cartoons in Technicolor, of which perhaps the most charming is "A Tale of the Vienna Woods," which depicts the adventures of a young fawn and a stone satyr which comes to life and plays with him. Elstree will probably put out its first color feature next year.

But Disney's productions, of course, are all cartoons. Color photography of dramas enacted by living persons in the studio are on a different footing.

Here too the trail has been blazed. Last year a short musical drama with a picturesque Mexican background entitled

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"POOR Mrs. Dionne" ... says MRS. LYONS

Quintuplets Had to be Taken from Their Parents for Protection

The birthday of the Dionne quintuplets, which occurred last week, was accompanied by another outbreak in the feud between the "quins'" parents and the Canadian Government.

In a special cable from Canada, the birthday is described, together with Mrs. Dionne's comments.

Mrs. Lyons, Australia's No. 1 Mother, was asked for her opinion of the situation.

Read what she has to say.

CALLENDER, Ontario, May 29. **A**LTHOUGH those who wished Mrs. Dionne happiness on the day of the "quins'" birthday received this reply: "It is my hope that other mothers are happier than I am, for I have been separated from my children a whole year."

sleep without eating any of the five birthday cakes, each of which was decorated with one candle.

LONDON, June 1.

Mrs. Lyons, Australia's No. 1 Mother, interviewed in London, said: "I am indeed sorry for the 'quins' mother, though it appears to have been necessary for the State to step in and take charge, as the parents could not possibly

have afforded the special treatment necessary to make them such bonny youngsters; but the general upbringing of children is the parents' responsibility, and in our Christian civilisation the home should be united. "Everywhere the State seems to be taking more and more of the parents'



MR. AND MRS. OLIVA DIONNE, parents of the famous "quins," at breakfast in Chicago, where they appeared in vaudeville. A further exclusive series of "quin" studies will be found on another page of this issue.

responsibilities, which I am sure is not to the advantage of family life.

"Poor Mrs. Dionne! After all, they are her babies. She must have been sick at heart to see their birthday made into a kind of public holiday.

"I am sure she was just so overwrought she couldn't take part.

"Anyway, one of these days, when five healthy, happy girls are handed over to her, she will forget those pangs in joyful pride."

Callender To-day

SO many presents and messages have arrived from all over the world that a special staff of telegraphists and postmen has been added to Callender Post Office.

The village of Callender now has electricity which has been laid on specially to the "quins'" hospital, so that the most modern appliances could be used. The unemployed of the district have been absorbed building and widening roads to cope with the heavy tourist traffic visiting the "quins."

The fortune these babies have accumulated now amounts to £37,000, which has been made up by presents and contracts.

The Transcontinental Express, which used to flash through Callender with a contemptuous snort, now stops to set down celebrities visiting the "quins," and to unload parcels and gifts which always come in fives.

The "quins" have foster-mothers all over Canada, for during the first weeks they were fed on mothers' milk supplied from hospitals in Toronto and Quebec.

THE "quins'" birthday has recalled events a year ago when the five little babies made their sensational debut to the world.

In the small hours of May 28 last year, Doctor Allan Roy Dufoe, roused by a

French-Canadian farmer, Oliva Dionne, rushed to a farmhouse where a trembling midwife was assisting the semi-conscious Mrs. Elaire Dionne in the birth of a baby.

Two other babies had already arrived and were at the foot of the bed.

He set to work, and then came the fourth baby, and then the fifth.

He wrapped the five mewling infants in heated blankets, and placed them in a butcher's basket; then he turned to the now unconscious mother.

After doing what he could for her, he baptised the infants, because the whole history of medicine was against their surviving; then he walked two miles to fetch a priest, believing that the mother was about to die.

When he returned she had rallied, and the infants still lived, so he set to work again, and by midday had pulled the mother out of danger and had soiled out, bathed, settled, and fed the infants with water from an eyedropper.

Fame for Doctor

LITTLE did Dr. Dufoe realise then that he was about to become world-famous, and that he would drop his country practice to be a foster-father and personal physician to five young ladies.

Later that day, Oliva Dionne walked into the "North Star Nugget" office, the local newspaper, and asked the price of inserting a birth notice.

When told, he asked the amazed clerk "How much will it be for five babies, all born together?" The editor was immediately informed, and he rushed him back home and verified the facts, with the result that Yvonne, Cecile, Emilie, Marie and Annette got their birth notices printed in every language in almost every paper in the world, free!

Now they have celebrated their first birthday—the only quintuplets ever recorded to have done so—in a specially-built hospital just across the road from the ramshackle farmhouse where they were born and where their five brothers and sisters live.

They were surrounded by celebrities—the Premier of Ontario, the Welfare Minister (Mr. Croll), the Mayor, leaders of science and society—but neither the father, mother, sisters, nor brothers; for these babies are now wards of the King until they are eighteen, and are under the care of a board of guardians which includes Minister Croll, Dr. Dufoe, and Oliva Dionne; but Oliva won't attend meetings, he and his wife claiming that they have a right to own the children without outside interference.

The reason State action was taken was that the simple father and mother might become a prey to swindlers; also, they were unable to give the "quins" the special treatment and exceptional care which has enabled them to survive.

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HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1531E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmanian office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of notepaper, showing date and page in which per was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State. Unavailable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

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PATENT

See special notice on the pattern page.

BLACK ORCHIDS

Our exciting new serial of intrigues, spies, and the mysterious "Lady of the Black Orchids." To be completed in four long instalments. . .

CHAPTER 1.

ON a certain terrace of the famous hotel Duna-Palota, where at tea time smart women show off stupid dogs and forget even stupider husbands, three uniformed officers and two civilians sat drinking cocktails about a table which commanded an excellent view of the swiftly-flowing Danube.

It was that hour when the setting sun was gilding the age-old Gothic spires of Buda, and tinting with red the roofs of the empty Hapsburg palaces on the heights. Passing beyond these relics of imperial grandeur, it cast oblique golden rays through the fresh leafed chestnuts to touch the gold braid on Count Alexander Exler's green uniform with a brush of fire. It drew sparkling high lights from the slender cocktail glasses, from silver scattered in disorder among the ash trays, and made a brave brilliance among the decorations decking the horizon-blue chest of Captain Robert d'Armonot, military attaché at the French Ministry.

Though the terrace was becoming deserted, the group about that particular table apparently had no intention of leaving their half-finished cocktails.

Ian Gray, First Secretary to his Excellency, the American Minister, sipped the last of his Clover Club almost lazily, then drawled:

"Oh, you idiots and your eternal drivel about pretty women. I could forgive you if you didn't always exaggerate. You're always promising to produce Venus herself and all I find is Lilith or Mademoiselle Nitouche."

"So?" Captain d'Armonot's slender black brows shot upwards in a quizzical grin. "Mon Dieu, but you are blasé. There's no satisfying you—"

Across the table from the other civilian sat a blonde young man well built, and with eyes that were sensitive and softly blue. He was a well-shaped, but none too forceful a mouth, and chin. He raised his glass and said with a casualness that was at once noticeable:

"In that case—here's to the hour Ian Gray meets the all-conquering and captivating Lolita. I'll bet she'd make even our fed-up and thrill-seeking Ian sit up, bark for a biscuit, roll over and play dead."

"I fancy you" drawled the fourth member of the party, a long-limbed Englishman who, on the laps of his perfectly-fitting khaki uniform, wore the metal dragon insignia of the Welsh Fusiliers. "Despite all Ian's careful camouflage about being a jaded roué of a heart-breaker, I've an idea he's still very much the rock-bound puritan at heart."

A SLOW tide of color swept into the clean-shaven lean cheeks of the man called Ian Gray, and lit a deep-set half-moon scar on the point of a jaw that was strong without being obstinate or sullen. Like an amiable bear he settled his broad six feet of brown-clad body back into a wholly inadequate-looking wicker chair as a ripple of laughter arose from the table and Count Exler threw back his head to address a staring in a tree overhead.

"A rock-bound puritan! There is a story for you, little bird!" He chuckled until the gold epaulettes on his shoulders winked in the sunlight like a thousand bright eyes. "A rock-bound puritan. Herr lieber Gott! What would Mancel, Hon and—"

"Allez! Have you no shame?" reproved Captain d'Armonot over his golden brows. "Why recite the decalogue of the wretched fellow's affairs to our?"

"Nevertheless," insisted Major Harris, the dark-haired Welshman, "I know our little Ian."

"Ah, but you won't if he meets the ravishing Lolita," persisted Count Exler. "She is charming, and a little dangerous, eh, Leonard, my brave?"

The young man in the rather shiny,

dark-blue civilian suit looked up, flushing a little. "Oh, go to the devil, Robert—she—well, I've found she isn't a bit as rumor describes her."

"Eh?" Ian Gray leaned forward, his even white teeth glimmering in a wholly American grin. "What's this, Leonard? Are you standing up for this international heart-breaker?"

The other glanced up, a sudden severity in his pale blue eyes. "Oh, shut up, Soldat. You're like all the rest." He leaned forward, eager as a schoolboy. "I tell you the Countess Lolita has been lied about—she's sweet, absolutely unaffected, and charming. I'd stake my life on it."

AN uncomfortable silence crept over the table, as Captain d'Armonot stopped laughing to put down his cocktail glass rather suddenly. He leaned forward and his brown face was troubled.

"Excusez, mon ami, take a word from one who knows. The Countess Lolita is charming, no doubt, and very beautiful, but also unlucky to know. Eh, Alexander?" He shot a shrewd glance at the Hungarian officer who, very dashing in his black frogged pale green uniform, was staring fixedly out over the Danube.

His dark head inclined. "Igen di Valasto might tell you some interesting things, Leonard, but unfortunately he blew out his brains in Vienna last month—at the far end of the Prater, I believe."

Ian Gray was still smiling, but into his eyes had crept a gleam of anxiety. That was quite an outburst for the usually unemotional Leonard Holt—especially since he was very, very definitely, and presumably, happily engaged to the beautiful Hya Zichoupi, the only daughter of a very important Minister in the affairs of the kingless kingdom of Hungary.

"Now that you speak of it," nodded Major Harris deliberately, "seems to me that's the same charming little lady who kicked up such a bobby in Bucharest. Quite turned the diplomatic corps on their respected ears, don't you know? As my American cousins, Ian and Leonard, would say, she 'vamped' one of our under-secretaries into all kinds of foolish indiscretions. What the ultimate one was, I don't know, but she dropped poor Willoughby like a hot penny after she'd made a complete damn fool of him. There must have been something more serious to it all, else there's no accounting for the way he suddenly dropped out of sight. It's all very well to laugh and joke about these things, but there is no point in deliberately putting one's head into a noose."

A slight chill made Ian shiver and he suddenly noted that the sun had disappeared behind the palaces on the hill across the river.

"There are other rumors, too," commenced d'Armonot thoughtfully. "We in the Government are well-informed. So I state on good authority that the Countess von Waldeck brought about a certain stupid, but fatal, duel—"

There sounded a tinkle of broken glass as Leonard Holt upset his cocktail glass and jumped to his feet, his sensitive features stiffened and flooded with angry color. With an apparent effort he restrained a torrent of words and said:

"Oh, shut up! You're talking like malicious old women. You know nothing about the real Lolita—she, she's pure and good! Like bayonets, his pale blue eyes thrust at the startled but half-amused group. "Do you understand? I won't listen to such talk. Lolita couldn't do such things and I—I'm damned if I'll stand for it."

Ian got up quickly and, towering over the slighter figure like a benevolent giant, placed a soothing hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Take it easy, Len," he advised. "You're getting warmed up about nothing. What's it to you anyway? She doesn't mean anything to your young life."

By
F. V. W. MASON

But did she? With an unpleasant sense of surprise Ian found himself recalling a dozen little incidents that had occurred during the past two weeks. Why, for instance, had Leonard Holt spent so much time out? Rarely did he come in before one or two o'clock. Then again he would sit for long hours in their joint apartment staring fixedly into space. Also his recent work at the Ministry had been so decidedly poor that even Mr. King, the minister, had remarked upon it.

THE shorter man turned, half-resentful, then his expression softened. "Of course," he muttered, dropping his eyes, "you're right. But I don't like to hear an innocent woman slandered."

It was then that Captain d'Armonot, with the infinite tact of his race, threw himself into the breach.

"Voyons," he cried lightly. "Miracles will never cease if we become serious. Ho, Francois!" he bailed the maître d'hôtel. "Some fresh cocktails, please. And then he said, turning to Harris:

"After that, we must be on our way. You're going to old Baron von Satzmar's dinner to-night—no?"

The Welshman's narrow black head inclined and he made a very face. "Yes, worse luck. I suppose there'll be the usual array of fat, bejewelled dowagers and medal-clanking diplomats on hand and—"

He broke off short to witness with approval the arrival of more cocktails. Promptly the sense of strain departed.

CHAPTER 2

A LITTLE later Count Exler arose and, donning his tall officer's cap, saluted with that punctiliousness that only survives in Spain and Hungary.

"Auf wiedersehen! Until to-morrow at this time. Have a good time to-night." His teeth glimmered beneath his small black moustache in a brief smile. "Gott sei Dank. I am only a simple army officer and do not have to play the stuffed shirt four times a week."

Tucking his sword under his arm he prepared to take himself off when he felt the American attaché's hand on his arm.

"Tell me," invited Ian, "what is the name of this devastating little lady? I am intrigued—"

The Hungarian's slightly oblique eyes crinkled at their corners and beneath his lips parted in a smile of esoteric understanding.

"Oh, ho," he murmured, and tucked his eyelids into place with an inimitable flourish. "So the (what you call it?) rock-ribbed puritan is like all the rest? Want to play with fire, eh?"

"Maybe," grinned the American, whose broad, tweed-clad shoulders towered over the slighter figure of the cavalryman. "Yes, I think it would be—er interesting to meet her some time." He let it go at that, no use saying he was worried about Leonard. Leonard would only resent it and be on his guard.

The lady's name, Count Exler informed him sotto voce, "is Lolita von Waldeck. And a word of warning, my foolish friend: remember that, in spite of her heart-break business, the Countess von Waldeck is still a person of considerable importance. If you



Illustrated by
BOOTHROYD

Ian remained silent as, for a long moment, the girl remained motionless as any statue.

doubt if you have only to note that not one of these mysterious affairs of hers ever got to the papers." The hussar chuckled suddenly and hitched his sword higher on his bent left arm. "Gott, I would die of laughing if you would fall in love with her yourself."

"In that case, my friend," promised Gray gaily, "I'm afraid we'll yet live to be shot by some beautiful lady's jealous husband. Good-bye, see you at cocktail time to-morrow. Remember me to the ever-charming Helenka Golu and don't raid my camp. My favorite weakness is for red-headed Rumanians, you know."

With a chuckle and a wave of a white-gloved hand Major Count Exler sauntered off among the tables and the great striped umbrellas that sprouted like futuristic toadstools from the gravelled terrace, and his trim, cavalryman's figure bent now to one table and now to another. When Ian Gray came back he pulled a note from his bill-fold and tossed it on to the table before Major Harris.

"Be a good lad, Evan," he said, "and pay my shot. Come along, Leonard, cash at this time are scarcer than virtue in a Turk; besides, we've got to hurry to get ready for that infernal dinner."

The shorter American arose and, still preoccupied, ground out his cigarette stub, then nodded farewell to the two remaining officers.

"Dien, it is after six!" remarked d'Armonot, grimacing. "I must be running, too." With characteristic nervous energy he also tossed a five pengoe to the long, limber Englishman, snatched up his scarlet kept and hurried off.

MAJOR EVAN HARRIS thoughtfully watched the two Americans descend the steps of the terrace and disappear in search of a cab.

"Good old Ian," he muttered. "Lucky for that young sis Leonard he's got a room-mate with sense enough for two."

The worthy major would have been surer of his opinion had he been in the little red cab which, at breakneck speed, was whirling the two Americans out along the busy Andrussey Ut towards that sombre residential district which borders on Budapest's magnificent park system. They had ridden in deep silence for some distance when Leonard Holt turned to face the big figure at his side, and said with an unconvincing carelessness:

"I need a bit of money, Ian. Er—could you spare me a thousand?" Ian Gray's eyes widened. A thousand

dollars! Good heavens! What was the boy thinking of?

"That's a lot of money, Len," said he guardedly. "Why the sudden need for so much?"

"Never mind—I need it," explained the other with a touch of sullenness. "You'll help me out, won't you?"

"Of course, Len—you know that. I can manage it, somehow. But a thousand's a lot, and you know you're not exactly overburdened with income. Besides, there's your marriage next month. You'll need a lot then."

Glancing aside, Ian was not greatly surprised to see his companion's smooth cheek flush scarlet.

"You don't have to remind me of that," he laughed nervously. "But—but I'm awfully low right now—and I need some cash in a hurry. Will you or won't you, lend it to me?"

The tone was an unfamiliar one, Ian realised. In all the years since the war, Leonard Holt had never spoken thus. After a moment's hesitation he said:

"Well, if you have to have it, I'm the last man to turn you down. I'll give you a cheque when we get to the apartment."

Leonard's palely handsome features lit and he shot Ian such a look of immense gratitude that the latter felt ashamed of his hesitancy.

"Thanks a lot, Soldat. I—I'll never forget it, I—I—oh, hell! You're the best friend a poor muck like me ever had."

The relief and gratitude in the younger man's voice were so impulsive and heartfelt that Ian was prompted to speculate further on why the devil Leonard needed money so badly. It was queer he had said nothing—usually he unfolded his least worry with touching eagerness.

"Look here, Len," he said quietly. "You're not in a jam of some kind, are you? I can help you a lot more if I know what it's all about."

Leonard Holt deliberately fixed his eyes on the ridge of red fat that appeared above the chauffeur's gray black coat collar, and manufactured a smile that would not have deceived a child.

"Lord, no!" he laughed. "I'm in no jam. Honestly, I'm not."

"Now what the devil is Leonard up to?" Ian asked himself when the chauffeur with a magnificent flourish on his horn, drew up before an apartment house of unpretentious appearance. "I've never known him to lie to me before."

Please turn to Page 39

AMATEUR LADY

: BY :

Barbara Webb
Author of "Those Who Were Strong"

THE arrival of young Philip Ransome in the small country town in which Christine lived with the strange Grant family brought a new dominating influence into the life of this orphan girl.

Dr. Gilead Grant, veterinary-surgeon, who talked in Bible texts, his wife Kate and her herb garden and the babies she nursed back to health, his son Sandy, and the girl Christine, who had been left with them as a baby, were perennial topics of conversation in the town, and Philip called on them to renew a friendship his father had formed for Gilead.

Christine offered to show Philip round their land. He thought she was the most interesting and fascinating girl he had met.

After Philip's departure, Gilead, deeply sensitive to the welfare of his young ward, referred to the difference in Philip's station of life, his aristocratic parents, their centuries-old home, as compared with Christine's own lack of background. "I don't want you hurt, dear," he said.

"I understand. I won't be hurt. I won't let him be hurt, either," Christine replied.

Then Philip met Simon Fielding, an elderly and influential widower, who was reported to be practically engaged to Christine. He disliked him immediately. This dislike became more intense when, on a visit to Christine, he met Simon with his four children. Simon treated Christine with a proprietary air, and was so patronising towards Philip that the latter determined to win Christine away from him.

Simon, used to regarding Christine as his, felt anxious, and seized every opportunity to tell Christine stories of the Ransomes' position in society and their money.

He begged Christine to marry him, saying that he needed somebody to look after him and his children, and that Christine would still be as free as she had been. But Christine, though she believed him, sensed the passion underlying this, and refused to give a definite answer till autumn. She knew, too, that Gilead hated Simon for reasons she did not know.

She did not mean to let Philip make love to her, but one evening, as they walked together, Philip said suddenly: "I love you, Christine," and took her in his arms and kissed her.

He talked to her then, urged the force of their love for each other, and obtained Christine's promise to marry him on the understanding that if at any time he believed they were making a mistake to marry he would tell her so.

Philip then arranged for Christine to visit his family at their stately town house. Lady Ransome, Philip's mother, received her courteously, but coldly. Christine, on returning home, refused to discuss the visit with Gilead until the morning.

What More Besides
BIRTH and RICHES
are Required for
HAPPINESS?



Illustrated by
FISCHER

She rose from her chair and faced them all, her face contorted by her feeling...

IN the morning, after breakfast, Gilead called Christine into the surgery. He was sitting at his desk, and she knew he wished to speak seriously to her.

Gilead turned to face her. His voice was mild as he spoke, and the lines of kindness and wisdom deepened around his mouth and eyes as he smiled at her.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," he began, then paused a moment, and asked directly, "Isn't it true I knew about you and Philip, Christine?"

"What do you want to know?" "What I should know, as your guardian," he spoke sternly, and Christine's face set obstinately. "No," he went on sadly, seeing her expression, "I shouldn't have put it like that. I should have said what I should know as one who loves you."

She bent her head, unable to meet the appeal in his eyes, and he waited until she began in a tone hardly above a whisper:

"Philip and I love each other. That is all."

"Has he asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes."

"And have you promised?"

"No. I have only admitted that I love him, know that he loves me. That is all. He believes we will be married, but there are things—that may stand in the way."

"Things that happened yesterday?"

"Partly. You know the big thing, Gilead, that I am nameless, and that Philip has generations of fine family behind him. He thought—we both wanted to believe, that loving each other was enough. But, after yesterday—I well, I think I know that it isn't enough—they were kind to me—Philip's family—but—"

Gilead did not press her for details, but, after a pause, he said gently:

"I was wounded in the house of my friends?"

She nodded mutely, then seeing that he waited for her to speak, she said slowly:

"They were lovely to me, Gilead, but I felt an outsider. Philip didn't feel it. I am sure. But his mother especially, in the most courteous, most polite way in the world, made me feel what I am—that I don't belong. She had the whole family there, inspecting me. Philip regards it as a welcome, but I know better. I haven't promised to marry him, and I have promised myself that I won't marry him unless his family approve. And until he has seen them again, without me—I won't promise him, no matter what he says."

"That is right, Christine. But there is something else I want to know. You say you haven't promised to marry Philip, though you love him and I believe you. But what about Simon? Have you given him to understand you will marry him?"

"No—no—" she cried vehemently. "He told me you had. He said you had given him your word against harvest time this autumn."

"I promised him an answer by harvest time at the latest, but I didn't say that answer would be yes."

GILEAD looked at her, a little smile playing round his mouth.

"Then you have two answers to give, Christine. If you love Philip, then you should never marry Simon, whether you marry Philip or not. I don't like Simon," his face darkened, and his voice grew harsh.

"Why, Gilead?"

"Because that touchy pitch shall be defiled therewith. I know more of Simon's past life than you do, Christine."

"Simon has changed since he knew me."

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Men don't change, Christine. Some of them are for a short period upright by inclination. That is Simon now. Some are upright by nature, as Philip is. I've wanted you to be honest, Christine, to

"I had a letter from home to-day," he said, when they reached the top, "posted, I suppose, just after we left."

Christine said nothing.

"I'd like you to read it," he went on.

"I brought my flashlight along so that you could."

Our Charming New Serial

face all the facts of your existence bravely. You're not doing that now. I think it would be a mistake to marry Philip against his family's wishes—but I think it would be a tragic wrong for you to marry Simon, ever."

"What should I do, Gilead?" Christine asked.

"Tell Simon the truth now. Be patient, and wait before making any promise to Philip."

Christine added Belle that afternoon and rode over to Simon's house. The children were home and gave her their usual welcome, though Lydia said reproachfully:

"It seems weeks since you came to see us, Christine."

"Does it? I'm sorry. The days seem to slip away like water through my hand."

"Are you going to stay a long time?" Selma asked. "Papa's gone away and won't be back until Sunday, or perhaps later."

"That's a pity," Christine exclaimed. "I wanted to see Simon."

"He promised to bring us presents," said Joe solemnly. "Perhaps he'll bring you a present too, Christine."

Christine laughed and went with the children into the cool garden, where they all sat talking for a time.

Presently Lydia said:

"It's funny about the well, the grass grows so green and sweet round it, and the water looks so clear when it comes up from the pump. But lately it's had a funny taste. Papa thinks he'll have to have it opened and cleaned. I don't think it's been cleaned since I was a little girl."

"Simon said he might have it cleaned this autumn," Christine remarked.

She spent the rest of the afternoon with them, helping them to get their supper, and leading Belle along the road, walked with them to their Aunt Mary's in the early evening. Philip was at the house when she returned, and after half an hour's talk with Aunt Kate in the garden they went towards the hill where they had first known of their love for each other.

"I had a letter from home to-day," he said, when they reached the top, "posted, I suppose, just after we left."

Christine said nothing.

"I'd like you to read it," he went on.

"I brought my flashlight along so that you could."

"Yes," said Christine steadily. "It will be all right, no matter what happens."

"Christine," he hesitated, then took her hands, "I want your promise to marry me. I want to take that home with me. Promise me to marry me, whether my family likes it or not."

She shook her head.

"I can't. Unless they are willing, I won't marry you, Philip. I won't spoil your life like that."

"Do you really believe that?" he accused.

"No, no, of course I don't. I only said it because I was hurt."

"I love you so much," said Christine, "that I can give you up, if that seems best for you."

PHILIP found the family all gathered together again for supper when he got home that night. Beyond a polite question about Christine, her name was not mentioned. His mother welcomed him affectionately, and he felt his old loving devotion to her sweep through him like a tide. She kept him near her through the fast and furious talk of home doings, drew him into the circle, and made him part of it so naturally, that he had no chance to speak of Christine if he had wished. There was a party at a neighbor's house that evening and Philip went to it, finding himself in the midst of old friends, who greeted him as a stranger.

Returning late with his brothers and sisters, they went to raid the pantry and to carry into the library, where Sir John and Lady Ransome were still up, a tray of midnight supper. At bedtime he and his father went up to his old room together, and in the doorway Sir John stopped to say good-night.

In that familiar room, in that well-remembered atmosphere Philip found it hard to think of Christine. All round him were the influences of his boyhood, pressing down upon him, shutting him safely once more into a world where Christine was an alien. He was tired, and though he had meant to stay awake and dream of her, anticipate the day when he would bring her home to this same room as his wife, he fell asleep at once. In the morning he was awakened by Charles, who informed him there was to be a picnic to the Ransome farm, and if the weather were cool enough, a treasure hunt in the late afternoon.

All through that day those subtle yet powerful forces of home and family life drew him close.

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Returning late with his brothers and sisters, they went to raid the pantry and to carry into the library, where Sir John and Lady Ransome were still up, a tray of midnight supper. At bedtime he and his father went up to his old room together, and in the doorway Sir John stopped to say good-night.

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MAID of NIU-NIU



A Romance
of Life in the
South Seas!

By ...
Beatrice
Grimshaw

creeping over it. And here, here, coming down the roadway, were the children of the old pious folk of his day, with a few of the old folk themselves coming after.

First came a crowd of young men, respectfully but not excessively dressed in a bunch of leaves apiece. They carried old-time clubs in their hands, lovely clubs set with sawfish teeth and swordfish beaks; they danced, and whirled the clubs round their heads, and sang. After them came drummers beating drums that, like the clubs, had been museum antiquities in Cooper's day. Girls with food baskets followed, doing a kind of shuffle, and shaking their short grass skirts. They had beautiful figures, carefully oiled to bring up all the highlights; their gold-bronze bodies, naked to the waist, flashed back the sun as they went. Boys came behind, carrying woody roots for the brewing of kava drink; some of them bore huge bowls of orange beer, and some had bamboos corked with a twist of palmleaf and full of new palm wine. In Niu-Niu of old days a man who brewed or tasted drink had six months' work upon the roads handed out to him as punishment. Cooper remembered that.

LAST came a band of grey old men, their faces smeared with ash. It seemed that they, and the women, were mourning somebody, for every now and then they broke forth into a howling lament, which ended with a dancing step or two, and then began again. Obviously they took note of the newcomers, but the dance and the singing held them; they passed by without pause.

"Jeel!" said Cooper again, watching the rout go by. "They'd've told you, thirty years ago, that you was—were—dreamin', if you'd have prophesied the like of this happenin'."

Harry, who looked suddenly brighter (for, really, this was interesting, was something like), replied: "No great

Illustrated by
WEP

was the coral roadway, with the thatched coral-concrete cottages along one side, and the high plain of sea on the other. And the beach-lilies, Lily's name-flower, heavy, sweet and pale, trailing among the flat-palmed castor-oil plants and the wine-colored coleus leaves. And the—

HE stopped, staring down the roadway. "Jeel!" he said. "My sacred aunt!" ejaculated Harry.

Along the road, in the full sun, was approaching a procession that Harry mentally described as something like the Bacchic rout in "Endymion," and that Cooper, seeing, classified as a "proper old Hatchitt Highway sort of spree." In any part of the world it would have been an amazing sight, but here!

Thirty years ago, this big isolated island with the bad approach had been famed for its almost blatant type of Christianity. The Niu-Niu people were among the greatest triumphs of Pacific Mission work. In one generation they had turned from savagery to a strict brand of Methodism. The women wore long Mother Hubbard frocks, the men confronted the blazing sun in heavy dungarees. Pious they were, even to excess; they knew few pleasures save Sunday-school picnics, few entertainments save the singing of hymns. Under the hand of a famous and masterful missionary they had become the shining light of the South Sea world. They may have been happy; certainly they were very good.

Cooper, young and pleasure-loving, had sometimes found the mission rule oppressive. But he had never seriously questioned its rightness, and he hadn't supposed it could ever come to an end, any more than the long trade winds of the south-east season, the blustering gales of the north-west. Always, in after years, he had pictured Niu-Niu and the coral-stone church, the coral-concrete mission house, standing for ever in these lonely seas unchanged.

Well, there was the church—gutted, turned into a sort of savage palace, all one big room, with a dais at the end, and carved ceremonial chairs—and there was the mission house, empty, with the sea wind blowing through its overlass windows, and the forest vines

To see her spear fish; and kill sharks! Not afraid to dive under, give the swift fatal stab!

Even his son, Harry, who had been such a jolly little chap in the nursery—Harry, more or less, escaped him. Cooper, in spite of Gladys, had remained rough and tough. He could hardly understand this fine gentleman whom he had staid; this Harry, who knew so much that he didn't, was so kind and patient and uncomprehending with his bear of a father, who had agreed without murmur to go on a world tour with Cooper, and "see a bit of things in general," as the elder man phrased it, before settling down to London and marriage. He was engaged to a "well," a girl with a courtesy title, that deeply impressed and unappealingly worried Cooper, even as the aspect of the Honorable Ellabeth Lockhart, slim and boyish and shingled, worried him; not his idea at all of the sort of girl a man ought to want for a wife. . . . She was like all the rest of it; she wasn't real—quite.

Well, here was Niu-Niu that he had longed to see again, and was seeing; Niu-Niu, that couldn't have changed a

bit, whatever else had changed. The high, lone island, nine hundred miles from anywhere; the tall cocoanuts that plumed the top of it; the best-landing, blasted in sheer coral rock. Somewhere out in the living green of the lagoon a log canoe and a native in it, fishing. Ah! Nineteen hundred, and the stars bright in the water, and the young, young schooner mate without a care in the world.

"You going ashore?" asked Harry, cigarette in mouth. He seemed a fine figure, standing there by the ship's rail, bigger taller than his tough, shell-backed father, fair-haired like Gladys, like her regular of feature; well-trained and exercised as any racehorse; fit and complete and somehow miles away.

"Of course we're going," Cooper answered. Did the lad think he had paid through the nose for this side trip not to take advantage of it? Other places had been disappointing; other islands tourist haunted, civilised out

A Long Complete Story!

HARRY, following his

father up the steep stairway that led to the top of the island, watched him with increasing wonder. What an overgrown the Dad was! He never seemed to tire, he always wanted to see everything. He was breasting the steep climb now, like a two-year-old. Harry remembered a girl in Samoa, a pretty one, who had run after the Dad, thrown a wreath of flowers around his neck, and called him—"Big man, big chief!" She was ready to throw herself after the flowers, Harry thought, but the Dad had said something to her in island Maori that had sent her skipping away.

As for Jim Cooper, on the top of Niu-Niu, treading once more the enchanted ways of youth, after thirty years, he had, for the moment, forgotten Harry's existence. Yes, it was all the same. Here were the enormous palms, naked-white, swaying their crests up eighty feet in the blue. Here

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JAMES COOPER had left the island of Niu-Niu in the year of King Edward's coronation. Now it was thirty years after, and he was coming back again, at the end of a South Sea tour with his son, Harry, who had been to the Varsity and knew everything. Cooper had been to no University save that of Life. Made on an island schooner, he might have stayed in the islands, lived and worked with companions who were the would have told you twice the men their successors were; tough, careless, pull-the-devil-by-the-tail sort of fellows. There lived no more such, now.

He had not stayed. He had gone into steam; married, rather unexpectedly, an owner's daughter; gone out of steam and into a shipping office, pushed always by Gladys and her people, kept, by them, with his nose to the deck and his eyes well blinkered. He had helped to build up a big ship-broking business, carried it on ably; retired, after Gladys' death. Successful man, James Cooper. Made good; done well. Yes.

And here, off the remote unprofitable island of Niu-Niu, where ships seldom came, where nothing, he supposed, could have altered since he sailed away in nineteen, he found himself wishing that he had never gone at all; never stepped into the waiting wharves that clear night of stars, undrugged, a girl's soft hands from about his arm, kissed her and kissed her and turned away to sea.

LILY GREENLEES was her name; a mission girl, prettier than most mission women, and quite as good. If she hadn't been so good he might not have remembered her name on wanting her for thirty years. He had wanted her badly, then, but he didn't wish to marry at one-and-twenty, and there was nothing but marriage to be thought of where she was concerned. So, he had left her; left the lily on its stem and, like a thousand other sailor men, had sailed away.

To what? Sea first; shipbroking, marriage. The E. C. district. Villa in Putney. Gladys and Gladys' parties. Life that somehow wasn't exactly life, just an excellent imitation.

You Would—

You would come whistling down the road
Your hair in a tousled mop,
And you would stand under the blossoming tree
Where the foamlet petals drop,
And you knew they'd cling to your curly hair
And look so comical resting there!
You would be whistling foolish tunes
Of loving, and eyes of blue,
With a careless, whimsical, nonsense smile
So near to the heart of you.
Oh! Boy of mine! I am truly sad
That I care so much for a laughing lad!
—YVONNE WEBB.

mystery about it, sir." He stared hard at the retreating forms of the girls. "One hears that the war, and the general decline in religious feeling that followed it hit the mission pretty hard. Lots of them have closed down. This must have been a costly place to run, so far from anywhere. I'd imagine it may have gone back quite a long while ago."

Cooper said dreamily. "The old chaps used to say—those who remembered fighting days—that if the Lord was to think maybe that He wanted the good missionaries somewhere else, and was to take 'em away, there'd be all the old doin's again in two shakes of a lamb's tail. You see, they remembered the days, before I came, when it was nothing but fighting and feasting, and the king was a real king, and they had 'taupo'-sort of sacred mounds, like them in Samoa; and they fair worshipped them, too. I heard tell. I never saw one myself, they were gone before I came, but—"

Please turn to Page 34

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laiff,
sketched by Petrov

VELVET Comes into Its Own ...for WINTER EVENINGS

IF you are considering a new evening dress for these cold winter nights, why not choose velvet? For an entire dress, for a coat, for trimmings, velvet is unrivalled for warmth and smartness.

VELVETS this year are more varied in texture and in a greater range of colors than ever before. We have had panne, chiffon, and ring velvets, but now we have really uncreasable velvet; velvets with very dull surfaces, among velvet strewn with matte and shiny hairs, artificial velvets molded in the weaving, lovely chenille velvets mixed with metal threads.

The uncreasable type is, of course, the most practical, but is still rather expensive in this country. It can be used for evening skirts with contrasting tops, or for under-tunics. In this way not very much material is required.

Every color is shown. For whole evening frocks, the best shades are bottle and emerald green, black, navy-blue, purple, deep ruby-red, and deep blue. For trimmings there are all the bright and pastel shades. A few winter evening gowns are seen in pale colors—turquoise, white, and dusty-pink.

Dual-Surfaced

NOT only for evening frocks are the new velvets used. The dual-surfaced ones make day frocks to wear under topcoats; these are suitable only for "dressy" occasions such as cocktail parties, dinners, and the evening cinema. For evening coats, short, three-quarter, or long, velvet is indispensable.

For blouses to wear with coats and skirts or with long coats and skirts of wool, velvet is unrivalled.

For accessories, hats, bags, gloves, and belts worn with wool frocks or crepe frocks or ensembles, velvet in dark colors such as navy, black, and brown is used.

Brilliantly-colored velvet scarves go with tweed and other wool suits. A strip of velvet cut on the bias is worn just under the neckline of a topcoat, just showing several inches. This will keep the rough coat from rubbing your neck and will help to brighten a dark ensemble. For example, with a black coat and dress wear a narrow scarf about 27 inches long and 12 inches wide in emerald-green or bright red just outlining your neck opening.

Velvet Scarf Notions

BRIGHT velvet scarves are also worn tied high at the throat under a fur-collared topcoat or a fur coat. If your coat is dark, such as brown, navy, or black, see that your scarf is red, emerald, canary-yellow, coral, orange, or jade.

If your coat is grey, have it navy, wine, coral, raspberry or bottle-green. For evening velvet trimmings on plain colored frocks of crepe, satin, taffeta, chiffon, or velvet are very "chic." The velvet can be in a contrasting shade in a deeper or paler tone than the dress or striped.

Wide, swathed sashes fall to the hem at one side; others tie in a loose bow. Some sashes come round the front, knot or twist at the centre-back, and fall in two wide, flat panels into a train.

Brocaded and lame gowns have

tailored velvet belts and matching velvet flowers on the corsage; other have velvet shoulder-straps. An American-model frock is made entirely of allover lame. Very tight fitting, it has a wide, tailored belt of black velvet and two black velvet dahlias at the waist, the low V decolletage. A royal-blue ring velvet frock has a wide sash of emerald green velvet falling in two long ends to the floor, centre-back.

A black satin frock has a swathe collar of dull white velvet outlining a low square neck both back and front and a white velvet belt quite four inches wide.

A raspberry-colored, slim-fitting velvet dress has dusty-pink velvet shoulder-straps which are very narrow in front, gradually widening to two and a half inches at the waist in back. Large pink velvet flowers fill in the space between the two straps at the back waist.

Evening frocks of black velvet have coral, yellow, and bright green sashes, flowers, or belts.

Velveteen's Uses

A WORD must be said here to velveteen. Although it looks like velvet it is purely cotton. It is ideal for all kinds of scarves, for blouses to belts, and for hats.

Unless you are lucky enough to procure a good velveteen, I would not advise you to use the cheap ones for a dress or skirt. For a loose coat or jacket they are all right if they are well lined. If you do have a velveteen skirt, line it or you will find it clinging to your legs in an uncomfortable manner.

New dinner and bridge frocks are made of velvet. These have long sleeves either tight or loose, necklines that are high in front and low in back or vice-versa. Beelines touch the ground all round and sometimes have short trains.

High-waisted dark velvet skirts have pastel satin bodices, sleeveless for evening wear, long-sleeved for dinner.

Long evening tunics of velvet or satin or shorter ones of lame or beads or sequins, have narrow velvet skirts beneath. These are usually slit to give walking room.

Another use for velvet is to make collars and revers on evening coats of contrasting fabric. It also makes hosiery collars and jabots on plain wool or crepe day-frocks.

PARIS Snapshots

TRAINS on dance-frocks are either very long so that they can be held up without disarranging the line of the skirt, or non-existent.

THE smart evening silhouette follows three general outlines. There is the bloused waist with high front and bias skirt flaring slightly below the knee; there is the deep decolleté draped bodice with narrow slit skirt; and the fitted bodice and ample skirt. The latter skirt is cut so that it bells out to an enormous circumference at the hem from a pleated hipline. To hang properly the hem should be faced with crinoline for at least twelve inches.

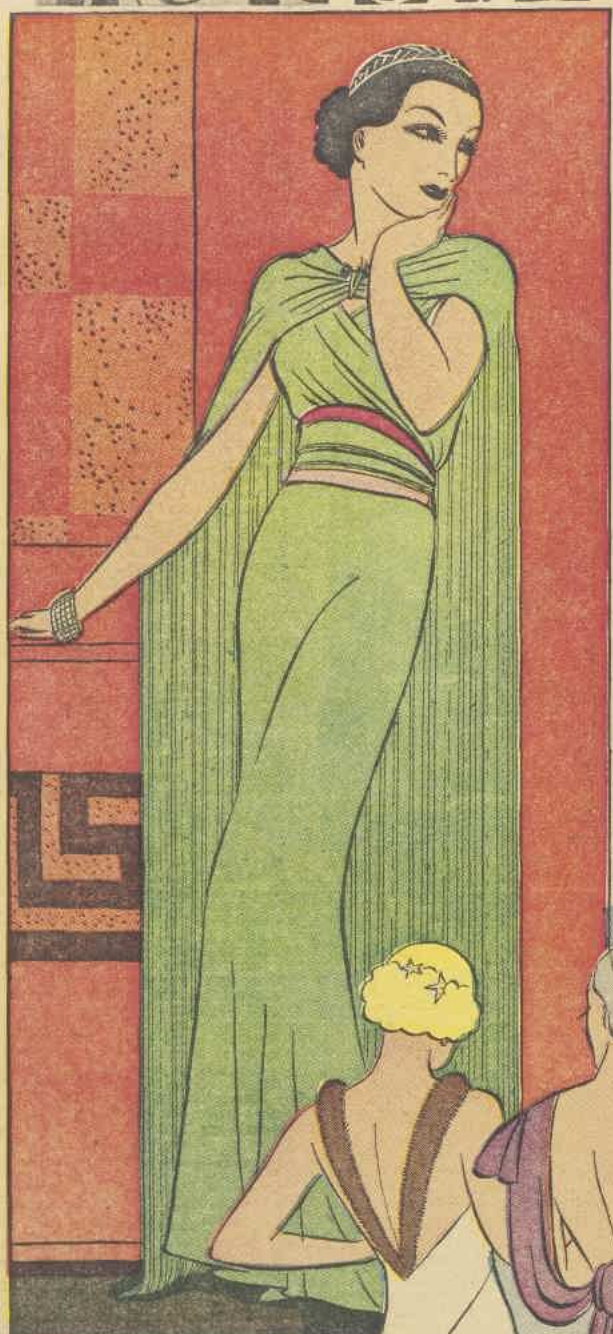
EMERALD-GREEN is much seen alone or in combination with other colors. Wine shades are particularly good in velvets.

BUNCHES of red tulips are shown by Molyneux on some of his evening models. Large bunches of artificial Parma violets look well on mauves, greens, and pinks.

OCCASIONAL evening models are seen ten inches off the floor in front and with a train behind.

WIDE belts are worn for day and night. Leather in the day time, velvet, kid, sequins, and satin for night. They are from two to four inches wide, stiff and tailored, with large plain buckles.

EYEBROWS are no longer mere pencil-lines. They are worn thicker, and follow their natural line, lengthened a little with an eyebrow-pencil.



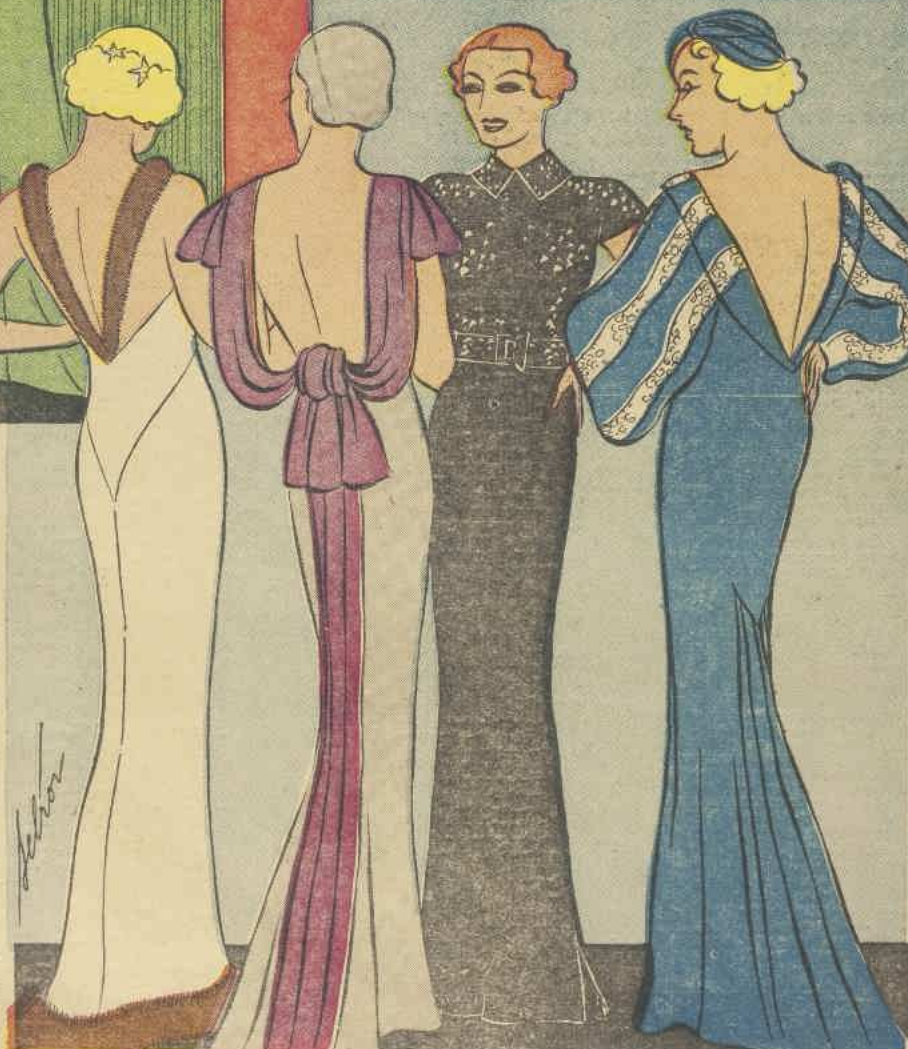
• **ABOVE:** A dress with a surplice bodice is made of green ring velvet. A waterfall of green fringe falls from the shoulders of the cape. Green, pink, and cyclamen striped velvet belt.

• **RIGHT:** White velvet looks very regal with brown fur shoulder-straps and a wide fur hem.

• **PALE** grey and raspberry ring velvet is used in this Patou model. The neck is high in front and the raspberry velvet outlines the neckline, forms little epaulets, ties in a bow, and falls to the hem.

• **A** TIGHT-FITTING straight black velvet skirt is topped by a shirt-blouse composed entirely of black sequins.

• **A** ROYAL-BLUE velvet dinner dress has a low back decolleté and high front. The sleeves are trimmed with bands of dull silver sequins.



From Famous Salons

THIS beautiful afternoon gown in taffeta is by Worth. The large collar and bow in gold tissue give it a special note of distinction. The unusual bracelet worn is of flowers in gold and tiny multi-colored pearls.

THE square-shaped fascinating chapeau is of tuck taffeta with brilliant ornament. By Suzanne Farnier.

THE sailor hat from Suzy is the type which will be worn with tailor-mades on spring days. It is of stitched stiff satin, with a bow laid across the brim in front, and a veil that juts out in a fluted line.

SPiRiT of SPRiNG in THIS FASHiON COCKTAIL!



THIS smart spring coat is fastened with a bow at the neck and waistline. The shirring at the shoulders gives an added fullness to the bodice of the coat. The sleeves are finished with elaborate fur cuffs.



A LIGHTWEIGHT three-quarter evening wrap is fastened at the neck with a huge bow. The skirt of the coat is flared and can be wrapped over.

A CHARMING blue floral gown is touched with black in the cascading draperies on decollete and train. Round the waist is a belt of black cord fastened with chased golden buttons.

THERE is a hint of spring in this delightful Worth ensemble of green checked sheer wool. The white accents give a further note of vivacity.

A LOOSE-FITTING jacket which may be worn for afternoon or evening wear. Narrow braid is used as a trimming at the neck, on the small cape, sleeves, and hem of coat. The smart little hat in a matching shade is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon of the same shade as the coat-lining and neckband.

SELECTING the designs specially with a view to their suitability for between-seasons wear, our fashion artist here presents a page which charmingly exemplifies many of the latest ideas from the famous Continental couturiers.

For
Coughs
and
Colds

SAFETY
FIRST

For
Coughs and Colds

HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE

Obtains its amazing
results without the
use of any dangerous
drugs or narcotics.

Hearne's Glo-Rub
PREVENTS COLDS
A Vaporizing Rub for 2/-

HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE

An Editorial

JUNE 8, 1935

THE BORROWING HABIT



WOMEN voters of Australia, who have grown up in the belief that politics is a man's business, must be amazed sometimes at the way the business is conducted.

They have been taught, as men have been taught, that debt is a thing to be avoided. Yet they find, when they read the newspapers, that every Australian Government is trying its hardest to get further into debt.

In Melbourne they have succeeded, between them, in borrowing another £30,000,000 from the Loan Council. This is on top of an already existing debt of about twelve hundred millions!

For this huge debt we pay 51 millions a year in interest. Think what a difference it would mean to Australia—what a boon to its industries, its wage-earners, its social services—if these interest charges had not been incurred, or if they could be cut in half!

And picture what will happen if the Micawber habit of borrowing without stint and without limit isn't stopped somewhere—and soon!

The excuse for the raising of more loans is always that the spending of public money stimulates business and creates employment. So it may for a time, but when the money is spent reaction is inevitable.

With reaction comes depression, a lessening of employment, and an ever-increasing number of people on the dole. We had experience of these things a few years ago, and are with difficulty recovering.

Australia is a country of great natural advantages, and still undeveloped resources. Its standard of living is high. If it is to remain high we must live within our means.

The average woman knows that it is impossible, as a permanent thing, to run a house on borrowed money. She knows that if she gets into debt there must be a day of reckoning which cannot be indefinitely delayed.

It would be a good thing if the housewife's economic conscience were part of the make-up of Australia's politicians.

One thing is certain. The keener the interest women take in their country's affairs, the more insistent will they be that the business of piling up debt receives a check.

It may be said, indeed, that women's sense of responsibility, when it is brought to bear on politics, will some day mean the salvation of Australia.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by A. J. BUCHANAN

Tactful Criticism

WE all know that cricketers and tennis players, when they get really famous, are liable to the complaint known as swelled head. Many of them suffer from it after they have returned from the international arena. As an honorable exception we would mention Mr. Arthur Mailey, one-time champion bowler, and now an agreeable writer on cricket and other subjects.

Take his recently published views on the subject of a woman's cricket team for England. "I feel nervous in expressing an opinion," writes Mr. Mailey—though people much less qualified have been expressing opinions for weeks. Having broached the subject, Mr. Mailey goes bravely on with it—for a time. Then, just at the last, one sees that his courage—or is it his candor?—has failed him.

What else can you think when you find that, in giving "the nucleus of a side that would probably beat England," he mentions eleven girls, of whom nine hail from his own New South Wales? How these nine must adore Mr. Mailey!

But what will they say in Victoria—and in Queensland?

Whose Business?

REFORMERS lurk in unlikely places. One of them came to light the other day in an Australian Divorce Court. Evidence was to the effect that the husband, petitioning for a divorce, had asked his wife what a certain individual had been doing in her company. "You mind your own business," was the reply he got. Merely that. The lady was an original thinker of a high order. She had pondered deeply on the married state, and its obligations. It was no one's business but her own, she had decided, whether she saw Mr. X or did not see him. The rights of a husband in these matters have been under discussion for ages. Our most learned pundits have their doubts. The lady in the case had no doubts whatever.

The judge, who was not in a place where new and revolutionary ideas are encouraged, could only murmur "decree nisi." Perhaps his Honor knows what is a husband's business. Perhaps he does not.

Bally-hoo and Menuhin

ALL Australia has the greatest admiration for the quiet and unassuming Yehudi Menuhin, the youthful violin genius who took Sydney by storm, and who is now conquering Melbourne.

One presumes, too, that his success has been due to a certain extent to the able management of his father. If Yehudi was less of an artist one could understand some of the recent "wild" Press interviews on the part of Mr. Menuhin, Sen., but as it is, Yehudi stands alone, a quiet, dignified figure, who is universally accepted for his perfect art, and he needs no fancy setting of "bally-hoo."

Lyric of Life

Cafe

Across the red lacquer,
The ash trays of brass,
Through noises and chatter
Of diners who pass,
A thousand secrets,
Confessions and fears,
Are served with the coffee
For somebody's ears.
The intimate secrets
Are whispered each day
In the cigarette smoke
Of a city cafe.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

Many Banquets

DURING his visit to England Mr. Lyons has put up at least one record. In the space of a month he has attended 45 luncheons, dinners, and receptions. This works out at the rate of one and a half a day. Even the Roman banqueters of the Augustan age would have been satisfied with such a performance.

The ordeal has done Mr. Lyons no harm so far. If he gets back to Australia with digestion and temper unimpaired, he will have earned any distinction that may be coming to him. And rumor has it that something is on the way.

Mrs. Lyons, whom we may soon be addressing as Lady Lyons, has been a worthy helpmeet to her husband. She has escaped most of the banquets, but has attended innumerable receptions—and you do not starve at these receptions. With what a sigh of relief will Mrs. Lyons, who has endeared herself to Australians as a good housewife, return to the plain living and the open spaces!



PROBABLY the world's strangest family: Mrs. Helen J. Crawford, of New York, with her two sons. One is the famous circus midget, "Major Mite," who is only 2 feet 4 inches tall, and the other is a normal man of 6 ft.

Dangerous Ground

RECENT happenings in Australian courts show that it is not always safe to express an opinion. In fact, it may be highly dangerous. It is possible to feel contempt for a great many people and institutions, but the wise man or woman will keep "the feeling" to himself, or to herself.

The law of contempt has curious twists and turns. Some offensive things can be said with impunity. You may tell your neighbor, or publish in a newspaper, that Mr. So-and-So has the manners of a Hottentot, and a face that reminds you of one of the Borgias; he has no legal remedy. But breathe a suggestion that the soap he keeps for sale is not of the best quality, and there is no knowing what you may have to pay as damages.

Similarly it is safe, so far as legal consequences go, to say that Mrs. X is a shrewish woman and that she has shocking manners at bridge. But merely mention that she has a liking for the company of Mr. Blank, and you are in the danger zone immediately.

All due, of course, to the fact that there is only one virtue in woman the law protects.

When the Poor Really Had a Bad Time of It

By ELIZABETH WELLS

One small bowl of gruel three times a day with one onion a week and half a roll on Sundays was the diet of the orphans at the Mint St. workhouse when Oliver Twist dared to ask "for more."

This was quite an authentic account of the starvation food that children were granted in the bad old days when Dickens wrote his famous book.

IN view of the present debates about wholesome diet it is interesting to find that in 1632 the Norwich Hospital, which looked after boys from ten to fourteen years of age, gave them each for breakfast three ounces of bread, half an ounce of butter, and half a pint of beer; for dinner, six ounces of bread and a pint of beer, with a pint of porridge and six ounces of beef on three days of the week; and on the other four days two ounces of cheese and an ounce of butter.

For supper they had six ounces of bread, an ounce of butter, two ounces of cheese, and a pint of beer. In those days very few town people ate much fruit or vegetables, but, though vitamins are a modern discovery, the boys certainly had a fairly well-balanced diet. Beer was rich in hops but small in alcohol content, and was very nourishing.

At the Gates

WORKHOUSES are a fairly recent invention. In the spacious days of feudal England—before the Wars of the Roses—the great lords would give succor to the poor at their gates, but there was no organised relief.

Monasteries and nunneries also gave food, firing, and herbal medicines, but in the same haphazard way, so that their "ardent and bountiful charity" upon all such as crumpled was often given indiscriminately to the rowdy ragged dabblement of rascals when the more truly sick and needy were unable to come to the monks' gate.

There were, of course, many hospitals endowed, some from the eleventh century, by queens, townsmen, or clerical orders; hospitals for lunatics, the sick lepers, leprosy virgins, poor students, and blind people. But when Henry VII had forbidden his lords to have huge trains of liveried retainers, when his son had dissolved many of the monasteries, and those of farming people were turned off the commons and their own hands to make way for the flocks of sheep that swelled England's trade with the Netherlands, growing unemployment, and the resulting hordes of beggars and robbers, became a national matter.

In London disabled beggars were licensed, but the others were flogged and played out of town, with a "basone rhyngunge afore them"—but they only made trouble elsewhere. Ratepayers were assessed and money used for poor relief; there were Sunday collections, and citizens were fined if they did not contribute; but not nearly enough was collected.

Found Out

IN an attempt to put down begging, one town made an Irish announcement: "Noe children of this town shall be p'mitted to begge, and such as shall be permitted thereto shall have badge"—badges being the sign that they were deserving cases.

Such regulations and relief methods stayed practically unchanged for about two hundred years, and were better, in fact, than most of those on the Continent, but when the industrial revolution came fresh efforts had to be made to help the unemployed hand-workers.

But this time England did not tackle the problem so successfully. There were workhouses—yes—but they were harshly run. The people there were farmed out to work under a contract between rascally wardens and employers who got labor at sweating rates (most of which went to the wardens), and the inmates were punished if they did not do the work.

THE grim institution atmosphere of orphanages, asylums, and schools has been written about not only by Dickens, but Read, in his "Hard Cash," Charlotte Bronte in "Jane Eyre," and other authors.

Here in Australia there are many improvements to help poor people. The State Children's Board early sent orphans to be looked after in private families instead of in institutions, with due attention to careful inspection. The old age pension enables families to remain together who would formerly have been separated, and the technical high schools do splendid work—a development of the Bridewells.

The poor are supposed to be always with us, but though we trust that in time a way will be found that will do away with poverty altogether, the question of relief and constructive improvement must remain one of the biggest matters for our hard-working Governments to tackle.



LOWER'S JAZZY BIRTHDAY PARTY

There'll be a Hot Time..
in the Old Town To-night
NO INVITATIONS BY REQUEST

By L. W. LOWER Illustrated
Australia's Foremost Humorist :: WEP ::

It is The Australian Women's Weekly's birthday. We are two years old. The Editor blew out the two candles and also half the icing off the cake, but who cares about that?

I well remember the second anniversary of my own birthday. I had a tricycle given to me which was immediately collared by my grandfather, who gave demonstrations of how good he was in his youth. I was not allowed to ride it, being too young.

AND there was a birthday cake which I wasn't allowed to eat because it might make me sick, and a toy train which my father played with for hours on the floor and then put it away in case I broke it, and the teddy bear my sister decided would look nice on her dressing-table, and when I started to look at my picture book they said it was time I went to bed. Then they kept me awake all night singing and dancing.

I did make one effort to assert myself. I got out of my cot, put my goloshes on, and stamped into the drawing-room.

"Whose damn party is this, anyhow?" I demanded.

And my mother said, "Don't hit him on his birthday. Dad. Just smear his dummy with bitter aloes and strap him in his cot."

The next day, filled with resentment, I waited my opportunity, and, wrapping up what was left of the cake, I mounted my tricycle and rode away, never to return.

Reaching town, I sold my tricycle and shipped before the mast on the Etain Shrdlu, a

Norwegian craft trading between Brisbane and Alice Springs.

I SPENT my third birthday at sea. Every subsequent birthday I have spent on the rocks.

Becoming tired of the ocean, I obtained a position as an engine-driver. My job terminated on my fifth birthday. None of the passengers were aware of the fact that it was my birthday. If they had known, I am sure there would not have been so many complaints.

The train was only supposed to go as far as Nowra, N.S.W., but I particularly wanted to go to Queensland, and when we ran off the lines at the border it was naturally a bit bumpy. All I was doing was simply taking a short cut and giving the customers a ride for their money. And they complained!

I was dismissed from the service and lost my superannuation.

I am still sorry about that superannuation. It was most affectionate, and used to follow me about, and I could throw sticks into the water and it would go and bring them out. I'm a terror for throwing sticks into water. Just give me some water and a bunch of sticks... but what's the use? All that is over now.

Giggling Gigolo

I next joined the police force. Two more birthdays passed without serious mishap, but my third birthday as a policeman was my undoing. As I explained to the sergeant later, I only had one small glass of light ale, but it must have gone to my head.

It seems that I was creating a disturbance in public, and I spoke very sharply to myself about it and ordered me to go home. One word led to another and I decided to arrest me. I struggled so fiercely with myself that soon I was rolling on the ground wrestling for my life. Not one of the spectators came to my aid.

At last I got a firm grip on myself and handcuffed me. The sergeant at the police station sent me to the hospital, and when I was discharged I was so knocked about that I was asked to resign, being physically unfit for strenuous work.

After some wandering about I became a gigolo. I spent that birthday in the Supreme Court. As a matter of fact, I was so frequently in the Supreme Court defending breach of promise cases and being a co-respondent that they made up a bed for me at the back of the court room, and the Judge and I became quite friendly. Many's the good old time we've had after hours.

I was sent to gaol to learn safe-breaking from the other boys, and, believe me, the tuition I received there has stood me in good stead many, a time since.

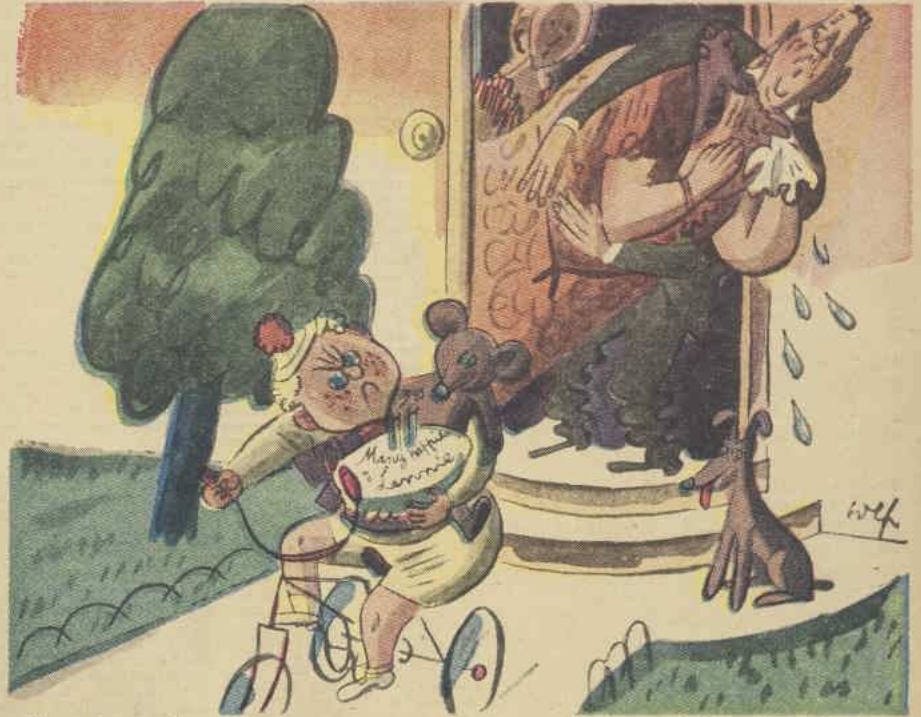
Desecrated Decorator

I WAS a house decorator for a small time, but the firm I was working for didn't think I had much of a flair for the job. My idea was that all I had to do was to walk into the house and it was decorated.

After I got fired, my wife told me that all I had to do was to walk into a house and it was desecrated.

This is not true. People who have seen me and admitted me have suggested that I should be embalmed and housed in a glass case at the War Museum at the Federal capital.

The only drawback to the suggestion



Wrapping up what was left of the cake, I mounted my tricycle and rode away, never to return.

is that they want to have it done straight away. I never had the time to have a birthday as a house decorator, but when I was a hospital orderly I had a lovely one.

I invited all the doctors and nurses, and people came for miles to see it, and the police cordon was broken twice. We threw skeletons at one another, and 24 patients died of excitement or neglect, I forget which, and we drank

all the ether. What a devil I was in those days!

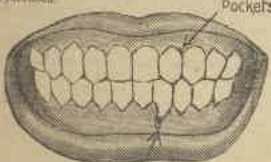
Now I've settled down. I am an A Grade Journalist. I should be an A Super A Grade Journalist, because I owe more money than anyone else in the business. My mail is almost entirely composed of letters in long blue envelopes. Why I didn't get a Jubilee medal has got me puzzled. I am also a married man occasionally.

And MY next birthday is on the 24th of September, so if anyone wants to send me a postcard I'd like them to send it to the office, and not to my private address, because my wife is extremely jealous (I have to pay the penalty of all handsome men) and starts riots.

REMARKABLE New Home Treatment for PYORRHOEA GINGIVITIS—SPONGY, SOFT, BLEEDING AND RECEDING GUMS.

14 DAYS' TRIAL OFFER

Many people have Pyorrhoea for years without actually knowing it. When the gums become soft and spongy and inflamed, bleed, and immediately be taken to rectify the trouble, as these are definite signs of the presence of Pyorrhoea.



Receding gum

Pyorrhoea is a disease of the gums and adjacent tissues resulting from bacteria lodging on or about the neck of the teeth, and the infection, if not checked, burrows between the gum and the teeth, forming pockets of pus. Generally Pyorrhoea gives rise to various troubles and diseases. The gums become tender and inflamed; the breath tends to become offensive, and the teeth loosen. More remote diseases are also liable to result. Neurasthenia, together with middle complexion, frequently supervenes, and rheumatic pains, disease of the eye, dyspepsia, colitis, disease of the throat, skin, and kidney have been known to originate from Pyorrhoea.

It has been customary in the past to have teeth extracted in most cases of Pyorrhoea, but under the new home treatment with "Dentona" this extreme course is no longer necessary. The "Dentona" treatment kills the germ, removes all inflammation, and irritation, and restores the gums to a healthy condition. Within 14 days from the date you commence treatment you will note a marked improvement, and within 4 weeks the trouble will be entirely overcome.

SEND FOR TRIAL OFFER

If you are interested in the "Dentona" treatment for Pyorrhoea, Gingivitis, spongy, soft, bleeding, and receding gums, write to-day, enclosing 2d. stamp for postage, and we will send you under plain sealed cover, full particulars, also details of our 14 days' Trial offer. Write also details of your 14 days' Trial offer. Address: THE DENTONA LABORATORIES, 28 Rickard House, Pitt Street, SYDNEY. 2/2



The Settlement
in 1837

COLONEL LIGHT

Founder of Adelaide

Colonel Light arrived in South Australia on August 20th, 1836. He had been sent from London as Surveyor-General of South Australia, and on December 17th, 1836, selected Adelaide as the site of the first settlement.

Captain Hindmarsh, R.N., who had been appointed Governor, arrived on December 28th, 1836, and the first buildings were erected early in 1837.

Twenty years before this the Bank of New South Wales had been established in Sydney. This Bank, the oldest and largest in Australasia, was formed when the term 'New South Wales' covered New Zealand and practically all the Australian States except Western Australia.

The Bank of New South Wales has co-operated closely in the development of the whole of this vast territory and has now over 720 branches throughout the Commonwealth, New Zealand, and the Pacific Islands.

Bank of New South Wales

(ESTABLISHED 1817)

The Oldest and Largest Bank in Australasia

Bank of New South Wales Historical Series No. 11.

221 P. 1923

How does she keep so SLIM

IT'S perfectly simple to reduce your weight to normal and to keep slim and healthy. There's no need for dangerous dieting, or violent exercises—just take a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans.

These fine vegetable pills ensure correct assimilation of your food, and by gently acting on the entire system, daily and completely eliminate all surplus fat residue.

Men and women who want to reduce their weight to normal, and keep slim and healthy, can do this with safety by taking a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans.



"Bile Beans have reduced my surplus fat and weight and made me feel younger and more active. Now housework doesn't take half the effort it used to do."—Mrs. A. Beck.

"As the years have come on I have shown a natural inclination to grow stout, but the nightly doses of Bile Beans are of great assistance in keeping my weight down."—Mr. W. Anderson.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Kathleen Wallace Writes on an Unusual Theme!

Three young women, each attractive in her own particular fashion, each with a clearly-defined aim in life, and each striving to attain what appears to her to be the best that the world has to offer—these are the main characters in Kathleen Wallace's new novel, "Madam, I'll Give You."

The title is taken from a line of an old English song: "Madam, I'll give you the keys to Heaven." Jenny, Karen, and Isabel each receives the keys to heaven before the story ends, but the heaven in all cases is a different one, and not at all the thing to which each originally aspired.

At a time when in literature the foibles of the individual are the fashion and "self-expression" the commendable thing, it is refreshing to light upon a novel in which other standards are exalted.

Two of Kathleen Wallace's characters, Jenny Strand and Isabel Wynn, start off in life with objectives which, while normal enough, are intrinsically selfish. They find their happiness ultimately, not as they had thought to find it, but in giving their lives—in two quite different fashions—to the shattered men they love.

Even Karen Fielding, gratifying an urge which, in her, is as strong as life itself, brings, in an unconventional fashion, greater contentment to a husband whose limitations have hitherto created a barrier between them.

The whole theme of "Madam, I'll Give You" is, in fact, that transcendent happiness which can only come through service to people who are loved, self-sacrifice that has no hint of self-conscious effort—that is natural and unassuming, as spontaneous as the love that inspires it.

The book is well-knit, compact, written by an author who has a strict sense of form. Jenny, Karen and Isabel are first introduced in circumstances which place them infinitely apart from each other. The magnet that draws them together is Crossways, an unusual type of hospital run by Doctor Long and Lady

Violet Mainwaring for men shattered by war or by the hardships of the post-war years. The disorganisation caused by a flu epidemic causes Jenny and Karen to come into this place as volunteer nurses; Isabel arrives under more tragic circumstances, drawn by the need of George Rennie, a youngster whom she loves but has given up because of her desire for security. But, irrespective of the motives which lead them to Crossways, each achieves her apotheosis in this unlikely spot.

Quite apart from the unusual nature of the story, this novel is interesting for its writing and the dexterity and sympathy with which the different characters have been handled. The three women who are the central figures are as distinct in type as it would be possible to get, and each is convincing and alive.

Miss Wallace is not the type of novelist who will take the reading public



MISS MARGUERITE STEEN, who has given an absorbing picture of Spanish peasant life in her latest novel, "The One-Eyed Moon."

by storm only to be forgotten the moment the next best-seller appears. She is not commonplace enough for that. But to those who appreciate a good story, good writing, and characters who have a bit more in them than a preoccupation with their own small affairs—in brief, a novel above the average—"Madam, I'll Give You" can be recommended.

(Helmreich. Our copy, Moore's Bookshop. 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"PORTRAIT OF MAUD." Anahet Howard. A first novel and a good one.

As the title suggests, it is the portrait of a woman, Maud. Marchioness of Derwentwater, forceful in character and fanatically enthusiastic about the causes that she espoused. She threw herself wholeheartedly into the causes of temperance, politics, and suffrage in an age when it was not fashionable for women to be as actively identified with such things as they are to-day. Friends and family were sacrificed in her enthusiasms, but her greatest disappointment was with her children, who insisted on living their own lives. The book gives a vivid picture of the efforts of Englishwomen to gain suffrage, and many famous names and incidents are recalled. (Hurst and Blackett. Our copy, Swains.)

"LUCIA'S PROGRESS." E. F. Benson.

Characters already familiar to readers of "Mapp and Lucia," a previous novel by this author, are met again in this book. It is an amusing and altogether delightful picture of life in an English village, with its small talk, its personal vendettas and petty jealousies, and its intrigues. Lucia is an amazing mass of humbug, but she's good to read about. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"ENBURY HEATH." Stella Gibbons.

This is the type of story that one reads on and on waiting for something to happen. It has not the charm of Stella Gibbons' well-known novel, "Cold Comfort Farm"; in fact, one might say it is a depressing tale, concerning the three unattractive children of a drunken doctor. It begins at the doctor's death, recounts the subsequent conduct of his two sons in their early manhood, and his daughter Sophia, once they have attained freedom from a miserable home life and a difficult father. The numerous relatives that are interwoven in the story relieve it from boredom. (Longmans, Green and Co. Swains.)

"STUBBLE." Winifred Duke. A rather

overdrawn story in which the author endeavors to prove that the forces of heredity are stronger than any environment. Anne Fielding, the ward of her grandfather, a rich business magnate, had every advantage, but at eleven years of age we find her forging a cheque to still the tongue of a blackmailing youth to whom she had written compromising letters. She was ruthless and cruel in numerous ways, and stopped at nothing to gain her desired ends. Here is a tragic character study, but the gloom of the book is relieved by the many other admirable characters in the story. (Jarrolds. Our copy, Swains.)

How Food Kills—Did you Know

that of every 100 people who die in Australia—

5 DIE OF OLD AGE
8 DIE FROM INFECTION
9 DIE IN ACCIDENTS

NUTRITIONAL DISEASES ARE UNKNOWN AMONG NATIVES WHO EAT THEIR OWN FOOD!

But THEY BECOME COMMON WHEN NATIVES EAT WHITE MAN'S FOOD

EVEN ANIMALS NORMALLY IMMUNE FROM THESE DISEASES CONTRACT THEM IF FORCED TO EAT WHITE MAN'S FOOD

DEATHS AMONG CHILDREN IN N.Z. have been reduced to 1/3 of their previous number by the huge Campaign for Proper Feeding

BUT—73% DIE FROM NUTRITIONAL DISEASES (COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK)

These are the NUTRITIONAL diseases which are now killing three Australians out of every four:

- ARTHRITIS
- ASTHMA
- BLOOD PRESSURE
- CANCER
- CONSTIPATION
- CATARH
- DECAYING TEETH
- FLATULENCE
- GASTRIC ULCERS
- INDIGESTION
- INSOMNIA
- KIDNEY TROUBLE
- LIVER TROUBLE
- "NERVES"
- OBESITY
- "RUN DOWN"
- RHEUMATISM

FOR INFORMATION CALL OR POST THIS

The discoveries of the last few years leave no doubt whatever that these diseases are primarily caused by food. It is obviously futile to try to treat them with drugs, without first removing the cause. The dietitians of The Good Health Club of Australia have brought to this country the very latest knowledge on this subject, and their work over the last six months has restored health to hundreds of very sick people. This is not idle talk. If you care to call at the Club headquarters, at 156 Castlereagh Street, they are willing to put you in touch with dozens of "incurables" who are rapidly gaining normal health and strength under the Club's guidance. This is being done without the use of drugs, without the use of unusual foods, and with a minimum of trouble and expense.

To THE GOOD HEALTH CLUB OF AUSTRALIA, Union Bank Chambers, 156 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

I am interested.

Please send me a copy of your Book, "Healing With Food." Enclosed is stamp in stamps as a contribution towards the cost of printing, packing, and posting.

NAME

ADDRESS

A.W.W.3

Sleep... Baby, sleep SLEEP YOUR COLD AWAY

YES, MOTHER, you can usually relieve a little one's cold overnight—and without making him swallow nasty medicine.

Just rub his little throat and chest at bedtime with pleasant Vicks VapoRub.

Eases Congestion—Instantly, there is a warm, comfortable tingle in the chest as the ointment begins to "draw out" tightness, break up congestion.

Clears Air-Passages—At the same time, Vapo-Rub's healing vapours are inhaled, with every breath, direct to the inflamed

air-passages. They loosen the phlegm, ease the breathing.

While the child sleeps, this double action continues all night long. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

MOTHERS: You can help your children to avoid many colds altogether. At the first sneeze or sniffle, just put a few drops of Vicks Vapo-Rub on each little nostril. Used in time, this amazing liquid stops most colds before they can get beyond the nose and upper throat—where 3 out of 4 colds start. Vapo-Rub and Va-tro-nol are the foundation of the remarkable Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds—fully described in each Vicks package.



VICKS VAPORUB

NO MORE DANDRUFF



REXONA
Soothes the scalp
Nourishes the hair

Why put up with the irritation of dandruff? It looks so careless and dulls even the glossiest hair.

Massage your head nightly with Rexona Ointment. Its antiseptic properties cleanse the scalp, and dandruff will quickly disappear.

Also indispensable for—Cuts, Boils, Burns, Pimples, Stiff joints, Aches, Rashes, Poisoned Wounds, Chilblains, and Lumbago.

Rexona
OINTMENT
The Rapid Healer

REXONA PROPRIETARY, LIMITED



Glazo
for lovely nails

GLAZO, always famous for quality and value, now presents six unique improvements. Glazo's new lacquers are richer in lustre—they wear 50% longer. 6 lovely shades—and the color chart with each package shows how each one will look on your nails. Glazo is easier to apply—thanks to the new metal shaft brush—neither brush nor bottles can come loose.

The new oily-type Polish Remover contains a special oil that prevents it from drying out cuticle or nails. In an extra-size bottle at no greater cost.

Glazo Liquid Polish Color Chart . . . package 2/6
Glazo New Polish Remover extra-size bottle 2/6

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Sole Agents:
HILLCASTLE LTD.
All States

Hot OXO
takes the "ill" out of CHILL

"Beef at its best."

AT ALL GROCERS.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY The Younger Mrs. Masterman

TO the younger Mrs. Masterman nothing mattered so long as her husband "got on," and ambition blinded her to other things—the things the elder Mrs. Masterman knew were necessary if her son was to find happiness as well as success.

By **MARIAN MARAN**

LARE MASTERMAN set the freshly-filled flower vases in their places and carefully wiped up a drop of water that had fallen on a polished table. She frowned slightly as her husband came in from the garden—he always gardened on Saturday afternoons, though she thought he should have given it up just for to-day.

"Are you sure your boots aren't muddy, Walter?" she asked.

He smiled.

"I knew you'd ask that, so I wiped them on the back-door mat. The carpet's quite safe, but I'll go and sit in the scullery if you'd rather!"

"Don't be absurd!" Clare said irritably. "You know I want things to be specially nice to-day. It's so important to make a good impression on Mr. Client. You'll be dressed in plenty of time, won't you, and don't forget to call it dinner and not supper. Mr. Client will be used to a late dinner."

Mr. Client was the new head of the firm for which her husband worked. Ever since old Mr. Seymour had died and the other man had taken over the business, Walter had been sure he had his eye on him for the post of manager. And his suggesting coming to dinner with them to-night seemed to prove it.

It would mean such a lot to them if her husband did get the post. A hundred pounds a year more salary. They would be able to buy the little car they had always wanted, and perhaps have that tour up the Rhine this summer. If only Mr. Client were pleased with his visit to-night!

She sighed.

It was just like their luck, she thought, that Esther, the daily maid, should have hurt her hand to-day and had to go home. She had promised to stay a bit later than usual and help with the dinner. Now Clare would have to do it all herself.

"I wish Esther were here, Walter," she said anxiously. "What will Mr. Client think when I have to open the door to him myself?"

"He'll only think how lucky I am to have such a pretty and accomplished wife," he returned cheerfully. "Think of the time when we lived in two rooms in Burton Street, and you used to have to do odd jobs for the neighbors to make both ends meet!"

His wife frowned again. It was just like a man, she thought, to remind her to-night of those early days of struggle that she wanted to forget; for Walter had "got on" amazingly.

There was a ring at the bell.

Walter went to the door, and she heard his exclamation of pleased surprise as he greeted the caller.

A CHEERY voice answered him, and as Clare listened her heart sank.

It was her husband's stepmother!

Not that she wasn't fond of the older woman—she was. Mrs. Masterman was both kind and generous, and she had been a real mother to Walter

ever since she had married his father when the boy was only two years old. She couldn't have done more for him if he had been her very own.

A widow now, she still lived in the cottage where Walter had been born, and was a frequent visitor at the little house in Laurel Avenue.

Clare was always glad to see her, but that she should happen to turn up to-day . . . Was she going to stay?

Mrs. Masterman settled the question directly she came in. She dumped a bulky-looking brown paper parcel on a chair and embraced Clare warmly.


"Here I am, dearie, turned up like a bad penny," she told her cheerfully. "And I've brought my luggage. I was feeling a bit lonesome, so I said to myself I'll run over and see the children for a day or two. That always cheers me up and they'll be glad to have me."

"Of course we're glad to have you," Clare returned, trying to put an equal warmth into her voice. But her heart was filled with dismay.

She looked at the smiling, kindly face and the comfortable figure in its "outsize" coat.

Please turn to Page 18

There is nothing nicer for Dinner than
A Steaming Hot Plum Pudding



TRY THIS RECIPE
WHICH IS TAKEN FROM THE
NEW SUNSHINE COOKERY BOOK

Plum Pudding (Without Eggs)

6 oz. flour.	1½ teaspoon carbonate soda
6 oz. breadcrumbs	2 oz. brown sugar
6 oz. raisins	1 teaspoon spice
6 oz. currants	1½ cup treacle
1½ lb. washed peel	1 cup milk
4 oz. suet	

Shred suet, rub it into sifted flour, add crumbs and pinch salt, then add cleaned fruits, cut up peel, spice, and sugar. Blend treacle and milk, stir all in, and mix well. Add carbonate soda last, dissolved in boiling water. Roll in greased pudding basin, with cloth tied on top, for four hours. Serve with white sauce.

Send for
The New Sunshine Cookery Book
which contains over
100 Tested Recipes
Obtainable
FREE!

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Building, 823 Collins Street,
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Fill in this coupon if forwarded to an UNSEALED envelope, it will not be sent.

Please send me a FREE Cookery Book.

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This Amazing BOOK on DRAWING FREE!



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How to be an Artist

At Home with a Book

Illustrations by Brodie Mack

Correspondence Art School

Become an ARTIST—Quickly!

Let Brodie Mack Teach You at Home!

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LEARN TO SKETCH This Easy Rapid Way!

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FREE BOOK COUPON: Post NOW!

The Brodie Mack Correspondence Art School,
Desk 15, 107 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,—Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your famous book, "How To Be an Artist." I enclose 3d. in stamps to defray postage.

Name

Address

8/6/35

"How to be AN ARTIST" is FREE!

NEVER before has a book of this nature been offered free; that is why you should send for your copy now. This brand new book shows you how to draw—develop your talent—how to cartoon, the secret of illustrating, and how money can be made even while learning. Fill in your coupon and get it into the post now—at once, before you forget.

The Brodie Mack Correspondence Art School
DESK 15, 107 PITT STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

DIARY of a *Two-Year-Old* SETTER!

"Three months old to-day...
Cook broomed me out on
She called it my "first
"indiscretion"....."



"Five months old.....
Seems funny but every time
I went to chase a rabbit
they dragged me back!"



Six months.... First time
out with guns.. still on
lead.... "Banged" em off
over my head.....



"(They certainly
have a queer
idea of
hunting!)"

"Nine months old....
Surprised myself by
setting something...
Master thought it
was a hare... —"



"but it
wasn't!.."



One year old!....
Celebrated by taking
a First at the Gun-
Dog Show.....



"Eighteen Months... Met Tillie...
She seems to like me too...."



Two years old to-day...
Allowed in to see my
kids... Going to have a
lot of fun with 'em, if
they'll only leave some
feather on my tail.....
Tillie well, seemed
glad to see me....



"Twenty months....
Fouled a rabbit-
trap... Master's
laying for the trap-
setter with a gun.."



Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.



IT'S YOUR PAGE

The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

DAY-DREAMING

WHENEVER I am sitting idle I think of all the things that I would do and be had I both time and money. Here are just a few of them—

I want to do an arts and a science course at the University. I want to travel and become really familiar with the world, and be able to speak French, German, and Spanish fluently. I want to be an aero-mechanic and a pilot. I want to have a racing car and not be afraid of it. I want to own a Sahki dog and walk places with it. I would like to have a superabundance of polse, and be a really good ballroom dancer, and a really good swimmer. And I would like to wear the sort of clothes that very few people can afford, and, most of all, I want to write.

I think that it would take three lifetimes at least, and I am seriously considering the theory of re-incarnation in order to comfort myself—

What do other readers want to do? There is so much that is interesting in this world, and we have so little time after we eat and sleep, and weave our day-dreams.

£1 for this letter to Elisabeth Lambert, 30 Maillard Avenue, South Kensington, N.S.W.

A WOMAN MAYOR?

WHY not a woman mayor? Women have a natural tendency towards administration. Moreover, they have been trained in getting value for their money, balancing the family budget, and they have the desire to further the interests of the family and their town. Power to influence is what women want. And their interest will be increased if there is mutual understanding, which can only be attained on a basis of equality of citizenship.

Prejudice is the bugbear which hinders the attainment of such an understanding, and the conditions under which women are engaged in public work at present are not conducive to real progress.

Mrs. O. Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

Shortening Dance Groups To Add Pep To A Dance

I JOIN with Miss Jean Ramsay in wishing for the shortening of the length of dances. The particular dance may be a general favorite, but surely it would be even more popular if it was interspersed with other dances instead of being carried on for half an hour without a break. Then what of the poor unfortunate who is unable to dance the particular dance? It must be very boring to have to sit out for one dance which lasts half an hour.

Miss Betty Dumas, 143 Payneham Rd., St. Peters, S.A.

ETIQUETTE



DON'T ask your neighbor to pass things when a waiter is at hand.

Dances Are Spontaneous

I DON'T agree with Miss Ramsay that dance groups are far too long. If she is speaking from the dance enthusiast's point of view, and not from the social aspect of a dance.

I go to a dance to dance, to enjoy the rhythm, the perfect swing and harmony, not particularly for social intercourse, which can be obtained elsewhere if desired.

Remember, most of the dance brackets are prolonged, each time played over and over again because of the enthusiasm and insistence of the dancers themselves. And dancing should be a spontaneous thing. Have you not experienced the flat feeling when the orchestra refuses to play longer, despite insistent applause, and you have to return to your seat, a glorious moment of enjoyment necessarily cut short?

Miss Elsa Malone, Mackay P.O., Qld.

The Ignominy Of A Bride Being "Given Away"

I AGREE with Mrs. Starling (18/5/35) in wishing for the shortening of a partnership with each party giving and receiving on an equal basis, and I think the marriage service would be much more beautiful if it were worded accordingly. Since we are not living in the days when women had no voice in the matter, and were actually given away in marriage, the words have become meaningless and should be omitted from the ceremony.

Miss E. Healey, 135 Raleigh St., Thornbury N.17, Melbourne.

To Suit the Parties

I QUITE agree that it does seem a farce for any Tom, Dick, or Harry to give a bride away. But I do think it is the duty of every father to give his daughter away in marriage. A girl who is self-supporting, and has no male parent should stand without a "give-away." The minister should arrange the service accordingly to suit the parties concerned.

Mrs. R. Dodd, Merewether, N.S.W.

"Giving Away" Is Right

THE marriage service, like most Biblical passages (Mrs. Starling 18/5/35), has lines which we of advanced 1935 are prone to question as unfair, yet if we look at them in the right light we will realize that it is not for us to make amendments.

I always turned over the idea of the husband being the "head of the wife," and pointed it out to the local minister, who requested my sense of equality by referring to the commandment, that man "love his wife, as himself."

It may seem superfluous to have a male relative in attendance to "give the bride away," yet I think her wedding day is perhaps the day when every girl feels the need of some of her own folk, and the give-away is only acting on behalf of parents who wish to stand by their girl until she is no longer their responsibility.

Miss Vera M. Greedy, Wal Wal, Vic.

Can You Hear With Your Teeth?

A PHOTO appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly, 11/5/35, accompanied by the following lines: "American doctors are experimenting with an adaptation of the radio which will enable the deaf to hear through their fingers. Several successful experiments have been made."

When we were small we often experimented with a mouth-organ on a wire fence. One person would hold the mouth-organ on the top wire of the fence, and he rest of us would go up the fence out of hearing, or else put our fingers in our ears to shut out all sound, and then we would rest our teeth on the top wire of the fence, and if the mouth-organ was playing we could hear it as clearly as if we were standing next to the player.

If the deaf could be made to hear through their fingers, why not through their teeth, as I have explained?

Mrs. M. Baker, Southbrook, Manilla, N.S.W.

Seems Quibbling

MRS. STARLING raises an interesting point in her letter. Her condemnation of the traditional "giving away" feature of the marriage service is perhaps justified in the cases "supposed" by her, but are not the majority of these "givings away" performed by an earnest and often respected father?

Being of the stronger sex (if only physically so), I do not perhaps realize to the full the ignominy of being thus made the object of a transaction between two men, but the marriage service is so full of equally superfluous though traditional customs and exhortations, that to single out the particular one savors of quibbling.

Surely the enlightened woman of this age, seeking the advancement of her kind, should aspire to loftier achievements than the destruction of a custom that does not appear to hinder progress to the natural goal of the majority of her sex per medium of this same service!

R. Maslin Williams, Mahura, Park Rd., Bowral, N.S.W.

Why Be Afraid Of A Wee, Harmless Mouse?

IN reply to Mrs. Wiseman's letter (May 18), I don't think that very many women are really afraid of a mouse—they are often only startled when the little beastie suddenly rushes out from somewhere.

As for the girls who seek refuge on chairs while the mouse hunt is in progress, it is often a precaution taken against the little creature running up one's leg; they do, you know.

M. Taylor, 18 Sweet St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Orthodox Feelings

I OFTEN wonder how many women express such an emotion only because they feel that it is womanly to do so. I have thought that many of us express horror, disgust, fear, etc., of things we see and hear, not because they are our genuine thoughts, but because we have a feeling at the back of our minds that it is expected of us.

Truly, most women are still terribly afraid of appearing unorthodox.

Miss Phyllis Rooke, 16 Laver St., Kew, Vic.

Dislike More Than Fear

I THINK Miss Wiseman (The Australian Women's Weekly, 18/5/35) is using a somewhat exaggerated term when she states that every girl is afraid of a harmless mouse. Since reading her letter I have questioned a number of girls, and by no means were they all afraid of mice. In fact, in practically every case, it was not the thought that the mice could harm them, but the feeling of creepiness and uncleanness that is associated with these little animals that upsets the girls. It is dislike more than fear, and is shown in an unusual and perhaps rather absurd fashion.

J. G. Paynton, 3 Garden St., Hawthorn E.3, Vic.

A Man's Explanation

IT isn't the sight of a mouse nor the bite of one that causes so much dread. It is the feel of one. As we all know there is that old nursery rhyme about the mouse running up the clock. If something startles the mouse, it is only natural that he will make for the first available avenue of escape; his first impulse is to get under cover, and minus a grandfather clock, a hole in the floor or wall, he will climb almost anything. Hence those screams and leaps for chairs and tables.

Alex. Burnett, Bernani, N.S.W.

Are You Bashful?



Shy or Nervous?

Are you timid? Self-conscious? Afraid of meeting people? Liable to blush, stammer, and become confused, just when you would like to make a good impression? Do you worry over trifles? Are you gloomy or depressed, or FEARFUL regarding the future?



Come Out of Your Shell!

STOP BEING SHY! You're missing half the happiness and enjoyment of life if you are handicapped by a shy, nervous, or worrying disposition! Banish your fears! Overcome Shyness and Blushing! Conquer that "Inferiority-complex!" Be a LEADER, not merely one of the LED! This amazing FREE Book will show you HOW!

Be POPULAR - MAGNETIC

You can MAKE people like you. You can be popular with the Opposite Sex! You can attract Love, Friendship and SUCCESS into your life! Yes, you can develop Self-confidence, Will-power, and a strong, dominating, MAGNETIC personality—if you read "Nerve Strength and Personal Magnetism," the amazing book of personality secrets now offered FREE to readers of this paper.

A "Strange" Book

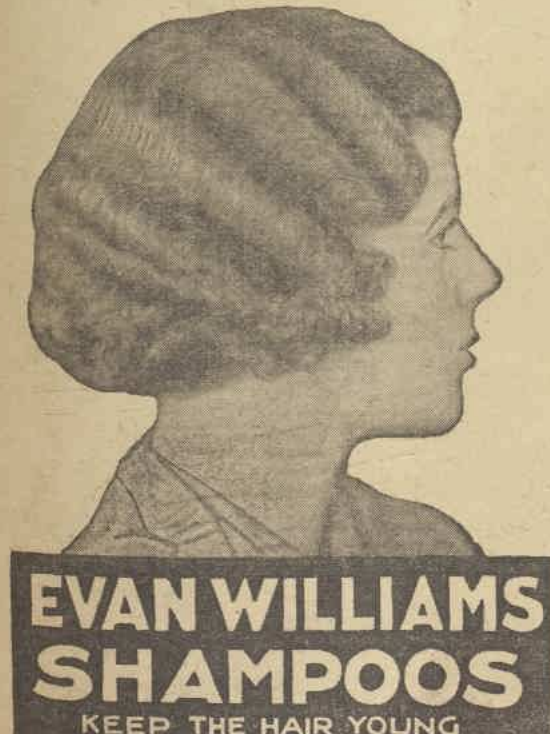
Truly, this is a "strange" book! It seems to cast a mysterious spell over the reader, and, gradually, as you read it, you become aware of a wonderful feeling of confidence and power, as the magnetic forces within you are awakened and subordinated to your WILL. You MUST see this amazing book—read it—learn its great secrets—FREE! Send no money—just the Coupon—and it will be posted to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

ACT NOW!

Only 500 copies are available under this FREE Introductory Offer, so make sure you get yours by sending NOW! Post the Coupon to: HENRY GALVEN, 101 George St., Sydney, N.S.W. The book will be forwarded, absolutely FREE, by return mail.

POST THIS COUPON!

HENRY GALVEN, Publisher, Box 100, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send me your big book, "Nerve Strength and Personal Magnetism," absolutely FREE, enclosing a 5d. stamp towards postage, etc. NAME: _____ (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) Address: _____ State: _____



EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOOS

KEEP THE HAIR YOUNG

Australian Agents: R. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne.



FREE TO ALL READERS OF THIS PAPER

JUST TWO

BY

BETTY PATERSON



We have our
Mummies hair
& Complexion.



The daily dozen retains our slim boyish figures.



The wheels come off
Oh dear! Engine trouble again



Do you have much luck
at cards?
No. They always fall
down.



Can you knit fast?
Of course, can't
you see the runs
in my work?



What is your favorite Cocktail?
Oh, milk or water.



What did you lose on this race?
Only my hair ribbon.



BETTY
PATERSON

The DIONNE "Quins" and THEIR TASTES

Another Exclusive Series—Copyright in Australia by
The Australian Women's Weekly



"CHOICE is a matter of breeding," says Cecile, "and, personally, I like the sort of toy that is some use." Hence the rattle which can be used for teething!"



ABOVE: Emelie prefers to spend her time gazing into space. No doubt she will be a committee woman when she grows up.



YVONNE, the "talker" of the quintuplet group, is seen here laying down the law about things in general. Nobody knows quite what it is all about; but it's all the same to Yvonne.



LEFT: Annette is demonstrating what it means to be born with a set of silver spoons in the mouth. "That's mine!" she says, placing her hand on one spoon, and "What's mine's, mine!"



RIGHT: "Oh, what a beautiful thing is this round ball of a rattle!" cries Marie, who shows definite aesthetic tastes.

"Oh Boy!... Look what I've got!..."



(1) "I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!"



(2) "Look what I found! Contraption with a looking glass! (I'm looking very well to-day.) ... And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that! ... Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"



(3) "Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder... but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie... and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"

(4) Johnson's Baby Powder... at your baby's service! Comforting and soothing—a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why... Made of fine satiny talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

• A product of Johnson & Johnson
—World's largest manufacturers of
Surgical Dressings, Tek the Modern
Toothbrush, Mollies, etc.

£300 Won!

"BRAN TUB" Has Already Allocated £300 IN CASH PRIZES



Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about a BOMB OUTRAGE, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "When the box . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—"BRAN TUB" No. 7, BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, 14th JUNE. The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid. Scaled Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, 28th June.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 4

The winning competitor in this contest is:—

MRS. K. GARDNER
Turimetta St.
Mona Vale.

Her solution, containing four errors, was the most nearly correct one received, and the PRIZE OF £50 IN CASH is therefore awarded to her. Prize money will be posted on Friday, June 21st.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 4

"As a matter of fact, no bald-headed agent has ever been killed by his Indian wards, and those unhappy agents who have fallen beneath the hostile tomahawk have rushed upon their fate by foolishly flaunting their hair in the faces of the covetous savages."

DID YOU EVER SEE A POWDER PUFF TALKING?

MY DEAR, YOU'RE
GETTING UNAT-
TRACTIVE COSMETIC
SKIN! AND THERE'S
REALLY NO EXCUSE
FOR IT, YOU KNOW...

You can use all the Cosmetics you wish, yet guard
against ugly COSMETIC SKIN this modern way...

If your powder puff could talk, it would compliment you on your really lovely skin? Or complain of tiny blemishes . . . coarse pores . . . blackheads, even—the warning signals of ugly COSMETIC SKIN?

Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way

Many women who think they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are actually leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores. It is this choking of the pores that causes Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dirt, stale cosmetics. Before

A LEVER PRODUCT

you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care.

Precious Elements in this soap

In this soap are precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are priceless, have used this pure soap for years. Begin your Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today.



Girls, you can use all the
powder and rouge you
want to if you guard a-
gainst ugly Cosmetic Skin as
I do—with Lux Toilet Soap

Frances Dee

RKO Radio Picture Star
appearing in "Becky Sharp"

THE Younger Mrs. Masterman

Continued from Page 13

MRS. MASTERMAN was only fifty-three, but she looked several years older. Her hair under the old-fashioned hat was frankly grey, her hands were rough and red with work, and her speech homely.

She was a dear, of course, but at the thought of having to introduce her to Walter's chief as his stepmother, Clare's heart failed her.

The visitor looked round the pretty sitting-room, at the freshly washed cretonne curtains, and the flowers in the vases.

"You're having company?" she asked. "Yes, Walter's new chief, Mr. Client, is coming."

"Client! It's an uncommon name." The older woman looked thoughtful. "Then you'll want to have everything specially nice, of course," she remarked. "What are you going to give him for his supper? I hope the new girl of yours is a good cook?"

"She can't cook at all," Clare returned. "And, anyhow, the lark here, she wouldn't her hand this morning and had to go home. So I've got to do it all myself, and I hardly know where to begin."

"Now don't start worrying," the other broke in briskly. "You leave the supper to me. I'm a splendid cook, as you know, and I'll have everything as right as rain for your fine company. Just let me go up and take off my things and find an apron, and I'll get to work."

She was as good as her word, and Clare breathed a sigh of relief as she heard her moving about the kitchen, from which appetizing odors soon began to be wafted. She knew that she had nothing to worry about now as far as the dinner was concerned. But what would Mr. Client think of Walter's stepmother?

Her husband strolled into the sitting-room, sniffing appreciatively.

"That's a good smell for a hungry man," he remarked. "It's lucky mother happened to turn up to-day, isn't it? I don't know what we should have done without her."

"I'm not so sure that it is lucky," his wife said. She flushed as she turned to face her husband. "Walter, what do you suppose Mr. Client will think of her?"

"I'm sure I don't know. And I don't see that it matters." He spoke firmly, almost abruptly, but there was an uneasy look in his eyes as they met hers.

"It does matter, and you know it does," Clare retorted. "You said yourself that it was most important, we should make a good impression on him. And then your mother turns up like that—"

"I'm not ashamed of my mother, if you are," Walter broke in hotly. "She's one of the best, and I can never be grateful enough to her for what she's done for me."

"I know that," Clare flushed still more. She was ashamed now of what she had said. It sounded so small and mean, somehow. And Mrs. Masterman was a dear, only it was a pity she'd turned up just now. . . . "I only meant that Mr. Client mightn't understand her as we do," she added. "And anyhow she's here, and we shall have to make the best of it."

She broke off, her face suddenly a burning, painful crimson. For looking up she saw that the door had been pushed open further, and Mrs. Masterman herself was standing on the threshold.

H

HAD she heard? She wouldn't hurt the woman who had been so good to Walter for anything. Not a glance at the other's face reassured her. It wore its usual expression of placid cheerfulness.

Clare would never know what it cost the elder woman to look like that, as if she had heard nothing. When all the time she felt as if someone had dealt her a blow in the face.

These two young things that she loved best in all the world and whom she had been so pleased to think she was helping, didn't wait her, after all, not to-night! They were ashamed of her.

Well, she was homely and unfashionable, she supposed, and naturally a stranger would notice it. If he had to introduce her to his chief as his mother, Walter probably wouldn't get the job he was counting on so much.

She made up her mind swiftly, as she always did. Not for nothing had she fought the world through twenty years of widowhood and forced it to give her a living for herself and the boy her dead husband had left her as his only legacy. And she didn't bear these two children any ill-will. She might be hurt—bitterly hurt—but she had been hurt plenty of times before and come through smiling.

She smiled now as she went forward and said calmly:

Please turn to Page 26

HOT BATHING: My Anchoy Paste is made from Italian Gorgonzola Anchovy. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.



Mandrake the Magician



MEET THESE ACTORS IN MANDRAKE'S SECOND ADVENTURE

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, is in Alexandria with **LOTHAR:** His devoted Nubian slave. They are attacked by thugs who, however, are overcome by Mandrake's magical powers. The Master of Magic learns that they are servants of **PRINCESS NARDA:** A beautiful girl on whom Mandrake calls to investigate this attack. She tells him that her men made a mistake; she sent them out to overcome

THE HAWK: A sinister figure who has been dogging her and from whom she had fled. Mandrake and the Princess become friendly, he promising to help her to overcome her enemy. When Mandrake leaves, the hump-backed Hawk appears, informs the Princess that they must get rid of the Master Magician, and plots how to do it. Narda, however, pleads with him to leave everything to her. Now read on.



MANDRAKE AND THE LOVELY PRINCESS NARDA ARE SEEN EVERYWHERE TOGETHER, AS NARDA BEGINS TO SPIN HER WEB TO ENTRAP HIM, AT THE RACES--



--AT THE THEATRE, MANDRAKE IS UNSUSPECTINGLY ATTRACTED TO NARDA, AND ALWAYS HIDDEN IN THE BACK GROUND IS THE EVIL HAWK, WATCHING.



WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT? WHAT DOES HE KNOW?

I DON'T KNOW, HAWK. I DON'T KNOW. HE IS AS COLD AS GRANITE. HE IS POLITE-- THAT IS ALL.



I THOUGHT YOU'D SUCCEED WITH HIM, WELL-- IT WILL HAVE TO BE THE POISON-- AFTER ALL.

NO-- HAWK-- NO--



YOU'LL DO THAT-- OR I'LL SEE THAT-- BUT YOU KNOW--

ALL RIGHT-- HAWK-- I'LL-- I'LL SEE THAT HE DRINKS IT.



GOOD EVENING, NARDA. I HOPE I HAVEN'T KEPT YOU WAITING.

NOT AT ALL, MANDRAKE. YOU MAY SERVE US NOW, JACQUES.



NARDA TAKES THE POISON GLASS.



SHALL WE DRINK TO--

FIRST, MANDRAKE, YOU SHALL SIP FROM MY GLASS-- AND I-- FROM YOURS.



MANDRAKE-- WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY--?



SUDDENLY, MANDRAKE RECOILS, GESTURES AT THE POISON GLASS AND IT EXPLODES IN NARDA'S HAND.



POISON! YOU'VE DECEIVED ME, NARDA! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS FOR WEEKS! NOW-- I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE WHOLE MYSTERY!



NARDA-- THAT YOU WOULD TRY TO POISON ME-- WHY? WHY?



NOW-- I'LL PUT AN END TO THIS-- MAGICIAN.



BUT PRINCESS-- IT IS BEST TO KILL HIM!

NO, JACQUES, I COMMAND YOU, TIE HIM UP.



HAWK!

AH! YOU HAVE HIM! GOOD!



HE'S READY, SIR.

HA! EVEN MANDRAKE CAN'T FREE HIMSELF FROM THOSE CHAINS DOWN TO THE DOCKS WITH HIM.



THE END OF MANDRAKE.



TO BE CONTINUED

No Results—No Pay!

Try This Simple, Safe REDUCING METHOD

Do YOU want to lose weight? Then here is a safe, simple, harmless method which can be given a trial by any stout person without danger or the loss of a single penny. Go to your chemist and purchase a jar of Thalgo Thermal Salts for 1/6d. Take a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water first thing every morning and continue until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that Thalgo Thermal Salts is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce your weight, the money you have paid will be refunded to you.

NO STARVING It is sheer folly to impair your health by resorting to starving and other dangerous slimming practices. Natural slimness can be obtained without exposing yourself to the dangers of drastic dieting, which is only another name for "semi-starvation." A strict diet is not necessary when you are taking Thalgo Thermal Salts. You can, however, greatly accelerate their action, if you so desire, by abstaining from fatty meats, and pastry and reducing the quantity of potatoes, cream, butter, etc., taken at meals.

NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES Thalgo Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fatty tissue. The gentle, soothing solution of Thalgo Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of those wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatness, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

COSTS YOU NOTHING IF YOU DON'T LOSE WEIGHT We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/6d. jar of Thalgo Thermal Salts from the nearest Chemist. Begin taking Thalgo Salts to-morrow morning—a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water before breakfast—and continue each morning until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that it is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce, simply send the two empty cartons to the distributors—Parry, Barker & Co., 15-20 Martin Place, Sydney—and the full purchase price, with postage added, will be refunded to you, at once, without question or controversy. If satisfied, you should continue the regular morning dose of Thalgo Salts to gain perfect slimness and prevent fat from forming.

THALCO
THERMAL SALTS
PRICE 1/6d. PER JAR AT ALL CHEMISTS



STOP, LOOK, LISTEN Before You Get Scared!

—Says KATHLEEN NORRIS

When you read a thing, are you pretty sure to believe it? Most of us are. Just to see a thing in print is to make it seem true. Especially if it is surprising, sensational, alarming.

That is why wars get so easily under way. Startling statistics are hurled at us for a few days or weeks; we become frightened; we tell everyone we meet just what the paper said, and when the call comes for mobilisation the old madness starts up afresh.

One of the greatest scares of to-day, in my opinion, is that which seeks to terrify people into thinking that machinery is an enemy of mankind which is doing people out of jobs.

CENTURIES back, when Henry V of England met the French at Agincourt, and later when Wellington met Napoleon, and when Washington's armies met the expeditionary British forces, statistics were all in favor of what wasn't true, what wasn't going to happen. Anyone who reasoned out the inevitable course of events in any one of these great world crises would have been wrong.

The English public wasn't told for weeks that the upstart American colonies had actually won their independence in 1776, and had broken away from the Mother Country, and when they were told, by slow filtering of news along stage highways and by mouth-to-mouth gossip many of them wouldn't believe it. Go back to the newspapers and magazines of 1915 if you want to read statistics as to Germany's sure winning of the World War; Germany the militaristic, the prepared, was invincible. You could find articles like that as late as October, 1918, three weeks before the armistice.

Some time ago we had some interesting statements in reference to unemployment. We were told, until we were sick of the sound of the depressing words, that eleven million men were out of

work, and that the average of dependents to each man was four. Did that statement make you feel as desperate with pity and helplessness as it did me, I wonder?

After a while I took a pencil and worked it out. There were forty-five million persons in jobs all through the depression, and if each one of them also had four dependents that came out one hundred and eighty millions of them, to which must be added the forty-four millions of the unemployed and their families, a neat little total of more than a hundred millions more persons than there are in the country altogether!

Conflicting

IAST November I heard an eloquent man talking along these lines in Hyde Park, London. "Let them destroy the machines," he shouted. "Let them destroy the single-canning device that peels, boils, sweetens, cans, seals, and labels fruit, and that can be operated by a boy of sixteen! In one day such a machine does the work of forty men."

This talk disturbed me deeply. Walking along the banks of the Thames I meditated upon it with the boiling mass of London surging about me—the poor faces, the meek faces, the anxious faces of the London slums! Was it true that in making machines to lessen labor we had destroyed the right of millions of our fellow-creatures to live?

For days—weeks—the thought kept returning. After a while, back in yeast, vigorous, noisy, blind, philosophical, gang-infested, saint-inspired America, other thoughts joined it.

And now I am beginning to believe that the machinery argument—so old and respected—is only one more scare. It may be partly true; it isn't all the truth.

This is my line of reasoning. When I was a child at least eight of America's most important industries weren't in existence at all. Certainly the eight I am going to enumerate would rank to-day among the first ten of our national commercial resources. And every one of them not only depends upon machinery, but gives employment to millions of men. Destroy all this machinery, go back to hand work—hand looms, hand mills, hands on plough and churn, and orchard—and you would throw all except a fractional part of us out of work entirely.

New Industries

And what are the aforementioned industries that my childhood did not know, and that are giving so much employment? Well, here they are, and perhaps you may add to them some that I have overlooked.

- 1.—Electricity, with its railways, light, power, heat, cooking devices, and its application to other machinery.
- 2.—The motor car, listed second, I believe, as a maker of millions and employer of millions.
- 3.—The movies, dependent upon electricity, yet themselves almost as important, employing and supporting their own countless dependents.
- 4.—The radio, with its home equipments, offices, officials, musicians, employees.
- 5.—The beauty parlors, with their treatments, creams, powders, their hundreds of thousands of workers and customers.
- 6.—Telephones, representing another army of employees.
- 7.—Aeroplanes.
- 8.—Gas stoves and refrigerators.

THEY don't sound so important, but I tried my first gas stove in 1900, finding it after the toil of a big country range, the struggles with soot, smoke, coal and wood—a very miracle of comfort and cleanliness and to-day hardly a home in the land is without one.

In other words if, at 15, I had seriously worried about the necessity to destroy machinery in justice to the working classes, it would have been without any knowledge of the machinery that in less than forty years would be invented to employ millions and millions of men and women.

So what? Ah, that I'm not smart enough to work out. Unless it is to come to the conclusion that statistics are confusing, that we don't know what the future holds for any one of us, and that worry is almost always a waste of time.

Warmth Without Weight! KAYSER Woolies



Never before have Winter Undies been so smart, so light, so cosy! New fabrics—new weaves—Kaysers' own creations. Designed for smartness—ever so light but ever so snug. Keep warm this Winter in Kayser Woolies.

Illustrated: Kayser Woolies Pyjama, K265, in heavyweight fancy lace stitch pure wool, with two-tone stripe effect. 35/-

For Daywear, for Slumberwear, choose Kayser Woolies. Knickers from 4/11. Socks from 7/11. Vests from 2/11. Nightdresses from 14/11. Pyjamas from 19/11. Dressing jackets from 9/11.

KAYSER Woolies

AT ALL GOOD STORES

KAYSER
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HOW WOMEN CAN WIN MEN AND MEN WIN

The Favour of Other Men

Unless two pints of bile juice flow daily from your liver into your bowels, your food decays in your bowels. This poisons your whole body. Moronisms get hard and congested. You get yellow complexion, yellow skin, pimples, dull eyes, bad breath, bad taste, indigestion, diarrhoea, headache. You have become a bad-tempered, unpleasant-looking person who suffers from an offensive breath. You have lost your personal charm. Every body wants to run from you.

But don't take salts, mineral waters, laxative pills, laxative candies, or chewing gums and expect them to get rid of this poison that decays your personal charm. They can't do it, for they only burn out the last end of your bowels and that doesn't take away enough of the decayed poison. Castor oil won't help at all.

Only a free flow of your bile juice will stop this decay poison in your bowels. The bile juice is a vegetable medicine which starts a free flow of your bile juice is Carter's Little Liver Pills. No national (mercury) in Carter's. Only the mild vegetable extract. If you would bring back your personal charm to win men, start taking Carter's Little Liver Pills according to directions today. Sold in two sizes, 1/6 and 3/6.

Before "something just as good," for it may grip, loosen, heal, or cool, except. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for.

BACKACHE

HOW often have you told yourself that your backache was due to over-tiredness—that you had been "taking too much out of yourself?" Make no mistake—those stabbing, sudden pains, or that down-dragging, dull ache are Nature's warning of a trouble that may seriously undermine your health. Your kidneys are at fault—they are not discharging their duty as purifiers of the blood stream. If you try to carry on you will only be giving yourself needless agony. What is more, you will be allowing the blood stream to carry poisons, uric acid among them, all over the body because your kidneys are too weak to filter them out naturally. This uric acid will then form crystals that lodge in the joints, giving rise



to backache or the fiery pain of rheumatism. It may lead to scalding gravel or chronic inflammation of the bladder.

WHY suffer the maddening pain of backache, when De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills will bring quick relief? De Witt's Pills are specially compounded to reach the kidneys and restore them to healthy natural action. You will have visible proof of this within 24 hours of taking them. No other pills will do this. In a very few hours after taking De Witt's Pills your pain will lessen and soon the kidneys will be working naturally. Then your backache will leave you completely and with it will go the risk of the serious health danger of kidney weakness. Price 3/6 per box, or the larger, economical size, 6/6.

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For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

KING Honors Our Modern WHITTINGTON

How Sydney's Lord Mayor and His Lady Achieved a Title!

Most spectacular of the King's birthday honors is that of the knighthood conferred on Sydney's Lord Mayor, Alderman A. L. Parker. Modern mayoral records hold no parallel to the story of this rapid rise to titledom.

But turn to the pages of the past. There in the story of Dick Whittington is its famous counterpart. The bells which presaged Dick's rise to fame in the old London town pealed a message as romantic and one quite as difficult to believe.

For who would have thought two years ago, when he emerged from the storm and stress of the Town Hall strife with the most precarious mayoral honors in its history, that Alfred Livingstone Parker would to-day be Sir Alfred?

OWING to the extraordinary circumstances surrounding the election of her husband, the new Lady Mayoress had a very difficult part to play.

In the early days it was evident to even casual observers that she was not receiving that warm welcome and wholehearted support to which, as Lady Mayoress of the city, she was entitled. Her position must at many times have



SIR ALFRED PARKER.

James Spark, a well-known Sydney medical man, and during her two terms as Lady Mayoress has thrown herself wholeheartedly into social and philanthropic work, having shown a particular interest in her association with the Lady Mayoress' Clothing Fund.



LADY PARKER.

been most irksome to her. But in the discharge of her duties she has proved herself to be as able in her way as her husband.

To-day everybody admits that she has made an excellent Lady Mayoress. Her warm, personal sympathy with every charitable cause which has enlisted her support has been another factor which has dispensed many prejudices.

The congratulations which are being showered upon her on the honors she shares with her husband come from all classes of the people and it can honestly be said that very rarely has any Lady Mayoress of this city proved herself so deserving of the title bestowed upon her.

SIR ALFRED PARKER has only been an Alderman of the City Council for a little over four years. Prior to that he was best known as a successful solicitor, and a member of the firm of Dibbs, Parker and Parker. His only public activities up to that time were as a councillor of the Shire of Hornsby.

Elected as the representative of Gipps Ward in the City Council, he became Lord Mayor in 1934, after one of the most extraordinary Mayoral elections in the history of Sydney.

At the conclusion of his first term as Lord Mayor a deadlock occurred regarding the appointment of his successor. The Government then had to select the new Lord Mayor, and showed its confidence in Ald. Parker by again appointing him to his high office.

Most notable of Alderman Parker's social achievements was the organization of the official civic receptions to the Duke of Gloucester in Sydney, and the reputation gained by himself and the Lady Mayoress on that occasion no doubt had much to do with the bestowal of the honor of knighthood.

Lady Parker is the daughter of Dr.

EXCLUSIVE KNITWEAR

READERS interested in the newest and most exclusive knitwear designs featured in color on page 48 may see the hat and scarf, dressing jacket and bedgowns (both imported Vivienne designs), the four-year-old Party Frock, and the white slip-dress on display in David Jones' Wool Department. David Jones' courtesy supplied the wool for the latter two-in-one garment, designed by Gerda.

free! Here's a Contest to Find New Cake Recipes!

£200 IN CASH PRIZES

AUNT MARY'S RECIPE COMPETITION

203 Valuable Prizes

- 1st Prize £25
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- 3rd Prize £10
- 100 Prizes of £1
- 100 Prizes of 10/-

SEND IN YOUR RECIPE NOW!

Please note this—Recipes which appear in Aunt Mary's Cookery Book will not be accepted for this Competition. In order that you may know what recipes this up-to-date cookery book contains, write for your copy to-day enclosing 1/- plus 3/- for postage to Tillock & Co., Ltd., Kent and Liverpool Streets, Sydney.



AUNT MARY'S COOKERY BOOK

This comprehensive Cookery Book contains valuable information for every housewife. The best value publication ever issued dealing with the art of cooking. Here are some of the features of this attractive, useful cookery book:

1661 Suggestions for Novel Menus.
400 recipes—many never published before.
Sixteen beautifully illustrated colour pages.
Graphic Illustrations how to make scones.
Over 200 pages of valuable information.
How to take the hazards out of cake-making.
How to make the most appetizing foods.

Novel Recipes for hors-d'oeuvres.
How to make delightful jellied desserts.
How to take "sadness" out of cakes and scones.
Importance of "quality" in the foods you eat.
How to open oysters without trouble.
How to cook meats, fish, vegetables, etc.
How to make delicious puddings.

FILL IN THE COUPON AND POST TO-DAY

Tillock & Co., Ltd., Kent and Liverpool Streets, Sydney, N.S.W.
Please forward a copy of "Aunt Mary's" Cookery Book, for which I am enclosing 1/2 (one shilling and twopenny—Postal Note or Stamp) in cover cost of book and postage.

NAME
ADDRESS W.W. 8/6/35.

Make up your mind to enter this interesting competition. Fascinating to every woman of imagination and simple enough to intrigue every housewife. Think of the thrill of winning £25 or one of the other valuable prizes. Thousands of housewives have one or more favorite cake recipes that they make up regularly. Many of these recipes have never been published in any book or made known to their friends. Any one of these recipes may win a valuable prize—send along your favorite recipe now—you'll never win unless you try—note the prize list.

Rules of Competition

1. Every recipe forwarded must include Aunt Mary's Baking Powder.
2. Each recipe submitted should be clearly written or typed on a plain white sheet with the competitor's name and address on the top right-hand corner of the sheet.
3. Entrants who send in recipes which appear in Aunt Mary's Cookery Book will automatically disqualify their entries.
4. One person may send in any number of recipes provided that each recipe is written on a separate sheet and complies with these conditions.
5. Every recipe submitted will be carefully considered by the judges and prizes will be awarded according to the rules of the competition in order of merit.
6. Competitors enter this contest with the distinct understanding that the decision of the judges will be final and conclusive and equally binding on all competitors.
7. No entries will be returned. Irrespective of whether a recipe receives a prize or not, all recipes forwarded become the property of Tillock & Co., Ltd. No claim for compensation shall be recognized for any mistake or oversight which any competitor or competitors may deem to have been made and no correspondence will be entered into with any competitor.
8. The first and subsequent prizes will be awarded by the judges and in the event of a tie for any cash prize, the prize money allocated for such prize will be equally divided.
9. The judges of this contest will be: Madame Furman, Cookery Demonstrator for the "Australian Home Journal"; Sister Sadie, Editor of the Cookery Page of the "Woman's Mirror"; Margaret Shepherd, Cooking Expert and Instructor in N.S.W. Hospitals.
10. All entries must be received on or before Saturday, June 30, 1935, and must be addressed to "Aunt Mary's Recipe Competition," c/o Tillock & Co., Ltd., Kent & Liverpool Sts., Sydney.

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I understand that this places me under no obligation whatsoever. W.W. 8/6/35.

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THE New REALISM in 2GB Presentations

Mr. E. Mason Wood will be Responsible

At the beginning of the year there came to 2GB as productions manager Mr. E. Mason Wood. So far New South Wales listeners have heard only a few of his presentations, and none of them in his own realistic style as yet, but already his cultured voice and his quiet unassuming manner of announcing have won him the gratitude of listeners.

NOW that the first busy months of establishing himself in his new job are over, listeners will be hearing more and more of his presentations, most of which will be original work, written by Mason Wood on his nights off.

Mason Wood is a firm believer in realism in radio presentations—not the type of realism that shocks people, nor the unimaginative type that demands real cut-glasses with real wine in them, but the imaginative type that convinces

listeners that what they are hearing is the thing itself. That is doubtless the result of his thorough stage training. After the war he found himself with the courtesy title of Major, an M.C. with bar, and little else besides, so he decided to try the stage again, and before long had established himself as a character part man in the West End of London.

Then that famous Australian, Oscar Asche, offered him an engagement and he came to Australia to play the Cobbler in "Chu Chin Chow" and Croker Harrington in Pinero's "Trix."

He arrived here in time to play quite



THIS CHARMING person is Dorothy Vautier, The Australian Women's Weekly special announcer at 2GB, who delights listeners every day at 11.45 and 3.30 with her sessions. Miss Vautier specialises in new and modern subjects. On Thursday, June 6, for instance, she will introduce Margie Levers at 11.45, who will give a talk on her textile exhibition to be opened at the Argosy Gallery on Wednesday, June 12.

—Rene Pardon photo.

a big part in the development of Australian radio entertainment. He was one of the three men who staged the first full-length musical comedy in Australian radio.

That was from S.O. Melbourne, and the show was "The Belle of New York," in which he, Alf Andrews and Maurice Dudley played the male parts in one of the biggest male casts in all musical comedy.

It was in the nature of an experiment, and proved so successful that thereafter musical comedy became a regular feature of radio. But Mason Wood's most ambitious excursions into studio production were "The Wrecker" and "East of Suez."

ON one occasion Mason Wood wrote a series of Grand Guignol plays. These have never been presented after their initial performance, as they were unanimously voted too horrible even for Grand Guignols. One of them contained the trepanning of a man whilst still alive, and this was done in Mason Wood's usual realistic style!

So far, no Chinamen have marched up and down the studio of 2GB, nor have there appeared strange-looking gas cylinders which might be the prelude to a gas attack, but who knows what the future holds in store now that Mason Wood is concentrating on feature presentations?

In the meantime listeners have been hearing his "Face to Face with Great Composers" series, presented each Sunday afternoon at 2.15. These are character sketches of the great musicians, as they might have been told by a friend who appreciated their greatness, yet touched frankly but kindly on their weaknesses, forgiving them for the sake of their music.

These intimate sketches, together with the carefully-selected music that accompanies them, have attracted much comment. In the presentations that he is planning Mason Wood hopes to use the studio staff of 2GB. It will truly be a case of "2GB on Parade."

"Queer Cargo" at The Criterion

AS a swashbuckling, swaggering pirate of the China seas Mr. Frank Harvey makes his re-appearance on the Sydney stage in "Queer Cargo" at the Criterion Theatre.

From the moment of his first appearance he wins the audience to his side and makes them feel that he has every right to the contraband pearls which figure largely in the plot.

The play is by a South Australian playwright, Mr. Noel Langley, and has a splendidly-melodramatic story interspersed with humorous interludes.

The whole company appear at their best in this piece. Hilary Fleher White as Rev. James Travers has much more scope than in the previous two productions, and Vernon Kelso is satisfactorily British in the likeable role of a sea captain.

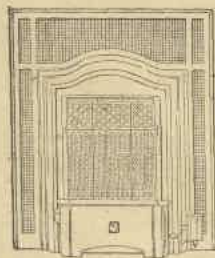
Miss Ella Daincourt is pathetic, funny, and silly in turns in the part of Veronica Travers, and Miss Betty Bowden supplies the romance of the piece.

The production, for which Gabriel Byrne is responsible, is most realistic with a waving sea in the background and much heaving of anchor chains, wind in the rigging, and hauling of cargo—V.M.

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Listen in to 2GB—Mondays, 9.15 p.m. "Travel with Music."—Wednesdays, 11.30 a.m. "Charm School of the Air."—Saturdays, 7.25 a.m. "Sunrise Serenaders."

What Women Are Doing

New General Secretary

MISS GRACE CARR, for the last four years general secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association at Summit, in New York State, will soon be on the sea on her way to take up her appointment as general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Melbourne.

She is a keen student of the social sciences, and has done valuable social research.

Her first experience of organisation was as co-partner in a guest house in the Rockies. Since then, most of her time has been taken up with Y.W.C.A. work.

Interested in Settlement of British Women Overseas

OLD girls of Clyde, Victoria, are busy arranging celebrations for the jubilee year of the college, and they are only sorry that their first headmistress, the founder of the school, will not be in Australia to celebrate with them.

Miss Isabel Henderson made history when she opened Clyde in the mountain air at Woodend in 1910, for it was the first girls' school in Victoria, and possibly in Australia, to be carried on entirely in the country.

On her retirement Miss Henderson went to England to live. Her main interest is in the Society for the Settlement of British Women Overseas, and she has helped many an English girl to establish her home in a new land, and particularly in Australia.

Seeking Diploma of Tropical Medicine

ATTRACTIVE Dr. Sylvia Young, who sailed in the Ormonde to seek her Diploma of Tropical Medicine at the London School of Tropical Medicine, and later to do some hospital work abroad, is taking a working knowledge of many parts of Australia with her.

As she is a daughter of Prof. W. J. Young, Associate Professor of Bio-Chemistry at the Melbourne University, Dr. Young naturally took her medical degree at Melbourne University.

That was three and a half years ago. Since then she has spent two years as house surgeon at Brisbane General Hospital, and has done locum work in all three States of Victoria, New South Wales, and Tasmania.

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Biennial Conference of Australian University Women

VICTORIA, that has played hostess so consistently of late, will be the hostess State again in September when the biennial conference of the Australian Federation of University Women will be held in Melbourne.

The discussions will be directed towards means of dealing with the pressing modern problem of utilisation of leisure.

There are busy days ahead for Miss Dorothy Coverdill, M.A., who is at present acting hon. sec. of the Victorian Women Graduates' Association. She is a tutor in French and German at Melbourne University, but much of the organising is falling to her lot.

The first circle is being led by Miss Frances Penington, M.A., the second by Mrs. M. I. Brady, M.A., and the third by Mrs. J. Wundersly, B.A.

Babies' Aid Has General Meeting

THERE were three points of particular interest at the 24th annual general meeting of the Babies' Aid Society, Adelaide. The first was that Mrs. Napier Birks, who headed the committee that formed the society in 1910, presided again this year. Not for one minute since its inception has Mrs. Napier Birks' interest and energy in connection with the society abated.

The second point was the talk on maternal welfare given by Mrs. Frank Hymill, the acting president of the Country Women's Association, and the third point that the Babies' Aid Society's secretary, Miss Counsell, who has been spending an extended holiday in England, may not now return to Australia, as she has announced her engagement to an Englishman.

Florence Nightingale Award

BY August 15, Sister Kathleen Scrymgour, who is the sister in charge of the ophthalmic ward at the Adelaide Hospital, will have begun her extra training at the Bedford College in London, for she has just won the Florence Nightingale Scholarship for 1935.

The award was made by the committee chosen by the Red Cross Society, and will enable her to spend a year at the college before coming back to teach to the nurses in Adelaide what she has learnt.

Miss Scrymgour has been a sister at the Adelaide Hospital for nearly fourteen years.

Girl Guide Commissioner at 19

VERY few girls can boast of being a Girl Guide Commissioner at the age of 19, but Miss Mary Cave has had so much experience that the South Australian Executive did not hesitate to give Miss Cave the position of Commissioner for Lone Guides when the recent vacancy occurred, because Miss Cave is a Cairnes Johnson, who has held it for the past few years, has resigned to further Guiding work in the Whyalla district.

Miss Cave started off her Guiding career as a Brownie, and later captained the 1st Croveen School Company, North Adelaide, although she was not a pupil there. She has all the latest English Guiding movements at her finger-tips, as she has recently returned from a trip there.

Miss Cave's mother, Mrs. H. O. Cave, is also prominent in the Girl Guide world.

"Christopher Robin" To Thousands of Children

THOUSANDS of children know Lucille Bruntell as "Christopher Robin" because of her delightful broadcasts of Milne fantasies, and the 53 Milne performances she has given in Sydney.

Incidentally, Mrs. L. S. Amery, wife of the former Dominion Secretary, first interested Miss Bruntell in the whimsical works of A. A. Milne, and she has been so successful with them that ever since her return from England in 1929 she has had insistent requests to revisit London.

Her national broadcast on June 9 will be something quite different, however, for she will give a declamation from the works of Alphonse Daudet, the French novelist.

Tasmania's Initial Interest in Jubilee Fund

TASMANIA can take the credit for the inauguration of the Mother and Infant Welfare Jubilee Fund. Women's organisations in that State have made maternal welfare and the lowering of the maternal mortality rate their main study for a number of years, and it is largely due to the frequent visits and representations made by Mrs. Edith Waterworth to the Minister for Health that the Fund has been opened.

Mrs. Waterworth is president of the Federation of Women Voters in Tasmania, and also president of its Housewives' Committee which recently sent a report to the Federal Government outlining a plan for improving the welfare of mothers and infants. She has paid her own expenses, amounting to more than £100 on her frequent trips to Canberra.

Mrs. Waterworth, who has been one of Tasmania's outstanding public women for many years, is leaving for a trip to England this year.

President of the Queensland Naturalists' Club

THOUGH native study is perhaps her chief interest, talented Mrs. Aubrey Thomson, of Brisbane, has achieved success as a writer of short stories and as a member of the Arts and Crafts Society.

She also published a book, "Flowers of Our Bush," which she illustrated. Mrs. Thomson is president of the Queensland Naturalists' Club, the only woman president since Miss Freda Bage, who held office in 1914.

Born in Scotland, Mrs. Thomson came to Brisbane in 1919 with her husband, an officer of the Australian Field Artillery.

Creating Interest in International Affairs

MISS BLANCHE NEWMAN is a busy young woman, but she finds time to be the very enthusiastic secretary of the Model International Parliament in South Australia.

Parliament opened on April 15, and there have been three fortnightly meetings so far, the aim of the association being to create interest in international affairs, especially among the younger people. The M.I.P. are not representatives of districts, but of peoples, so that there are members for Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, U.S.A., the Philippines, and so on. There is a panel of advisers, on which there is one woman—Mrs. Carlisle McDowell—but there are no parties and no cabinet. Invitation night, on June 13, at the Women's Non-Party room, will be attended by the Lord Mayor, and a bill to introduce an international police force will be debated.

Women Reverse the Order of Things

IN Shakespeare's day, male actors filled all the roles in his plays, but times have changed, and, on June 13, "Romeo and Juliet" will be produced and acted entirely by women.

Louise Dunn is producing the play at the Garrick Theatre, Melbourne, as well as playing the role of Tybalt. She believes it will be the first occasion in Australia when Shakespeare has been played entirely by women, with the exception of school dramatic performances, which can hardly be counted.

Miss Dunn is herself a champion of champions for elocution at the famous South Street Competitions, Ballarat, and three other members of the cast are also champions. One of them is Irene Mitchell, who, as well as being Romeo behind the footlights, is responsible for all arrangements in the front of the house. With Miss Dunn, she has been practising fencing most assiduously, so their duel should be worth seeing.

Many of the principals are elocution teachers of note, and girls have come from Geelong, Ballarat, and Bendigo to take part. Many of them will not have a word to say, as there will be forty people in the ballroom scene alone. The stage will be set with black table and curtain, but the costumes are sumptuous. They are being specially designed by a woman, Ada Poulton.



Successful Airwoman And a Musician

JUST twenty and very attractive to look at is Miss Ivy Pearce, of Brisbane, who won the ladies' race and came second in the "A" pilots' race at Archerfield Aerodrome recently. As this was her first attempt at racing, the result was most gratifying to this young airwoman.

Last August Miss Pearce had her first lesson. It took her seven and a half hours of instruction to fly solo, and altogether she has completed 30 hours solo flying.

Miss Pearce is also a talented musician, and has the degrees of A.T.C.L., L.A.B., and L.T.C.L. to her credit. She plays the cello, too, and appears frequently on the concert platform in Brisbane.

A Distinguished Woman Visits Australia

TALL, gracious, and beautifully dressed, Mrs. E. Douglas Ingram, at present visiting Australia with her husband, speaks quite casually and very quietly of the many interesting things she has done, and places she has seen in her very full life.

She has lived in almost all parts of the Empire. She is a distinguished member of the English National Council of Women, and was present at a meeting of the National Council in Melbourne recently. She spent some time studying at London University, but took her M.A. degree at Edinburgh University, and she helped to found Scotland's Women's Citizens' Association.

Some of the most interesting of her experiences were gained as the first vice-principal of the Kasr-el-Dubara College in Cairo, which was opened by the Government for the benefit of the older daughters of high-grade Egyptians. Later, when her home was in Burma, Mrs. Ingram lectured in Geography at the University there. Her last home was in Montreal, Canada, where she was secretary for the New Education Fellowship, but also found time to study psychology at McGill University.

Versatile Superintendent of St. Hilda's Training House

MISS JEAN BIRT, Th.A., superintendent of St. Hilda's Training House, Melbourne, has become secretary for the big fête in aid of the institution to be held next September. There's no doubt that she will do the "job" well, for she's a most efficient person.

The Th.A. after her name stands for Associate in Theology in the Australian College of Theology, but Miss Birt has held interesting posts in many places. A New South Welshwoman by birth, a West Australian by adoption, and a teacher by profession, she served during the war in the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps.

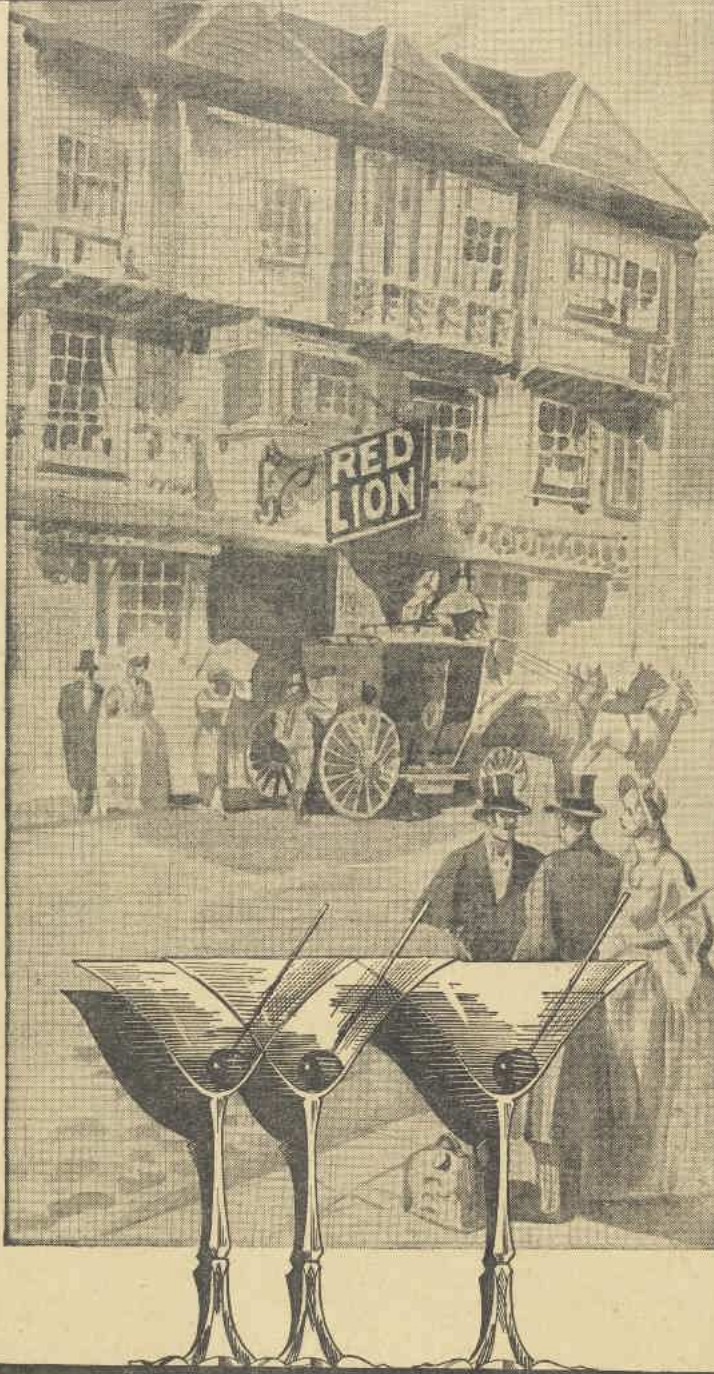
Miss Birt was selected to establish the corps in military camps and aerodromes in Lincolnshire, and later was on the administrative staff in France till the demobilisation in 1919. After training in social service work in England and Sydney she became interested in child migration, and was lady superintendent at Fairbridge Farm School, W.A., for some time.

Later she received an appointment to chaplain and escort large parties migrating to Australia, and between voyages she toured England, Wales, and Scotland on schemes for the migration of young people under the auspices of the British Ministry of Labor.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP.



*Famous things
remain Famous*



**VICKERS
GIN**

has been **FAMOUS SINCE 1750**

Grand Ball at Retford Hall in Polo Week

The de-luxe ball of the winter is to take place at Retford Hall, Darling Point, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hardern, on June 22, to celebrate the opening of the Kyeemagh polo grounds.

It is expected that there will be an exceptionally large gathering of country people in town at the time, as the Sheep Show and sheep sales coincide with the Countess of Dudley Cup matches at the most beautiful polo grounds in the world.

The dance is to be run on the lines of the grand affairs of a decade or so ago. A strictly limited number of tickets at 30/- each will be sold by the N.S.W. Polo Association for the occasion.

The gathering will be a most exclusive and imposing social function. Programmes with quaint polo sketches by one of Sydney's best-known caricaturists and adorned by colors of various polo teams will be presented to the guests on their arrival, and introductions will be carefully carried out so that there will be no need for those wishing to attend to arrange parties for the occasion.

The panelled ballroom will be exquisitely decorated with flowers from Milton Park, Bowral, and Mrs. Jim Banks is to be in charge of their arrangement. Logs will blaze in a wel-

come alcove, and the best band procurable will send its inviting strains from the ballroom across the lawns and gardens to the sparkling waters of the harbor.

The conservatory at Retford Hall is being redecorated as a supper-room and, in addition to this, a marquee will be erected on the lawn for the drinks.

Special arrangements are being made for those who wish to be present but not to dance. Bridge tables will be in readiness in several large rooms and it is expected that they will be in much demand.

Members of the executive committee of the ball include the hostess, Mrs. Anthony Hardern, whose husband is president of the N.S.W. Polo Association, Mrs. Thatcher, Mrs. James Ashton, jun., Mrs. D. F. H. Packer, Miss Mary Hardern, Miss Beatrice Meeks, and Mrs. Laidley Dowling.



MRS. ANTHONY HARDERN, charming hostess, and president of the ball to be held at her home, Retford Hall, June 22, to celebrate the opening of Kyeemagh polo grounds.

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appetite and a new outlook upon life is obtained. What, however, is most important about these cases treated and relieved by Membrus Dry Inhalation is that years after their treatment they report "No recurrence of the disease."

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LOST WITHOUT IT

By ...

Hylton Cleaver



Illustrated
— by —
FISCHER

THOUGH Nevil Brooks' mouth usually turned up at the corners it was now turned down; his whole face had, indeed, gone long and thin and pointed. He was sitting in a railway compartment twenty miles from London; the train had stopped at a junction, and the carriage which had once been full was now empty because his only remaining fellow passenger had left to go to a bookstall. Nevil had prepared to fold his arms, to cross the legs, and to smile at his prospects, when, with a stab of horror, something occurred to him. He changed his attitude completely, and, leaping towards the edge of his seat he checked his luggage with a very blank expression.

Good heavens! He had left it behind! The very package he was on his way to deliver was still lying in the hall at home. How on earth could any man have been such an absent-minded idiot? Impressed only by the assurance of a pleasant visit, he had brought his own suitcase containing clothes for the night, but he had forgotten at the very last the valuable presentation which he was taking to his late managing director's home as a gift from the staff on his retirement owing to ill-health!

Well, one's sense of humor, however plentiful, is seldom roused by one's own calamities, and though, had he beheld this situation in a play, Nevil might have chuckled, he felt positively pale now. In the first place it was no use going on without the presentation, for that would defeat the whole purpose of his visit; and in the second place, if he went back for it, he would be too late to time. What made the whole thing worse was that he had looked forward to travelling down because his late managing director was a generous host and had two pretty daughters who would entertain him to-night and breakfast with him to-morrow, or so he had been led to expect.

IT certainly seemed pointless to get out of this train and wait perhaps an hour or more for one to take him back, but he had one chance. A train was already alongside. Ten to one it was going to London. He would take a gamble on that, rather than waste time asking questions and crossing by a footbridge. He suddenly stood up, opened his carriage door, then stood on the footplate, and, bag in hand, stepped across into the other train. He just had the wit to ask a startled passenger whether it went to London, found it did, and sat down with relief. The train immediately steamed out. Well, he might just save his bacon, if he lost his dinner. Apologetically but swiftly, he explained himself to a girl in spectacles, who was looking at him in amazement from the opposite corner, and then the matter dropped so far as he was concerned. At the junction he had just left, however, another scene was instantly enacted. For the elderly woman who had been his sole fellow-passenger returned from the bookstall, and a few moments later was at the window shouting in dismay for the guard, and in grave alarm for help.

On his journey from London, Nevil had been reading an evening paper. He had left this behind, and now, seeking distraction as he glanced again at his watch, he remembered a book in his bag, and, rising, reached towards the rack. For the second time in a very short while Nevil Brooks was conscious, straightway, of a sinking feeling. He had checked with his hand half-way extended. Now his eyes narrowed, and he looked curiously about him; finally his gaze became directed on the girl in spectacles, and he spoke with bated breath.

"Excuse me, but did you notice whether I brought a bag in?"

The girl looked up forbiddingly. "Yes, of course, you did. That one."

Nevil slowly expelled all breath from his body; he raised his hands to his hips and he turned in his lips. "Then," he said tonelessly, "I have brought the wrong one. In my hurry to get out I . . . grabbed somebody else's."

From the look which the girl was giving him, he realised that she was regarding him as being beyond all hope and sympathy. Next she carefully collected all her belongings and drew them closer to her, determined not to suffer any nonsense herself.

"You seem to have made a proper mess of everything."

"I admit it. And," he said, "I am going to see my late managing director, and I suppose he will send in a pretty grim report about me, too."

"Then, if I were you, I should keep quite calm, and just go back to the beginning and start all over again."

Even though it was dark, the light which he had just switched on inside the car lit up her face, and suddenly he knew that though he might never see this girl again he would remember seeing her this once, always, as long as he lived.

she was a sewing woman; she had made these and was delivering them."

"Made them? What . . . all for one girl? It looks to me like a commercial traveller's stock."

"Nothing of the sort. Those are all hand-made." She leaned forward and, with sensitive fingers she felt the texture of the top garment admiringly. "They're beautiful. Just look at this embroidery."

"H'm," he said. "What are they supposed to be?"

"I should think," said the girl, with an envious sigh, "they are part of somebody's trousseau. That's what I should think. Here, what's this?" She had taken hold of a tie-on label and now she raised one eyebrow. "Passenger to Lislesey." Well, possibly the wedding is to-morrow. If so, you've ruined everything. The girl will be in tears. I know what these sewing women are; they never turn up when they say they will, and I dare say the girl's been waiting for these all day, in a panic. The old soul finished them at last, and started off in a hurry for Lislesey, and you promptly stepped in and stole the case. The fool of a woman will turn up without it in tears, the bride will

ready, I suppose you would be the sort of man who'd do a thing like that."

"What? Fall in love with a girl before I'd seen her?"

"No . . . Fall in love with a girl who is getting married to-morrow."

Nevil lapsed into silence again until the train ran into a station, whereupon he jumped up, seized the bag, crammed on his hat, buttoned up his overcoat, and paused on the step.

"Thank you very much for your very useful advice."

"Where are you going now?"

"My conception of the girl who is in tears about these clothes is so upsetting that I feel I have simply got to find her and give them back at once."

"And what about the presentation to your managing director?"

"That'll have to wait," said Nevil.

THE three large women stood in the booking-hall at Groschurch Junction, making a ring around a rather rattled stationmaster. They were of awe-inspiring aspect, and no doubt they wielded a malign influence over some unfortunate village near which they resided. There was no tolerance or human kindness in their countenances, and as the day was cold, they looked a little bleaker even than they need. Some paces to the rear, and in all humility was the old lady who had been Nevil's victim, and who was still in such a twitter as to be almost inarticulate; they had thrust her to the background now in order to conduct affairs themselves, and they were doing so in bitter and incisive accents.

"Your railway is responsible," said one. "If you allow thieves on your line, you must be held to answer for it. This woman took a ticket and was entitled to expect safe transit."

"The bag was not even in the luggage van," put in her sister. "She had it there in the carriage with her. The thief took it right from under her very nose."

"Unfortunately," said the stationmaster, spotting his opening smartly, "she left the bag unguarded in her absence. Now, if she had remained

"We do not defend the woman," said the largest woman firmly. "Nobody excuses her. She will answer for her share. But she has no power to get it back. And you, as the railway authority, have."

"And that," proclaimed another, "is why we have motored all the way here like this. It was useless talking to the

Smoke

SMOKE from factory chimneys is black, and foul, and thick, Rolling in slow curls that blur the ocean-line. A giant full of malice, it o'er-spreads the morning sky As if to blot the sunshine out of this heart of mine.

Smoke from pine-wood bonfires is fragrant in the night, Rising in gusts of whiteness and sparks that soar and die;

Smoke from country bonfires has memories in its haze Of poplar-spears and fir-incense, and stars and mid-night sky.

Smoke from cottage chimneys is friendly, cheerful smoke, Standing straight above them like a flimsy, greyish spire, Smoke from cottage chimneys sends a message through the night.

Of steaming tea, and slippers, and an armchair by the fire.

—Christine Comber.

behind them, and bundled in their rear as they strode out to their car in the station yard like amazons. The stationmaster looked rudely after them out of his office window.

"Three witches, that's what they are," he muttered. "And I'd burn 'em. All I wish them is bad luck."

TWENTY minutes later Nevil descended from a branch-line train, suitcase in hand, walked to that station-master's office, put down the bag, and stood behind it proudly. "Well, sir," the other said, "what can I do for you?"

"Simply," said Nevil, "this. I have landed myself with a lady's trousseau and left my own suitcase in the train, and what do you do with passengers who play that sort of trick?"

The station-master looked at Nevil levelly and then he chose this answer: "Why, sir," he said, "I shake them warmly by the hand."

Ten minutes had passed, and a keen friendship had sprung up between Nevil Brooks and the railway authority. Nevil, indeed, was sitting on the office table swinging his legs and offering cigarettes, and the station-master stood before his fireplace with his gold-braided cap on the back of his bald head.

Please turn to Page 31

A Complete Short Story

"But," said Nevil, "which beginning? It seems to me I'm wrong at both ends now."

He was looking out of the window in blank despair; at last he miserably fetched down the suitcase, looked at it, and finally pressed the catches and peeped inside. The contents seemed to have an unexpectedly fascinating effect upon him, for he neither spoke nor moved for some seconds, and finally, as if perplexed, he turned to his companion.

"That's odd."

"Is it?"

"The only other person in my carriage was an old woman. This was her suitcase. And look what's in it."

He proffered the bag and the girl in spectacles allowed herself a casual peep; at least it began casually, and then became considerably more interested.

"Well," she said at last, "I suppose they belong to somebody else."

"Had she stolen them, do you think?"

She gave him a pitying glance.

"She was taking them down, of course, to some girl. I should imagine

so into hysterics, and if I were the bride I should hope you would get three months' hard labor."

"Thank you very much," said Nevil. He sat down with a sigh; he raised his hand to his chin, and he pondered. The girl, however, continued to look with the eye of an expert at the fine needlework as if it fascinated her, and it must be admitted that it rather fascinated Nevil, too. So much so that he reached out and tried to get a glimpse of the lower layers.

"Don't do that!" the girl said, sharply.

"Why not?"

"It's lingerie. It's not for you to see. Besides, you'll leave your finger-marks all over it."

He drew back, abashed.

"I find myself thinking," he said, "of the girl who is going to wear all this. Do you believe it's possible, by looking at somebody's taste in clothes, to conjure up a vision of what the girl herself must be like? That's what I'm doing at this moment, if you want to know, and I shall never be satisfied now until I've seen her."

"Considering what you've done, al-

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"SEE here, you
two, I've been thinking things
over, and there's something I want
to say to you before the gentleman
arrives. You told me this supper
party's important to you and you want
to make an impression on Mr. Client.
Well, you don't want to open the door
to him yourself and let him think you
do all the work. Clare, do you? And
it won't do for you to be popping in
and out all through supper to change
the plates and fetch the vittles. So I'll
do all that, and you needn't tell him
who I am. You can just say I'm the
housekeeper, Mrs. Summers."

"What nonsense," Walter returned
angrily. "You'll have your supper with
us properly, of course, and I'll do the
waiting."

"Now, don't argue," Mrs. Masterman
said. "I've made up my mind, and
you know I never change it. Besides,
it's myself I'm pleasing really. I
should hate to have to put on my com-
pany manners for a gentleman I've
never seen, and I haven't brought my
best dress with me. But if Mr. Client
knows I'm your mother, he'll think it
funny if I don't eat with you. So
you do as I tell you."

Of course, they protested, but use-
lessly.

It was impossible not to feel relieved

THE Younger MRS. MASTERMAN

Continued from
Page 18

at this sudden whim of the other
woman's, that solved their difficulties
so nicely. Clare sang to herself as
she put on the pretty new frock she
had made specially for to-night, and
went downstairs just as the front-door
bell rang.

Mrs. Masterman bustled from the
kitchen to answer it. Her face was
correctly blank as she opened the door.

A tall, spare man of about sixty stood
there. A fine figure of a man, those
who knew William Client called him—
a man to respect and a man to fear.
For he had worked his way up from
nothing to being the head of a big
business concern by a brilliant brain
and an indomitable will. No one ever
caught William Client napping; it was
said, and nothing surprised him.

But at the sight of his prospective
new manager's housekeeper he did look
surprised. He stared almost rudely at
the comfortably rounded woman, in
her neat black frock and white apron,

with her grey hair banded tidily round
her head, and the apple-blossom cheeks
that were smooth as a girl's, and the
blue eyes that seemed to hold a twinkle
of amusement that belied the gravity
of her face.

Mrs. Masterman spoke quickly as if
she anticipated the question on his
lips.

"Will you come in, sir?" she said.
"The master and mistress are expect-
ing you. I'm the housekeeper," she
added.

There was no opportunity to say
anything more, for Clare was at the
door now, and Walter had come out
of the sitting-room and was introduc-
ing the newcomer. Mrs. Masterman
went back to the kitchen and busied
herself with dishing up the dinner.

It was a perfectly cooked little
dinner, and Mr. Client obviously en-
joyed it, though he seemed rather
silent and preoccupied. Clare tried
hard to make bright conversation, but
it was difficult. Their visitor answered
rather curtly, and she herself was too
worried to be natural and at ease.

Every time the dining-room door
opened to admit the "housekeeper"
she went hot and cold by turns. She
felt ashamed of herself. She had
been relieved when the older woman
had suggested the masquerade, but
now it seemed dreadful somehow to
be treating her as a servant in Walter's
house.

And her husband was hating it, she
knew. He was almost as silent as the
other man, and she was glad when
the meal was over and they went into
the sitting-room.

Mr. Client settled himself in an easy
chair and lit a cigar.

"How fortunate you are in your
housekeeper," he remarked. "Has
she been with you long?"

"Quite a time," Clare answered
hastily, before Walter could say any-
thing.

"An unusual woman—and, I should
think, an interesting one—"

"Most interesting," Clare put in
feverishly, wondering how much more
of this she could stand. If only he
would talk of something else.

"She is the best woman in the world,
and the kindest," Walter stated un-
expectedly. "Clare, will you ask her
to come in, please? Tell her that Mr.
Client is most anxious to meet her."

His wife rose unwillingly. When
Walter spoke in that tone she knew
that it was useless to argue with him.
He was still angry, she could see. And
she, too, felt that Mrs. Masterman
ought to be asked to join them, but it
made the situation still more embar-
rassing.

Though she probably would refuse
to come, she thought, remembering
what the other had said. But to her
surprise Mrs. Masterman agreed
readily. She always did the unexpected
thing. Suppose she came out with
any of her disconcerting remarks.

But Clare was almost past caring
what happened now, and she was re-
lieved to see Walter looking pleased
and contented again. Even Mr. Client
brightened up. He seemed to be en-
joying himself for the first time, and
she hadn't thought he could laugh like
that. There was no denying that
Walter's mother could be most amus-
ing.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when
Mrs. Masterman, once again the correct
housekeeper, handed their visitor his
hat and coat, and Walter saw him to
the car. He remained there chatting
with him for several minutes, and then
he came back into the sitting-room his
wife looked at him eagerly.

"Did he say anything about giving
you the post?" she asked.

"Not a word. But he couldn't very
well talk business to-night, not when he
was a guest. I'll hear something from
him in the office."

"Monday!" Clare said with sleepy
content. "He's sure to tell you on
Monday."

Please turn to Page 27

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THE Younger Mrs. MASTERMAN

Continued from Page 26

BUT he didn't. Several days went by, and still there was no news of Walter's having been appointed the new manager. Walter grew thoughtful and rather silent, and Clara worried herself into a state of nervous tension. She was almost sorry that Mrs. Masterman had left, for her always cheerful society would have been a relief just now. What could have happened? Could it be that Mr. Clent didn't think Walter good enough for the post after all? That he hadn't liked the house, or herself? But she had made herself as agreeable as she knew how, and he had seen that they lived well, with even a housekeeper. Mrs. Masterman herself could have supplied the answer to Clara's question as she sat, on the Thursday following the dinner party, at a small table in a London restaurant. It was a smart restaurant, and Mrs. Masterman wasn't in the least smart, but that didn't trouble her. And it didn't trouble the man who sat on the other side of the table. Mr. Clent's face wore a very satisfied expression as he gazed at the smooth-checked, blue-eyed woman opposite to him. "It's good to be with you again after all these years, Sarah," he told her. "How long is it?" "Twenty-five," she returned. "I was a saleswoman in Jevons', and you'd just been made head cashier in Simpson's. Mighty pleased with yourself you were, and taking a fine new house." "That was for my wife. She'd always wanted a bigger place, but she didn't live long enough to enjoy it. I was very lonely after she'd gone. There didn't seem anything left but work. Its twenty years since I went to your lodgings to look for you, but you'd gone—married, they told me. He's been a good husband to you, this Summers? You're happy?"

"Very happy. And he was the best of husbands. But he's been dead now twenty years. And I never married again." Just for a moment a gleam of something strangely young showed in the man's face. But the next moment he was frowning. "I wish I'd known. And he left you badly off, it seems. You had to go out to work again. I hated to see you in that house occupying a servant's position with those young fools." "Young fools!" she repeated indignantly. "You don't know what you're talking about. They're the best and dearest children in the world." "They're young fools," he insisted obstinately. "A man in the position young Masterman holds can't afford to keep a housekeeper. I had thought of giving Masterman the new manager-ship, but I changed my mind that night. I wanted somebody steeper and more reliable." "Walter's steady enough. He's the best of husbands, and he's been the best of sons. As I can tell you better than anyone." "You?" he interrupted with surprise. "What do you know about his being a good son?" "I ought to, seeing as I'm—." She stopped to chuckle with amusement. "See here, William," she went on, "the man I married was called Summers—he was James Masterman." "Masterman! That young man's father?" He was still more surprised. "You mean you're his mother—?" "His stepmother," the other corrected. "He was a little boy of two when I married his father." "You're his mother—and I find you in his house like that!" A dull red had

crept to his cheeks, his voice expressed an amazed anger. "Living there as practically a servant. And he allows it—the boy you brought up!" "It wasn't his doing at all. It was my idea, and I made him give in, though he did not want to. When I heard you were coming, I wanted to have things appear grand. I didn't know it was you, of course! So I made them let me pretend to be the housekeeper. I thought you'd be pleased to see that he was living in a fine way, and give him the job. You are going to give him that job, William, aren't you?" He glared at her, and most people trembled when William Clent glared at them like that. But Mrs. Masterman didn't. She smiled that placid, confident smile of hers, and gradually an answering smile spread over the man's face. "If you'll do something for me in return, I'm lonely, as I told you. Money's no good if you've no one to share it with. But with you—"

"Is this a proposal, William?" she interrupted him to ask calmly. "It is! I'm not much of a fellow, but if you could put up with me. And I've made money, as you know." "You seem to set a great store by money," she remarked. "I suppose it's a good thing in its way—I've never had enough of it to tell. But I expect I could get used to it, and to you!" The look that accompanied the words softened them into tenderness. "And I would look after you, William. It's been lonely not having anyone to look after since Walter married. But we'd better go and tell those children about the job at once," she said. "They'll be wanting to know." William Clent gazed proudly at the homely face beneath the unfashionable hat. "All right," he agreed. "We've got lots to tell them, haven't we? That son of yours'll be surprised at our news, I'll warrant!" "Not he!" she retorted. "Nobody's ever surprised at anything I do. They're too busy wondering what I'm going to do next!" (Copyright).

A Name

MY name. . . . A prayer that rose within your soul Was given life in that low sound. It seemed Your love awakening mine whence it had dreamed. To show it through life's dust our divine goal. A sound. . . . Its echoes crept to God through space. And breathed exotic music in my heart. I hear it where I kneel, trembling apart To pray I may be worthy of its grace. And He who heard from where the white stars burn Gave us in answer His divinest love. That we may give some warmth from its kind flame Unto humanity. When we return Our borrowed life to unknown spheres above I shall awake when you whisper my name. —Y. Gliddon.

Mrs. Ward is 91 Years Young!



—Photo by courtesy of Ross Studio, 214 Pitt Street, Sydney.
Mrs. Maria Ward, a great-grandmother.

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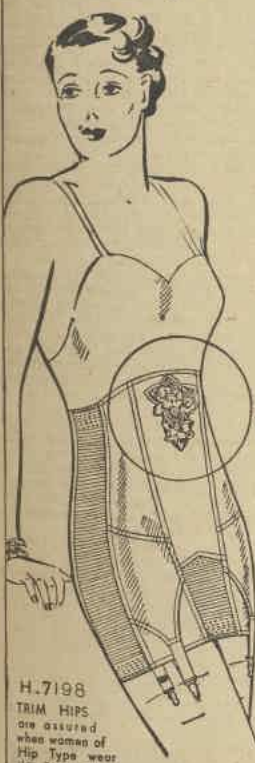
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★ GEORGE WHITE'S 1935
SCANDALS

Alice Faye, James Dunn, Ned Sparks.
(Fox.)

GEORGE WHITE'S Scandals are a Broadway institution, and we have already seen last year's production on the screen. So in the course of nature a 1935 film musical show from the same source is due. Naturally, this has points of similarity with the previous film, introducing again George White in person as energetic and benevolent entrepreneur, and having the same leading lady, Alice Faye, who retains her platinum locks and her plucked eyebrows, though these last have gone out of fashion somewhat.

The story, which shows Miss Faye and James Dunn as stars of a cheaply imitative "White's Scandals" performing at a small town where the real George White steps off the train carrying him to a vacation in the south, and immediately secures them for his Broadway show, is of a not unfamiliar backstage type. But it has points of originality. Ned Sparks, as the general factotum of the touring show, is amusing. So is Cliff Edwards, imagining in his troubled slumbers that he is Romeo and other heroes of romance. There is also an ingeniously stepped number illustrating the progress of Edwards and Lydia Roberts to the altar, though we have seen nuptial feet and ankles. Altogether an efficient production to which, in our opinion, Miss Faye's singing is a doubtful addition.—*Plaza*, com. May 31.

PRIVATE VIEWS

--- By ---
BEATRICE
TILDESLEY

★★★ RUGGLES OF RED
GAP

Charles Laughton, Zasu Pitts, Charles
Ruggles, Mary Boland. (Paramount.)

OCCASIONALLY there comes a picture which is to be commended without reserve. Here is one. Harry Leon Wilson's story is uproarious and often slapstick comedy, but much more besides. For all their exaggeration these characters of a before-the-war period (1908), which now seems remote, are authentic, living people whose absurd antics reflect an amount of kindly satire on social systems and on human nature generally.

Head and shoulders above the rest naturally stands Charles Laughton in the title role. His portrayal of the hereditary "gentleman's gentleman," dismayed but submissive when he is pushed out of his normal existence and carried in the breezy wake of the florid good-fellow Egbert Floud (Charles Ruggles), and his social climber of a wife (Mary Boland), to what he regards as the barbarian society of an American western town, is a complete and unexampled creation. But the other players, including the homespun Widow Judson (Zasu Pitts), the negligent, good-natured, futile English peer (Roland Young), and the gay lady of Red Gap (Leda Hyams), whom he makes his countess, all perform their parts ably.

If special incidents could be picked out they might be the occasion in Paris when Ruggles in the company of his roystering new master gets drunk, the afternoon call of "Colonel" Ruggles in riding kit upon the flattered Miss Pitts, and the scene where Ruggles recites Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. This famous oration Laughton, whose voice hitherto has not shown much flexibility or variety, delivers with fine eloquence. But the whole comedy is imbued with extraordinary relish.—*Prince Edward*, com. June 1.

★★★ DON QUIXOTE

Fedor Chaliapine, George Robey,
Sidney Fox (Nelson Films; U.A.I.)

IT was a bold stroke to put together in this film the world-famous Russian basso, Chaliapine, as the Knight of the Doleful Countenance, and George Robey, foremost comedian of the London music halls, as his bumptious servant, Sancho Panza. But it was a happy choice. Chaliapine, acting magnificently and singing with dramatic force, though his English is a little difficult, makes his Don Quixote a tragic creation of great power. It is worthy of the hero of Cervantes' tale, one of the supreme achievements of the world's literature.

The old man, his brain on fire with dreams of the bygone Age of Chivalry from poring over books, surmounts easily the giggling amazement of the townsfolk and the polite laughter of the Court, till he discovers that the tournament in which he defeats his masked adversary is a jest of the Duke (played by Miles Mander as an exquisite, diverting himself amidst cares of State). We feel the blow to the Don's pride as he rides away sileft on his sorry nag, and tremble for his safety when, charging the windmills, he is whirled round upon the wall. This is acting in the grand manner, culminating in his death, broken-hearted, when he sees his cherished books in flames.

Robey's Sancho has been modernised with many current ribaldries, but behind the licence of his speech and his grotesque appearance we feel a touching devotion to his frenzied master's person. Oscar Asche is a bullying Captain of Police, and Lydia Sherwood a lovely, gracious Duchess. Pictorially the film, which was made in southern France and northern Spain, is a triumph. It was directed by G. W. Pabst.—*Variety*, com. June 8.

★★★ THE PAINTED VEIL

Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, George
Brent. (M.G.-M.)

GARBO'S last picture—"Queen Christina"—was so appropriate a choice that we were inclined to think that some such historical setting was her proper milieu. But she returns here to the modern world in an adaptation of Somerset Maugham's story with no diminution of that aloof yet magnetic quality that renders her still pre-eminent. She presents with sincerity and insight the phases of the Austrian heroine's experience, left on the marriage of her younger sister in a home that is none too happy between one parent who girds at her and the other who is completely absorbed in his science. Her escape by accepting the English doctor (Herbert Marshall) and going East introduces her—a rather shy stranger—to the cosmopolitan gaieties of Hong-kong.

One gets the impression that there is a real conflict of character and circumstance as her loneliness and growing sense of neglect are solaced, if too easily, by the philandering attaché (George Brent). And her bitter disillusionment, followed by the terrifying journey up-country into the plague-stricken area, rings true.

Marshall rises to his opportunities superbly. The lift of his voice when in the hospital he comes upon the wife he thought he had lost accents the whole scene. Admirable local color and all the resources of the camera have been utilised to add beauty and significance to the direction on which Holmström has clearly extended himself. The sequence where Garbo and Brent watch the Chinese New Year celebrations is really exquisite.—*St. James*, com. June 5.

★ OH, DADDY

Leslie Henson, Frances Day, Robertson
Hare. (Gainsborough.)

THAT saucy comedian, Leslie Henson, as Lord Pye, squire of Dullhampton, is here abetted by Robertson Hare, unique exponent of meek worth, crushed yet protesting. The pair have been dragooned by Pye's uncle into becoming president and secretary of the local branch of the Purity League. When, as delegates to the convention in Birmingham, a city far from virtuous in their eyes, they miss their train and fetch up at a fashionable London hotel, with cabaret attached, they find even better opportunities for



CHARLES LAUGHTON

missionary effort. But observing their reactions to Miss Frances Day, principal attraction of the said cabaret, we know what to expect of their rescue work.

Miss Day, who has an alluring dimple and the face of a farm, shows a piquant style in her cabaret scenes and later when, after a hectic night, the action is transferred once more to the village. The direction, however, might have been speedier. One might say that this piece is not food for babes; but it will be enjoyed by those who can savor the acting of experts.—*Embassy*, com. May 31.

★ DANDY DICK

Will Hay, Nancy Burne, Esmond
Knight (B.I.P.)

ALTHOUGH dissimilar in many respects, Will Hay and Will Rogers share distinctive marks and qualities beside a Christian name. Both the Englishman and the American are amiable and quietly-spoken humorists. In the case of Rogers, usually a small town doctor or solicitor or some such, there is a notable shrewdness mixed with generosity and disregard for snobbery. Hay is generally an absent-minded schoolmaster or, as in the present instance, a country vicar.

Here, coming late to preside over a meeting of churchwardens to discuss ways and means of restoring the crooked spire, he establishes himself at once as the parson whom everybody likes and of whom many people take advantage. His later adventures smack of farces at the church bazaar when his st. aeroplane flight ends in such an uncomfortable parachute descent, and his hope (purely for the sake of getting funds for the steeple) into betting.—*State*, com. May 31.

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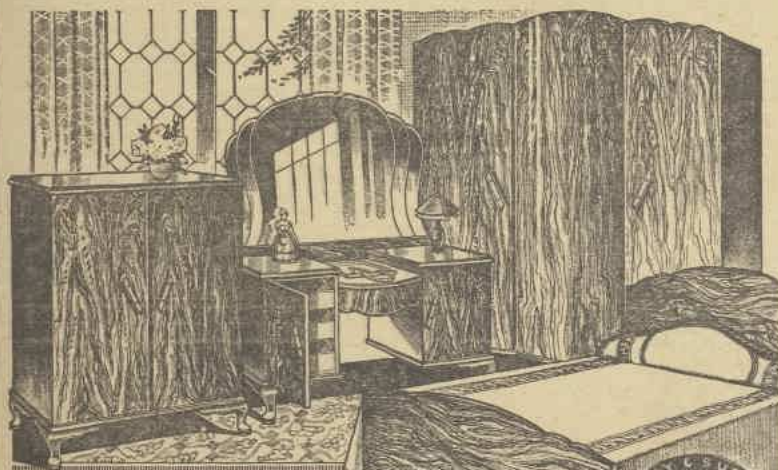
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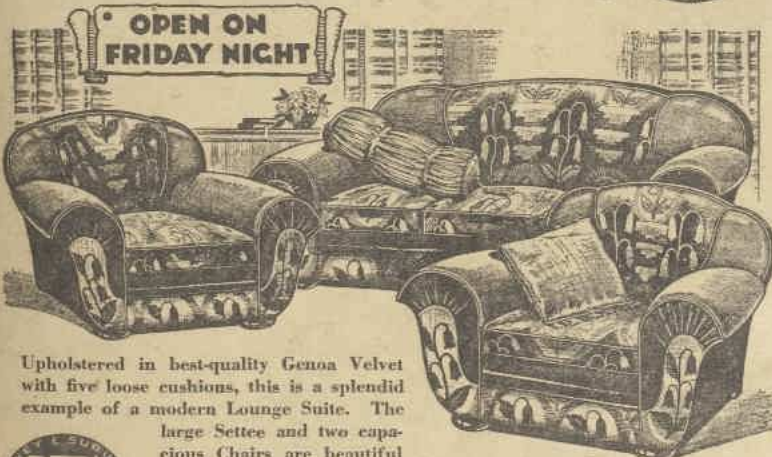
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In this article she describes Palestine and the terrible disadvantages under which Moslem women live.

By LINDA P. LITTLEJOHN

SINCE the war and the British occupation, the population of the towns of Palestine has increased enormously; in fact, several towns have sprung up, the most notable being the Jewish town of Tel-Aviv, near Jaffa, which in about sixteen years' time has developed a population of about 85,000.

Life in this part of the world can be exceedingly comfortable for the British or European citizen.

The drawback in Jerusalem is lack of a good water supply, but steps are being taken to remedy this position.

The homes are delightful, most of the modern ones being built on the German plan, straight lines, outwardly unsupported balconies and flat roofs, large windows to let in the sun, and no embellishments.

The floors of all the rooms, even bedrooms, are tiled, because wood being scarce, is expensive.

Over these tiled floors are placed lovely Persian or Turkish rugs, and most homes have very little furniture. To minimise the coldness of the tiled floors all the rooms have stoves. These are rather ugly being black and round, and stand well out from the wall and a long fine takes the fumes outside. But they do give a splendid heat.

The curious feature about Jerusalem is that the population seems to segregate itself into special districts, each nationality, and sometimes each religion, congregating in its own area.

For instance, there will be the Jewish colony, the Italian, the German, the Christian quarter, and so on.

ONE afternoon in the Jewish quarter, I visited a remarkable woman—the only woman lawyer in Palestine—Mrs. Rosa Ginsberg.

I believe her story will interest all Australians (for we do love a fighter). When Mrs. Ginsberg wished to be a lawyer, she studied, passed all the necessary examinations, served the required period in a lawyer's office, and then applied to be admitted.

This was refused her for no other

reason than that she was a woman, and the authorities said that the Moslems (whose women are always veiled) would be upset to see a woman in court.

She was undaunted, because the law said that all "persons" who had attained the necessary requirements could be admitted as lawyers.

The authorities then declared she was not a "person," and so she decided to bring an action against the Chief Justice for refusing to allow her to practise.

About this time, overseas, in Canada, a woman, Emily Murphy, wished to stand for the Canadian Senate.

For this all Canadian adult "persons" were eligible, but Emily Murphy's nomination was refused, as she was informed that she was not a "person" under the Act. (What did they imagine women were if they were not persons—animals, perhaps?)

After a long fight Emily Murphy took her case to England to the Privy Council and won. Henceforth she was a person.

This verdict was a tremendous help to Mrs. Ginsberg, for she had also intimated that she would take her case to the Privy Council in England.

Well, after years of battle, and the hearing and judgment lasting one year, largely influenced by Mrs. Murphy's case, Mrs. Ginsberg won, and was admitted to practise.

That was some years ago; and still to-day she is the only woman lawyer in Palestine. She specialises on immigration law and company law.

Women's Activities

WOMEN in Palestine must confine their work to social welfare work. Owing to the difficulties of the political situation, to participate in politics is impossible for private citizens.

In the first place, there is no Parliament in Palestine, the High Commissioners being the ruling voice, and so neither men nor women have a vote. But there are municipal elections.

Where the population is of mixed race

2GB HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAY, June 8.—7.25 a.m.: Sunrise Serenade. 9.0: Ellis Price in "The Dual." 9.30: Johanna Strauss. 9.45: 2GB Political Commentator.

SUNDAY, June 9.—1.15, Glen Southern. 2.15: Face to Face with Stephen Foster. 3.50: Lotus Land. 5.30: Musical Comedy Overtures. 7.20: A. E. Symons: "Religion and Nationalism." 7.40: Lloyd Ross, Imaginary Conversation. 8.45: George Edwards, "The Greatest Pharaoh."

MONDAY, June 10.—10.0: G. C. Elliott, Awarding Scholarships. 10.45: Love Story of Lord Nelson. 11.45: Dorothea Vautier, People in the Limelight. 0.0: "The Practice

and the Preacher." 9.15: Travel With Music, Russell and Morgan.

TUESDAY, June 11.—8.5: Name the Noises. 9.0: Teapot Reflections. 9.15: George Edwards in "The Great Mustapha." 9.30: Comedy Capers.

WEDNESDAY, June 12.—1.30: Dorothea Vautier: Feature Selection. 8.0: Viennese Nights. 9.0: Easy Chair Music.

THURSDAY, June 13.—10.0: Richard Wain, B.A.: Evolution. 2.45: Radio School of Domestic Science. 6.47: Voice of the People. 9.15: Birth of the British Nation.

FRIDAY, June 14.—1.45: Story Teller. 6.35: Once Upon a Time. 8.30: Frank and Archie. 9.45: Jack Lumsdaine.

the women have no vote in municipal elections, alas, but in the modern Jewish settlements, where the population is all Jewish, the women, too, vote.

The Moslem women over twelve all wear veils. The thick black clothes and veils look as if they are in deep mourning, but some wear variegated chiffon veils tied tightly over their faces, and look most weird and hideous.

The idea is that no man, other than their husband, brother, or father, may look at them, lest he covet them.

Some of them are so ugly that they could leave their veils off with impunity, so I think they must like it as a sop to their departed or never-possessed beauty!

The custom underlying the veil is one which will prevent Moslem women bettering their condition, for they look upon themselves as their husband's property entirely, their one duty being to wait on him and carry out his wishes.

From other points of view it is also a bad custom. It is very unhygienic; it is very bad for the eyesight, and most important of all, it permits of impersonation.

The Grand Mufti has decreed that

girls must not be married till eighteen, but this law is very frequently broken.

When a parent wants to marry a young child of, say, 12 years, she dresses a friend or an elder sister who impersonates the young bride, answers all the questions, and expresses her willingness to wed.

As the girls are all veiled, the magistrate cannot recognise the girl, and as soon as the legal formalities are over the young girl is brought forth as the bride. The Arab-Moslem women have a hard time. Many families are desperately poor, and the parents are glad to get rid of the girls.

One hopes that contact with British and European races will awaken them, for to these races life is quite enjoyable. For the women housekeeping is easy. The country abounds in lovely fruits—orange, lemons, figs, grapes, peaches, plums; in fact fruit of all kinds—the Jaffa oranges being world-famous.

On the whole, Palestine is a delightful climate, the nights being always cool.

But Palestine is the most prosperous country in the world to-day. It has no debts and no unemployment, surely a unique position.

LOST WITHOUT IT

Continued from Page 25

"So," said Nevil solemnly, "there is a wedding?"

"Yes, there's a wedding, sir. A pretty big one for a place like Ipsley. They want to make a splash, you see, and get their pictures in the paper."

"And you really have no idea what sort of girl the bride is?"

The other scratched his head.

"I don't believe I ever set eyes on her myself. She's always kept out of everything."

"I see. A sort of prisoners' Nevil was not by any means displeased.

"Well, she's the pretty one. And these three ugly sisters of hers what never could get married nohow, they're calling this a good match, and so it is I dare say, from their point of view."

"Is it somebody with a lot of money?"

"It's Sir William Bennett."

Nevil looked round with darkening eyes and tighter lips.

"You can't mean . . . the old man?"

"That's right, sir, yes. He's about fifty, isn't he?"

"Surely, if he's a day. And what an old brute! He's got a funny reputation in the city, you know, a very funny reputation. Do you say this girl's quite young?"

"Nineteen, sir, I believe; that's all."

In Nevil's expression now were mingled horror, indignation, and disgust, and finally all three gave way to chivalrous sympathy, and he slid off the table and struck an almost cavalierish posture.

His voice was low. "Does she want to marry him?"

The other shrugged. "Why, some says one thing, sir, and some says another. She's never been allowed to mix with people down this way, and so they don't know much. All I know is that she's the pretty one, and not here home from finishing-school abroad."

"But no nice girl," said Nevil hopefully, "could want to marry old Bennett."

"Not unless there was something in it, I suppose."

"What is there in it for a girl of that age. Money . . . title? Rot. She's been pushed into it. I'll bet on that, and I don't even know her. To-day I expect she's absolutely in despair."

The station-master turned and smiled wisely.

"And you guessed all that after one peep at what's in that bag?"

"Yes, I don't mind admitting that I did."

"Well, those are her going-away clothes, sir. That old lady was her old nurse. She'd always promised she was going to make her trousseau with her own hands, and she's been doing it, and now because she was going to think that lucky, and because the things are lost, from all they told me here, the young lady says that unless the bag turns up, no matter what they say, she won't go to the church at all."

Nevil looked interested and on the whole quite satisfied.

"Let me have the address, then, will you. I'll take the bag across myself, and make handsome apologies. And at the same time I shall allow myself just one glance at the bride."

"Will you go on by train, sir?"

"No; considering how I've messed them about, I think the only decent thing will be to blow a bit, and to hire a car."

DUSK had fallen. The country road was winding, and Nevil's hired car was not a masterpiece either of mechanics or design. He sat back in the corner, considerably bumped about, and yet in spite of that he contrived to think.

Sir William Bennett, eh? Old reprobate. He shook his head portentously.

Well, he supposed it was just possible for a girl who was under the influence of three big sisters right and day, to take the first opportunity that came to offer her freedom from a life with them. Perhaps it was a choice of two evils. She might anticipate that he could not live long, and that . . . oh, well, what was the use? He couldn't solve a puzzle of that sort, no matter how he racked his brain. He was a young man healthy, chivalrous, and he simply couldn't understand what women felt. As for the three sisters, from all he heard of them, Bennett had probably bought their good offices.

Nevil cast his mind back to the little he had seen of the inside of that suitcase. Everything had looked so incredibly soft and clinging and adorable. He didn't know what such materials were called. He could not even give the colors modern names. But, most of all, he simply could not conceive any but a most lovely lady wearing them.

Not did he consider that faithful old nurses made clothes of that sort with their own hands, for people whom they did not particularly like. They made them only for their favorites, and that was good enough for him.

Suddenly the driver of the hired car asked. Nevil looked up. The man was stopping. He heard a voice, and he looked out interestedly. The driver was talking to a girl who stood beside the road, and now this girl was coming round to look in through the window.

Nevil opened the door and glanced out. There stood a girl, and she was young. Even though it was dark, the light which he had just switched on inside the car lit up her face, and suddenly he knew that though he might never see this girl again he would always remember seeing her this once. Always, as long as he lived.

"Could you please give me a lift?" she said, and he nodded at once.

"Of course. Do get in, please. Where to? Not that it matters. You shall go anywhere you want to."

"The driver says you've hired him. I don't want to butt in, only the fact is I've just given somebody the slip, and I want to get right away as quickly as I can."

Nevil looked harder. Speechlessly he helped her in. He closed the door. He motioned to the driver to wait for instructions; then he considered her incredulously. She was wrapped in a long white macintosh; she wore a little hat, no gloves, seeming to show that she had come out in a hurry; her eyes were calm and gallant; her cheeks

were pale but youthful, and she seated herself beside him with a sort of solemn determination which Nevil found inexplicably affecting.

"It doesn't really matter where I go," she said. "A station would do. If you would say where you are going."

"I was heading," he said, at last, "for Chedstow. I have to make my apologies there, and then I shall very probably be going back to town, in which case, if I can be of any further help, I'd like to be."

"It's very good of you. Are you sure you don't mind? If I could sit well back in the corner here, in the dark, no one would notice me."

Nevil tapped on the window. His previous orders had been to go to Ipsley first. Now he had a hunch and he altered them.

"Go on to Chedstow."

The car started and he spoke.

"You are running away. I wonder how much of the rest I can guess. I

wonder if it could possibly be because you can't bring yourself to marry a nasty old man . . . to-morrow?"

She turned to him in alarm, and almost in suspicion, but his eyes reassured her.

"I suppose you've heard, then," she said. "Everyone round here knows all about it. I dare say that's all they talk about. I was to be married to-morrow, but . . . I'm not going to be. My idea was to get away from here at any cost. I meant to stick it as long as I could, and then I should have run away again. But somehow it began to feel like cheating; I felt I should never be able to promise all the things you have to, in church. So I'm not going on with it, and I can't stand any more rows, so I'm not going to stop here either. I got the only chance of the week when I was alone just now, and I took it. A bag of mine has been lost, and my sisters all want to look for it. I told them that if it couldn't be found I wouldn't go to the church until it was."

He moved his head.

THEN it was really lucky that you lost it."

"Well, in a sense, I suppose it was. But it was full of lovely things my old nurse had made for me, and I'm afraid it will break her heart."

"This was a moment Nevil was never going to forget. This was the great line of the play. He looked profoundly back at her and spoke on just the right note.

"Don't worry. I've got it, here, it's in front, next the driver, with my own."

And then he slowly smiled as will one who has just come out top in the most important examination of his life.

♦ ♦ ♦

Nevil's late managing director sat by his bedroom fire.

He was becoming querulous and petulant, and at last he demanded that dinner should be served forthwith.

"I don't know where he is," he muttered. "Missed his train, I suppose. Young fool. Just the sort of thing he would do. Brooks will never be any good until he marries and settles down. I've said so . . . over and over again."

Please turn to Page 34

A WOMAN NEEDS THIS WONDERFUL Tonic Beverage



HULLO MOTHER . . . WILL I COME OVER TO DINNER NEXT WEEK? . . . NO I'M AFRAID I WON'T BE FEELING WELL ENOUGH.



For nearly three generations, women have benefited by the gentle stimulating action of Wolfe's Schnapps. Made with the beneficial extract of Italian Juniper Berries and containing medicinal properties to be found in no other spirit, Wolfe's Schnapps gives wonderful relief from fatigue, whether arising from the wear and tear of daily tasks or from natural disorders. A daily glass of Wolfe's Schnapps will greatly improve your general health, too, for this purest of all gin spirits purifies the blood, tones up the whole system and gives new strength and energy.

AS GOOD FOR WOMEN AS FOR MEN

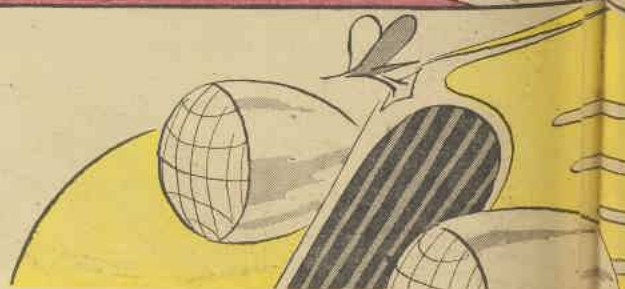
WOLFE'S AROMATIC SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS
GENUINELY DISTILLED IN HOLLAND

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS is obtainable in large, half and quarter size bottles at all hotels.



★ **RICH COLOR NOTES** are introduced into this bridal group by the bridesmaids' frocks in two tones of pink. The caped and trained effect harmonises charmingly with the bride's gown, so, too, do the rosettes and formal posies of the bridesmaids. Note the demure droop in the halo hats and the fringed coiffures of the maids. ★

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER is elegantly frocked in uncrushable silk velvet, its cape edged with fox. Her smart hat in a matching shade is adorned with a tuft of ostrich feathers.



Headed for the Altar

JUNE IS THE WEDDING MONTH, and every girl headed for the altar will welcome these new Paris bridal fashion suggestions sketched by Petrov. The bride's toilette is of pearl-white charmeuse. The cape, which is separate and buttons down the back, falls gracefully from the shoulders. When the cape is removed, the frock, which is sleeveless and decollete, makes a charming evening dress. The long tulle veil, arranged in a coif effect, is caught with tiny sprays of orange-blossom, which match the bridal bouquet.

The bride's travelling outfit is classic in its simplicity. Its severe tailored lines are relieved by an amusing little muff of fox and the matching fox trimmings on scarf and hat.





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All over the world to-day ... discriminating women choose NIVEA ALL-PURPOSE CREME as the ONLY creme they need ... a combined skin food ... cleansing creme ... and vanishing creme! Commence using NIVEA Creme now ... for skin health and beauty!

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All Purpose
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MAID of NIU-NIU

Continued from Page 7

HE stopped, speechless, and pointed with one rugged hand to the last, the very last, figure in the long procession. A girl, walking sedately by herself. A girl dressed like the others in swinging grass skirts, but robed as well in a tabard and train of creamy tappa cloth. She wore a white shell round her neck. Her hair fell down her back a long way; it was yellow hair, and her skin, though kissed by the sun to a golden color, was clearly the skin of a white woman.

"Son," said Cooper, swearing a long sea oath, "if that's not Lily Greenless it's the devil!"

Harry said, looking appreciatively at the girl as she passed by, eyes fixed

ahead (but she seemed to see him and Cooper, all the same), "Who is Lily Greenless?"

"She was a mission lassie," answered Cooper. "Thirty years ago. And none the better—not the worse—for me." He sighed, and Harry wondered, irreverently, which part of the Dad's sentence was answerable for the sigh.

But Cooper, volunteering nothing further, followed the procession, in silence, to the door of the great hall that once had been a church. The people were massing themselves inside the building now, joining their voices together in a fierce, walling song. "It'll be the old king they're crying for," Cooper said. "The pumper told me he'd

died some days ago. I reckon he's buried, and they're having the funeral spree."

"That would be it," agreed Harry. But he was not listening closely; his eyes, deserting the crowd of armed young men and dancing, stunting girls, had strayed to the far end of the hall, whither the elders, slowly pacing, now led the girl in the tappa robe.

"Look, Dad!" he said. "Look—they're putting her into that big carved chair!"

"She's a taupe, by that frock of hers," answered Cooper. "A sacred sort of virgin. They almost used to worship 'm, in old times, I've heard say." He, too, stared hard at the girl, who was sitting easily on the throne-like chair. Her knees were crossed, one bare foot swinging—a beautiful foot, bronzed on the instep, white beneath the toes. Her thigh, where the tappa tunic fell aside, showed flower-pale, contrasting vividly with the sun-bronze of face and arms.

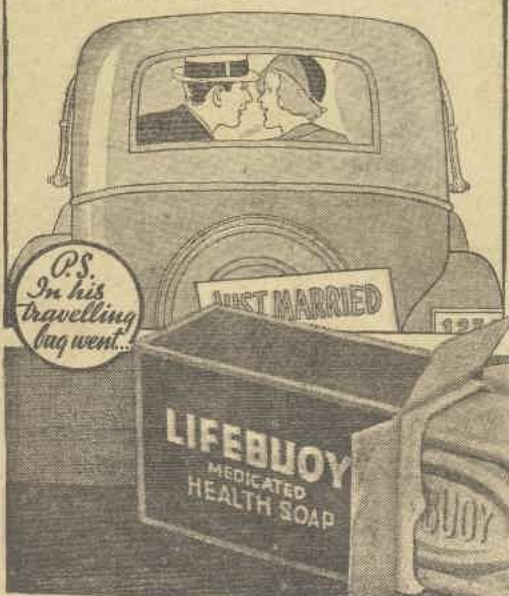
Please turn to Page 42

NOT THE MARRYING KIND UNTIL ...



SIX MONTHS LATER: honeymoon bound

AT LAST YOU'RE MINE—MY ONE AND ONLY LOVE



USERS THANK
LIFEBOUOY
FOR HEALTHY SKIN

"Several times I have been going to write as I think everyone should use Lifebuoy Soap for health reasons. Speaking from experience we have used it for the past twenty years and think it is absolutely out on its own. Thanks to Lifebuoy for a fresh and healthy skin.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd. Mrs. Hall)"

LEVER PRODUCT

All over the world ... every day
MILLIONS USE LIFEBOUOY

LOST WITH- OUT IT

Continued from Page 31

HIS daughters promised that he should be fed, even if they had to wait a little longer for their own.

"He must be coming, or he'd have wired," he said.

Then, suddenly, they heard the long-expected summons on the front door, and as the maid went to answer it the daughters halted on the staircase. Listening. Then they went down into the hall, and there one whispered.

"Is that the presentation? He's brought ... a girl!"

They looked up at him oddly as he introduced himself; then he turned to lead forward a young lady of nineteen and his manner became both earnest and solicitous.

"This is Miss Janice Trent. She doesn't live very far away, but apparently you've never met."

It was clear that they knew the name, and showed it. There was at once sensation.

"But surely ... aren't you going to ..."

"No," said Nevil cheerfully, "she isn't. We've just found that. As a matter of fact she and I have got our bags outside, already packed and on the car. It's only a question of looking after her until I can get a special licence, and I think I shall go back to town to-night and see about it."

"Oh," said the daughters almost in concert, "do please let her stop here. We've always wanted to help somebody running away from an unhappy marriage, and we'd love to hide her. Really ... do please let her stay with us."

He hesitated, and he looked round quizzically at Janice.

"I don't exactly know what your father will say," said Nevil. "You see, in the general rush I must unfortunately forgot to bring ... his present."

The daughter shrugged. "I don't suppose he'll mind. He wants to see you more than anything else, and hear the news of everybody at the office."

"In that case we'll go up," said Nevil.

The door of the sick-room opened and the late managing director looked up frantically from his tray.

"Humph! There you are at last then. What sort of time is this to come to dinner? And what's the explanation?"

"I'm awfully sorry, sir. I really am. But it's not too late I want to start right away, sir, with the presentation. May I present to you ... my fiancée?"

The old man looked from one to the other of them with shrewd blue eyes, from under bushy eyebrows of white. At last he grunted and pointed with his fork.

"Are you going to be married, then, at last?"

"I hope so, sir."

"Thank God for that."

He paused, blinked, looked at Janice mischievously, then suddenly perked up and gestured.

"Well, I suppose I must say a few words in reply. I'd like to thank you, Mr. Brooks, for so kindly coming down here to-night to make this presentation, and considering how interested I still am and always shall be in the welfare of my old staff I only want to say that ... anxious as I had begun to feel about your future, this lady is ... the best by far that you could have presented. Thank you very much, and now go and have some dinner."

At the door, Nevil suddenly turned back.

"I almost forgot, sir ... we've got another thing as well ... a clock."

"Damn the clock," said the late managing director. "I'll have nowhere to put it."

(Copyright)

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Stewart Jamieson gave exhibition of patience while waiting for long period at International Ball? Cause of wait was bespangled fairy enveloped in huge purple cloak.

Aces in Ballroom

HEROES abounded at Australian Flying Corps Ball at Palais. . . In between dances much chatter between flying aces of world repute. . . Sir Charles Kingsford Smith target for admiring glances during evening. . . Looked very dashing in smart uniform. . . Pretty wife in bluish pink satin and padded brown silk cape. . . Organiser Laurie Nall here, there, and everywhere. . . Party of enormous proportions saw little of him. Streamers, whistles, and rattles made supper time like New Year's Eve celebration.

Pink flowers worn in hair were distinguishing mark for ten debs. presented to Lady Isaacs at Australian Air League Ball.

Shakespearean Festival

HILDA MARKS, formerly Lady Mayoress of Sydney, enjoying interesting happenings abroad. . . Represented Shakespearean Society of N.S.W. at Stratford-on-Avon celebrations for famous writer's birthday. . . Also attended subsequent luncheon in same party as Charges d'Affaires for Cuba, Finland, and Iraq, secretary to German Embassy. . . Conversation delightfully varied.

Laughton Premiere

SUCH devastating check suits worn by Charlie Ruggles in "Ruggles of Red Gap," at Prince Edward premiere. . . Ruggles, both in film names and real life most confusing. . . Charles Laughton, in name part, has hard task in refining family from wild, woolly west. . . Ostrich feathers, flounces, and outsize frills worn with nonchalance by Mary Boland.

Peg Walder, although not sporting type, donned heavy tweeds and sporting hat with pheasant's feathers at recent luncheon at Hotel Australia. Peg looks decorative any old way.

Liedertafel cum Apollo

SIR ALEXANDER HORE-RUTHVEN has added Apollo Club to long list of organisations of which he is patron. . . Souvenir programme at two hundred and fiftieth concert recaptured old Liedertafel memories. . . Dame Nellie Melba sang with them in 1885, causing furore in Sydney Town Hall. . . Vice-Regal party present last Thursday, when Arnold Mote wielded baton. . . Sir Hugh and Lady Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Bainton, Alfred Hill, and Mrs. Mote among large audience.

Mrs. Tony Hordern is rapidly recovering from appendix operation at St. Luke's Hospital. Flowers and friends arrive at frequent intervals.

Gallant Rabbito

TRIUMPHAL march from "Aida" overworked for procession at International Ball. . . Debutantes also stepped forth to same strains. . . Henri Segart as Dean of Consular Corps, very busy with arrangements. . . Jeannie Ranken always strong support on these occasions. . . Australian set entertaining. . . Rabbito, complete with drying skins, most gallant in matter of train-holding for lady of party. . . Little Chinese girls most picturesque, and embroideries very lovely.

One Hundred Tomes

MEMBERS of Genealogical Society highly delighted at gift of one hundred tomes of New South Wales Government Gazettes. . . Dates range from 1832. . . Entries most quaint and varied. . . For example, tenders called for two hundred and fifty tons of salt meat for use of Colonial Service. . . Tickets-of-leave are cancelled. . . Great-grandfather of Dr. Mackness is given grant of land, 1 acre 2 roods 20 perches. . . Notice of dues to be levied at Sydney and Parramatta markets, and many other bright bits.

Mrs. Glossop and Mary

AFTER holiday with sister Mrs. Alan Maxwell of Boronia, Kingston Beach, Tasmania, Mrs. J. Glossop and daughter, Mary, preparing for visit to Sydney. . . Mrs. Glossop is widow of famous captain of H.M.A.S. Sydney during war years and member of McPhillamy family of Bathurst. . . Hon. John Scarlett, recent visitor to Antipodes, now in Scottish home, is nephew.

Brenda Maughan, sister of K.C., is busy collecting interesting relics in England for Genealogical and Heraldic Exhibition, Education Department, in July.

Sailed for U.S.A.

MR. AND MRS. JIM MARSDEN extremely youthful couple, left by Monterey for honeymoon trip to U.S.A. . . Mr. and Mrs. A. Steber, of N.S.W. Banking circles, also on board. . . Dr. Lovell, son of Professor and Mrs. Lovell, sailed for America with Mayo Clinic and post graduate work in view. . . Man of medicine also good dancer and will be missed from winter festivities.

Officers in white uniforms, background of sea and sailors make romantic setting. . . Ella Daincourt takes only other feminine role. . . Is handed good laugh on asking for a cup of tea at most inappropriate moments.

Not Yet Nineteen

NANCY McQUEEN has thought of delightful way of filling in time. . . Is too young for nursing career on which heart is set, so has sailed for Fiji. . . Monterey ship of choice, and lots of friends to stay with in tropics. . . Will visit Penang, Lantoka, and Ba, before returning to Sydney and donning probationer's uniform.

Avoiding Westerly Winds

SYDNEY residents have had little to complain of in way of wintry weather. . . Nevertheless, large exodus to take place on winter cruise to sunny Fiji. . . Mr. and Mrs. Toby Brown leaving worries of large family at home and setting sail. . . Sir John Harrison and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Ishister, and John Keys, of Muswellbrook, also packing their traps. . . Otranto provides housing room for tour.



HER MANY FRIENDS will be interested in this portrait of Miss Priscilla Weigall, daughter of a former Governor of South Australia. Miss Weigall's engagement to Viscount Curzon, son of the Earl and Countess of Howe, was recently announced.

—Photo by AIR MAIL.



Similar Hobbies

HOUSE — WARMING to be given by Dr. and Mrs. Maynard Furber in new Point Piper home on Monday. . . Guests asked from five to seven, will admire household gods and harbor views in between cocktails. . . Furber brothers both living in same district much to confusion of postman. Both follow same profession, and both spend all spare time yachting.

Thelma Bicknell, daughter of well-known cricket enthusiast, married Joseph McDougall last Thursday. St. Clement's Church, Marrickville, chosen for ceremony.

Minus Their Sun-tan

LOOKING strangely pale without accustomed sun-tan, Palm Beach coterie arrived in smartest evening attire for local surf club dance at Blaxland Galleries. . . Cosy and becoming was fur trimming in sunshine yellow satin worn by president's wife, Mrs. Adrian Curlewis. . . Most perfect coiffure in room belonged to Mrs. Graham Pratlen. . . Among young things who danced as well as they "shoot" were Sheila Pring, Felicia Garvan, and Alix Lamb.

Italian Dishes

RISOTTO ALLA PIEMONNESE, Cotoletta, and bi Vitello alla, just some of the exotic-sounding dishes partaken of at Italian luncheon at Romano's during week. . . Dante Alighieri Society had grand party. . . Cav. T. H. Kelly chatted brightly of Italian scenery, customs, and art. . . Commander Vitali, acting-consul, Mrs. T. H. Flaschi, honorary secretary, Mrs. David Maughan, Dr. Baccarini, and Dr. Veretta present.

Until severest winter weather is over General and Mrs. Kenneth Mackay will stay at the Astor, Macquarie St. Grandson Kenneth Baldry at wheel of car on trip from their home, Wallandown, Wallendbeen.

Rural Ramblings

MRS. J. B. CRAMSIE, of Edgecliff, is enjoying breath of fresh country air. . . Is at present guest of daughter, Mrs. Norman Reading, in Cootamundra district. . . As digression, Norman's cousin, Judy, is flourishing in Blue Library in Darlinghurst Rd. . . Mrs. Cramsie will then go further afield and stay with another daughter, Mrs. John Hawthorne, some miles from Leeton.

Flew to Party

MARGARET WOOD, of Newcastle, came by aeroplane to attend dinner given Miss Susie Williams, at Women's Club, on Friday. . . Old students of Women's College, from which Miss Williams just retired, in large numbers. . . Members of council and college staff also present. . . Guests included Mrs. Kenneth Street, Evelyn Tildesley, Dr. Grace Cuthbert, and Dr. Sandford Morgan. . . When all was over, Margaret Wood flew back again.

Have You Noticed—

Kath Corrigan, of Moree, among breakers of ice at Bondi each morning?

Jane Aase

THE "LITTLE LYONS" at CANBERRA

Mr. Tom Lyons, of Hobart, Looks After Things for Joe

There are two Lyons families just now at the Prime Minister's lodge in Canberra. This is not such a houseful as the flippant might infer from the bald statement.

Mrs. Tom Lyons, who since the departure of the Prime Minister and his wife has become one of Canberra's most popular hostesses, brought the whole of her brood with her from Tasmania.

BUT, unlike the family of our first citizen, that of Mr. Tom Lyons, well-known Hobart business man, and his wife, is just the fashionable two.

There is Lynette, aged nine, and Carmel, six, bright-eyed little Tasmanians who are enjoying life thoroughly at "Uncle Joe's big house." It is a very happy family party.

One of the sights of Forrest is to see Janice, a mere baby of 18 months,

the younger Lyons household setting out for St. Christopher's School each morning. First the big girls, Enid, who is 15, and Moya, now 13. They are responsible for the safe delivery and good behaviour of their two little cousins and of their baby sister, Rosemary, now five, and their two brothers, Brandon, 8, and Barry, 6. Peter is growing up; he was three the other day and thinks it is a shame that he is kept at home with

"They are a very happy family," said Mrs. Tom Lyons, "and are looking forward to a really exciting day."

"The return of father and mother?" she was asked.

"Oh, no," laughed Mrs. Lyons, "that doesn't loom quite as large as the really great day on June 20, when Brandon will be nine."

Not, she said, that they have forgotten father and mother. The weekly long-distance calls have ceased. The children have been told that father and mother are awfully busy, and there have been no visits in the room where the telephone is since the middle of May.

But every fortnight when the air mail arrives there is a wonderful afternoon when all the letters are read, telling of the wonderful places father and mother are seeing, and the great people they meet—after what mother said of the King, and especially of the Queen. Their Majesties have no more loyal subjects in the Empire than the seven little Lyons' at the Prime Minister's lodge.

For Lynette and Carmel, last week, there were exciting times, for their own



MR. J. A. LYONS in London. While he and Mrs. Lyons are abroad, their children are in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lyons, at Canberra.

father came all the way from Hobart to spend a few days. Unfortunately he caught a cold and spent three days in bed, but he was a hero with all the children. Desmond says he is just like Daddy

DON'T ... FORGET

The annual ball arranged by the Petersham High School Old Girls' and Old Boys' Unions in aid of the Far West Children's Health Scheme, at the State ballroom, June 28.

The skating night being arranged by members of Dalwood Younger Set at Chesham, June 11. For further inquiries ring 20911.

The Annual Ball of the Help-in-Need Society, to be held at Mark Fox's Empress Rooms, June 8 at 8 p.m.

The bridge afternoon, June 12, in aid of the funds of the A.I.P. Ball. Miss A. S. Murray, of Wyndham St., North Sydney, is organizer.

The dance to be held by the St. Mary's College, Bathurst, Ex-students' Union, June 20, at the State Assembly ballroom.

The social committee of the Old Girls' Union of Sydney Girls' High School are having their third annual dance at the State Assembly on June 18. Secretary is Miss Marjorie Spring, president Jean Sale.

"The Rebel Maid," at the Chesham Hall, June 17, in aid of the Far West Children's Health Scheme. Produced by the Pastoral Institute Musical Society and St. George's District Choir.

The jumble sale at 124 George St., June 18, in aid of Wollumooloo Day Nursery. Parcels for stall may be left at 92 Pitt St.

except that he hasn't any hair on the top of his head.

Mr. Tom Lyons is acting as foster-father to Desmond, the University student, at Hobart—some day he expects to be a barrister—who has such original ideas about politics—initially in conflict with that of Mr. Lyons.

The little Lyons' at the lodge don't know anything about politics except that it is something which takes mother away so often. But they were very keen to know how big Desmond had grown.

HAPPINESS AHEAD!



THERE'S NO CHARM LIKE A LOVELY SKIN, TO WIN ROMANCE

... And there's no surer bar to happiness than a blotchy, blemished skin. Yet dust and germs are always attacking. No wonder so many people are troubled by ugly skin flaws—blistches and blackheads, roughness and large pores!

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Complexions need special care to keep their loveliness these modern days. And that is why so many girls have welcomed the New Rexona Soap, with its beautifying medications. The New Rexona is more than a soap. It's a beauty treatment. Every time its lather touches your skin the new Cadyl medications purify and soothe and stimulate the tissues. You'll be thrilled to see what these medications can do for your skin. Blemishes clear up—soon your skin glows with a new freshness.

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Medicated SKIN & FACIAL Soap

Containing CADYL, the new compound of medications.

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A single cake gives you weeks and weeks of beauty care.



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Mighty Red Spot

SALE

Starts 6th June

Everything Reduced

(excepting £3/- Tailoring, Tobacco, and a few proprietary lines) at least **10%**

Immense stocks clearing even as low as **HALF PRICE**

BOYS' SUITS

Sale **18/11**

(Usually 25/-)

Here's a real bargain! typical of hundreds at this great Sale of Sales. By that, we mean GENUINE HIGH QUALITY BOYS' SUITS at the lowest price. The sizes available will fit boys 6 to 14 years. Made from pure wool fancy Tweeds or Thorntooth Tweeds, with plain back coat and plain knee knickers. Shades include Browns, Fawns and Dark Greys. SALE, 18/11.

10/11 Boys' Pullovers

Boys' and youths' all wool pullovers in rib knit. Plain shades of royal, sky, maroon and fawn; contrasting colours on neck, cuffs and skirt. Sizes 22-32. **5/11**

16/6 SMALL BOYS' OVERCOATS

Warm and cosy Overcoats for small boys of 3 to 8 years. Made from all wool fancy Tweeds in Grey and Brown mixtures, double-breasted style with half belt at back. Fully lined. SALE PRICE **11/3**

27/6 Boys' D.B. OVERCOATS, 18/11

Thousands of Bargains in Men's and Boys' Wear, Sports, Radio, Cutlery, Tools, Paints, Garden Implements, and Travel Goods.

Send for Our Big Sale Catalogue

We Pay Freight on Boys' Wear. Please Address letters to Desk "C28"

MURDOCH'S

12d, Park & George Sts., SYDNEY.

CHANGING Fashions in Bridal BOUQUETS

These being the days when dashing contrasts whet the appetite for novelty, let no mere man be bewildered to find that the more unsophisticated the wedding gown the more exotic are the accessories.

A few years ago, when bridal array reflected the mode of the moment and made no attempt to go all Edwardian and demure, Cecil Brunner roses, interspersed with their creme sisters, were first favorites for the bridal bouquet. Sheaves of sentimental lilies, gladioli, and an odd Early Victorian posy of mixed flowers were every bride's delight.



NOW that the gowns of our grandmothers are le dernier cri of the mode, and voluminous folds of silk almost conceal the toe-tips, while wide berthas and fichus make modest corsages, bridal flowers have become the last word in the ultra moderne.

Imagine the horror of our grandmothers had anyone suggested using green in the wedding bouquet! Now grandma's gown goes demurely to the altar with green as its first favorite for the wedding shawl. Every modern bride finds in green orchids the flower of her dreams for the perfect wedding bouquet, and the green flowers and quaint little pods of the bird plant are in great demand for sheaves and trails. Green carnations and the quaint crochets are other favorites with the modern bride.

The flower surprise of last year was the gliding and flitting of lilies, and many brides went to the altar with bouquets of pastel-tinted arums. Prior to that, the lacquering of leaves and

flowers enjoyed a brief spell in the bridal limelight. Bouquets of white camellias, with the green leaves lacquered black, created quite a sensation on their first appearance.

In the search for uncommon flowers one well-known society bride hit on streptococcus. One would not expect startlingly good results, but, as a matter of fact, the bouquet was a triumph of the florist's art, and was probably the most talked-of of all the season's bridal flowers.

So far artificial flowers have not won their way into bridal favor, but with the ultra-modern touch in flowers which is accompanying the revival of the Old World note in bridal gowns it will not be surprising if bridal bouquets of tomorrow use the quaint chromium and wooden flowers or the black-and-silver tulips which add so striking a note to the modern decorative scheme.

Maybe the movie star who started a fashion of wearing artificial radishes at her waist and on her hat will encourage brides to cultivate such oddities as the prickly-pear, or such striking flowers as the flaming poinsettia.—Violet Manning.

Sure to get it at . . .

GRACE BROS.

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PRICE RIGHT



1—An "All Occasion" Hat in SILK-FINISHED FELT, finely stitched and smartly trimmed with quill to tone. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Beige, and Lido. Fittings: 21 to 23 inches. Usual Price - 12/11
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2—Another style in STITCHED FELT. Deep fitting. All individual styles. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Beige and Lido. Sizes: 22 to 23 ins. Usual Price - 12/11
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3—Here's a smart style selected from 200 INDIVIDUAL SILK VELVETS, TOQUES and BRIMMED HATS, with quill trimmings. Fittings: 21 to 22 1/2 in. Usual Price - 12/11
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4, 5, 6—Matrons' READY-TO-WEAR SILK-FINISHED FELTS. Three from a collection of six styles. Colours: Black, Navy, Lido, Beige, and Brown. Fittings: 21 1/2, 22, to 23 inches. Usual Price - 6/11
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And note the low price! Choose from a variety of attractive styles and popular colourings in Small Women's & Women's Sizes.
PRICE, each 11/9
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"GRACE" Style 247

A strong back-lacing Corset designed for the short and medium figure. An ideal corset for complete figure control without restriction.
Waists 24 to 36 in.

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Special Purchase! 250 pairs WHITE AND COLOURED AUSTRALIAN BLANKETS

Purchased at a discount owing to slight soils and imperfections which will not affect their wearing ability.

SAVE 5/- IN THE £ ON THESE WARM WOOLLY COMFORTS.

These prices represent the qualities of which we have quantities. Space does not permit us to quote all the numerous prices and sizes in this purchase.

WHITE ALL WOOL BLANKETS

Soft, cosy, warm qualities. Singly whipped. Neat borders.
Single Beds—Size 54 x 78 ins. **19/11** Double Beds—Size 72x90 ins. **33/6**
Regular Value 27/6. PAIR **30/11** Regular Value 44/6. PAIR **41/11**

COLOURED ALL WOOL BLANKETS

Woven from pure wool yarns. Assorted sizes and colourings. Plain and check Blankets, beautifully soft and warm. Singly whipped.
SINGLE BEDS. **30/11** | THREE-QUARTER BEDS. **41/11**
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PRICE PER PAIR **47/6** | PRICE PER PAIR **49/6**
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Grace Bros. White All Wool 'Sweet Slumber' Blankets
Many winters' warmth in every pair. Soft, warm, fleecy, with neat coloured headings.
Single Beds—Size 54 x 72 ins. **22/3** | Three-quarter Beds—Size 63 x 81 ins. **29/6**
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A LOVELY SKIN RADIATES TRUE BEAUTY



Let these creams
give you the youthful
skin men admire

The skin loveliness you have always longed for will become a reality when you start using Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. This cream penetrates the deepest pores, removes dirt, grime, and all traces of old make-up, and restores the skin to the freshness of youth. Just as indispensable for your complexion are Vivatone, the exhilarating skin freshener, and Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream, the ideal foundation for your make-up.

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Obtainable at all chemists
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REDUCED PRICES

Large tube 1/6, Jars 2/6 and 4/.

A CLEAR & GLOWING COMPLEXION



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CARLISTA
is ideal in the
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Sluggish Liver,
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Gout, Lumbago,
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2/3
LARGE JAR

Write for Free Sample

THE basis of all beauty is a well-regulated system—free from constipation, no accumulation of uric acid, an intestinal tract kept clean of poisons which affect the whole functioning of the body.

Why go on day after day labouring under the disabilities, the torture, the depression that CONSTIPATION creates when you can banish them forever by the simple expedient of taking a small dose of CARLISTA every morning?

You will feel the benefit from the very day you start this health-giving habit. Get a bottle of CARLISTA to-day. There are at least 54 average doses in a jar—each one a passport on the road to perfect health.

The constituents of Carlista Salts are absolutely harmless to the system and combine to make a laxative, giving gentle and effective action.

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MINERAL SPRING
SALTS

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
And at WASHINGTON H. SOUL, PATTERSON & CO. LTD.
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DEFINITELY DESIRABLE!

Our Three-in-One Concession Pattern

THIS clever, expertly-cut three-in-one pattern brings you the season's happiest variations in mode—for 6d. And note: The skirt is cut on the cross.

So popular has our three-in-one pattern service been, and so increasingly insistent have been the requests from all over Australia for more of these fashionable designs that we are extending this service. And in order to cover the cost of production, we are, for the future, and starting with to-day, making a charge of 6d. for each week's pattern.

AND don't you think this pattern is absurdly cheap? The three frock-designs it contains are uniquely smart, and cut on becoming, flattering, lines . . . each is a symphony in graceful moulding, each achieves sophisticated poise, for, mark you, among other things, the skirt is cut on the cross!

But in case you're in the dark as to what this three-in-one pattern service is: Each week, over an extended period, we introduce to you one pattern from which the three frocks pictured may be cut, and for which easy, simple directions are obtainable. Each dress is different from the other.

The skirt, as noted before, is cut on the cross—recognised as supreme for figure grace, and sophisticated chic. It moulds the figure—form-fitting, but form-fitting with grace.

YOU will love the simplicity and artistic finish of the first style depicted here. It has a pretty contrast flared piece inserted under the round neck trimming. The bodice is left perfectly plain; the belt a soft swathe.

The second style has been sketched for you in small-patterned fabric. Skirt adorned smartly now with two patch pockets. The buttoned cowl effect is very becoming; tassel a novel idea.

The last of the dress suggestions is a lovely, symmetrical trim-tailored frock. The front is quite dashing, finished with a scarf with wide mitred ends.

Pattern is for a 36-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: Flared trimming, 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide.

To obtain pattern, and simple directions, cut out coupon, and either call with it or send it to our offices. It will cost only 6d. And note: We pay postage.

THREE-IN-ONE COUPON

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

To obtain above concession pattern, send or bring in 6d. to any of our offices, together with this coupon, filled in. For addresses see elsewhere. We pay postage. (Three-in-one coupon, 8/6/35.)



When
Somebody's
overtired in
your House

— "almost too tired to eat," with nerves worked up and digestion too weak to benefit from ordinary food. Remember, there is nothing like Benger's Food for quick recuperation. It soothes the distressed stomach, and is readily absorbed when the system is unable to digest ordinary food. Benger's Booklet will help sufferers from the unrest of weak digestion. Post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George Street, Sydney.

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No. 1 size — 3/6
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DEAF

The New
"AUDI-EAR"
NO BATTERIES
NO CORDS
NO NOISE
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Absolutely new
Acoustical Principle. 7 Days' Trial.
Write for Particulars.

E. ESDAILE & SONS
Scientific Instrument Makers and Opticians,
42 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

WHILE the two bathed, shaved, and otherwise prepared for dinner, Leonard Holt kept up a feeble, nervous conversation that was utterly uncharacteristic, as Ian's cheque, and presently pocketed himself off, declaring that he would stop for a cocktail with his valet on his way to the Austrian Ministry.

So preoccupied and disturbed was the usually debonair and untroubled Ian Gray that for the first time in many years he aroused himself to discover that he had actually arrived early for the dinner. As he crossed the sidewalk he had the unpleasant impression that inside the great, brilliantly-lit building, servants were hurrying to complete preparations for the dinner.

Yet there was nothing to hear out this presentation in the manner of the correct and untroubled footman in plum and gold who flung open the ponderous door of plate-glass and beautifully wrought iron and begged the premature guest to enter.

After surrendering his opera cloak and hat to the footman, Ian uncomfortably followed a cadaverous-looking butler into a glittering drawing-room that seemed as limitless and deserted as the steppes of Russia.

"His Excellency will be down

BLACK Orchids

Continued from Page 5

directly," the majordomo informed him with a sympathetic air. "Will Monsieur have the goodness to wait?"

Cursing himself for his absent-mindedness, Ian nodded, pulled out his cigarette case, and commenced to wander around the great empty room like a lost soul and feeling utterly alone. A rather fine Roberts on the wall opposite attracted his attention, and he stood for some moments critically inspecting the ample proportions of a decidedly Dutch Venus; then, drawing irritably upon a cigarette, he wandered towards the open door of a conservatory, the fragrance and seclusion of which appealed strongly.

He felt a little less foolish as he wandered at random along aisles set with various species of palms and flowering shrubs. Evidently the Austrian ministry was an elaborate affair—relics perhaps of the brighter and more opulent days when Franz-Joseph directed the destinies of the Dual Empire. Here and there he discovered a number of delightfully arranged bowers. One of these particularly attracted him and he stood watching a pretty little

fountain which, for once, did not boast a fat, stupidly-grinning child that, for no good reason, clutched a fish or some other marine creature. Instead, a beautifully executed little satyr blew watery notes from his reed pipe and squinted up at the moody American with such a gay, mocking expression, that Ian took to him immediately. Heaving a long sigh, he flipped aside the tails of his dress suit and dropped on to a comfortable tufted chaise longue. There he settled back.

Presently on hearing the distant front door open and shut again, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank heavens here's somebody else. Hope it's Harris." It was queer how much he liked that quiet, dry-humoured Welshman who served the British Ministry as military attaché. His hope was dashed, however, when there came ringing through the empty rooms the sound of a woman's voice. Instantly he was struck with the singular softness and mellowness of its quality. There was in it the ringing vitality of an old wine goblet that is lightly struck, mingled with it were the deeper tones of a man.

He started to rise, then sank back. Why the devil begin the inevitable round of minute small talk sooner than was absolutely necessary?

His thoughts reverted unconsciously to Leonard. A thousand dollars! Good Lord! That was a lot of money, but if Leonard needed it, well—that was all there was to it. Then with that sturdy loyalty which had won him his host of friends he dismissed the matter from his mind.

Who would be at the dinner? Undoubtedly a better than average percentage of women that conceded intelligence to charm and beauty. For Baron Hugo von Siskimar was an ex-imperial guardman, a bocheur and, though some sixty-odd years along did not yet require spectacles to appreciate a well-turned ankle.

CHAPTER 3

THE tall young diplomat's reverie was broken by the sound of a light footstep. Someone else had been attracted by the effulgent spring moonlight that beat timidly through the conservatory's glass roof. Thankfully, he realised the intruder had chosen a different path than that he had selected. Good, he could loaf another few minutes. Terrible bore, these formal dinners!

Subconsciously he realised those footsteps were doing queer things. Light and quick, they had entered the friendly gloom, and now they were moving slowly and heavily and finally they slowed to an uncertain, stumbling cadence. His curiosity piqued, he raised his head to discover that he could glimpse the motion of a woman's evening gown beyond the palm fronds before him. Quite without warning, there suddenly appeared in the moonlight the small proudly-held head and the delicate shoulders of one of the loveliest girls that Ian, well-schooled in charms as he was, had ever beheld.

She halted with her face in profile to gaze up, faintly at the moon, quite unconsciously revealing every detail of her features. Here was a nose that was just short enough to be quaint and intriguing, without being snub; below it was a short upper lip that bespoke the senses and a small, firmly-rounded chin which struck the silent watcher as altogether delicate and delicious. Above the cameo-like features a sleek aureole of ash-hued hair caught the moonbeams and entangled them therein.

Feasting his eyes on that exquisite moonlit loveliness, Ian remained silent as for a long moment, the girl remained motionless as any statue. On more careful observation he noted that the girl's barely perceptible cheekbones were higher than usual, giving to her face a faintly foreign cast that was infinitely intriguing.

Fearful of startling this lunar-illumined apparition, Ian remained quite still, studying with a connoisseur's appreciation, the fragile beauty of her who, though less than thirty feet away, was undoubtedly quite unconscious of his presence.

Suddenly he noticed the glimmer of something on her cheek, and with a sharp pang of alarm realised that something was sliding over her cheek like a fugitive drop of quicksilver. Another appeared and then another. Ian felt a sense of outrage—it was so incredible that such a moon-silvered goddess should weep. There was something quite ghastly about the way she stood there weeping silently, and he fought down an absurd impulse to spring up and make an offer to solve her troubles.

With a quick, deft motion like that of a fish darting just below the surface of the sea, the girl suddenly dropped her small patrician head and two slender and long-fingered hands appeared, clutching an evening-bag set with rhinestones. She had just opened its jewelled clasp, when from the depths of the great house sounded a man's voice, calling in low tones:

"Lolita, Lolita, wo sind sie?"

Please turn to Page 54

TAKE OFF

AS MUCH AS

18lbs. of UGLY FAT

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Observe the figures of the Lovely RKO STARS

Without **THYROID** or Dangerous Drugs
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Get slim World's Fastest Safe Way. Don't bother with Diet Menus—Eat Big Meals, go about, look well, and Enjoy Life. Take in your Dresses! Wear Smart, Slim New Styles! Don't injure Your Heart with Exercises!

BE FAT NO LONGER. New, Amazing Enjola Reducing Tonic succeeds where other treatments fail. Easy as A.B.C. Takes off fat where you want it off—slims off the pounds of ugly flesh that spoil your charm and may endanger health and life!

Reduces BUST, HIPS, WAIST—Big Heavy Limbs Gain Pleasing Proportions

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END MIDDLE-AGE SPREAD—
EXIT DOUBLE CHIN!

How many inches do you want to lose? How many pounds of ugly flesh? Enjola will take off more inches, more pounds faster and surer than other methods and, unlike ill-advised thyroid capsules, crude, over-violent salts, diets that starve, exercises that strain, Enjola is Easy and Absolutely Harmless! If you want a slenderer, daintier, more charming figure—within a few days—get a 3/6 bottle of ENJOLA from the nearest chemist. Follow easy directions, and if not delighted with the results of very first bottle—money back! Be sure you get genuine ENJOLA. In the Brown and White Package. Should your chemist not yet have it, send this Coupon, and Enjola will reach you promptly, by post, plainly wrapped.

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Energises as it Reduces!

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"We have analysed a sample submitted to us of 'Enjola' Slimming Tonic. We find that the preparation contains no thyroid substance or extract, and no drugs which might be deleterious to human health.
"We find that the composition of this substance is suitable for the purpose for which it is intended."
"Yours faithfully, (Signed)
(Open to Inspection)"

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To the Enjola Company, Suite 1E, 45-53 Carrington St., Sydney. Please send me a bottle of Enjola. I enclose P.N. 6/6 and 6d. extra for postage. (Keep note of P.N. number.)
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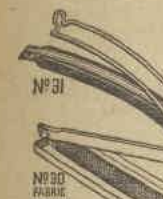

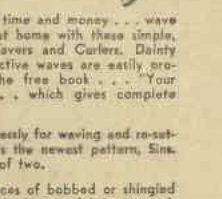


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Preserve your wave with Hinde's Setting Lotion, delicately scented in the different perfumes. 3/- per bottle.

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Next time you buy sanitary pads be sure you ask for Equalizer Kotex with its processed centre that gives 20 to 30 per cent. extra service.

This patented method of protection must be used before you can understand all that it means in extra comfort and safety.

Kotex has the famous "pharmaceutical" ends so important to good grooming, not merely rounded ends but tapered and flattened so that they will be entirely inconspicuous. Also the softness, absorbency and easy disposability.

Kotex can be worn on either side with equal protection. It is amazingly comfortable, light in weight but safe and certain in protection for those hours when safety is of greatest importance.

Obtainable from Drapers and Chemists, Everywhere.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER? Many a mother wonders. Write Miss Lilian Clark, G.P.O. Box 2580 E.E. Sydney, for free copy of the story booklet entitled "Margaret May's Twelfth Birthday."

KOTEX AUSTRALIA LIMITED, MAKERS, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

40

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

June 8, 1935.

CASCADES of JOYOUS COLOR

Hibiscus blooms for many purposes... but a kimono first of all!

SEND for this wonderful transfer—it's a Bertha Maxwell design! Send also for the expertly cut Eastern style kimono and make yourself the loveliest kim.—one worth guineas for less than ten shillings!

Again, the exclusive transfer may be used to decorate a fire-screen, curtains, cushions to match, or small wall hangings.

Every girl longs for a richly-embroidered kimono. Lovely ones come from the East and tantalise our eyes as we pass the shop windows; but their prices, alas! are so high that we pass by. Why not acquire one for a few shillings? They are the easiest things in our wardrobe to make. The simple pattern needs no fine dressmaking; a few yards of real silk have never been cheaper than they are to-day.

SILK, pattern, and this transfer, plus a few skeins of silk, and all the expense is over... you do the rest yourself as a joyous pastime, and the result is sweeter and better than you can buy anywhere in any shop. Less than 10/- will make a charming little kim.—with your own needle to increase its value many times. Japanese silk, washing satin, Fuji silk, or crepe-de-chine are all lovely materials for making kimonos. These can be made up without lining for daily wear and frequent washing. Neat French seams will do the work quickly on the machine, and with the easy-to-make pattern (which costs 1/-) you will be able to cut out and make one of these attractive kimonos in a morning and work the lovely design given for the back and sleeves at your leisure.

Four yards of 36-inch material are required for this pattern, which has three pieces: half back, half front, and half back sleeve. The full lengths of the back and front are not given. This must be extended to whatever length is required. Allow for turnings and hem. Place pattern on double material—the back to the fold; place the sleeve on the fold to avoid a seam on the shoulder.

Join shoulder seams; join sleeves with back notches matching, and machine back and front for eight inches from shoulder. Machine lower edges of sleeve together and up side front for about six inches. Join side seams, machine a narrow hem down each front from waist, turn a hem at the bottom and hand-sew—it gives such a chic finish to clothing to have that last little touch of good work on our hems. Cut a cross-way strip of material five inches wide and long enough to go from waist right round neck to other side, machine one edge to gown, fold in half and hand-sew the other edge down.

Do the same to the outside edge of each sleeve, turning back the fold to form a cuff. Make a slash from remaining material.

Note: Correct directions for ironing off the transfer are given elsewhere in this article.

The transfer is a generous one, measuring 20 x 30 inches, and inside its margin it is covered with plenty of free, large, and simple hibiscus flowers and leaves. The price is 1/6, post free. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Single hibiscus blooms are lovely flowers for the needleworker. They are simple in form, with five well-displayed petals, and a long central stem which combines stamens and pistil. The leaves are somewhat heart-shaped, with pronounced notches on the edges.

All the colors of the flowers are lovely beyond description: fiery reds, pinks of every hue, rose reds, apricot shades—one may take one's choice. But all the flowers are crimson down in their hearts, at the base of each petal tinted a deep crimson-lake hue, shading

quickly away into the particular color of the petals.

This tint is indicated in the drawing by the shading lines near the centres, which will give workers an indication of the slope of the lines as well as the tint. The pistil-stamen centre is usually cream or pink, with red dots at the top. There is also a cluster of golden, fuzzy little stamens surrounding the stem-centre, just below the top dots, but these have been omitted from this design for simplicity; needles are limited in their expression, and cannot deal always with very tiny details.

Examine a flower if possible to check these points.

The Transfer

WHEN you get the transfer, examine it carefully before using it. You will notice that there are two long branches of flowers and leaves, arranged so that they may be stamped on the back of your kimono just as they are; but if you wish to make a different arrangement, placing one branch lower or higher than the other, take a pair of scissors and clip the two branches carefully apart.

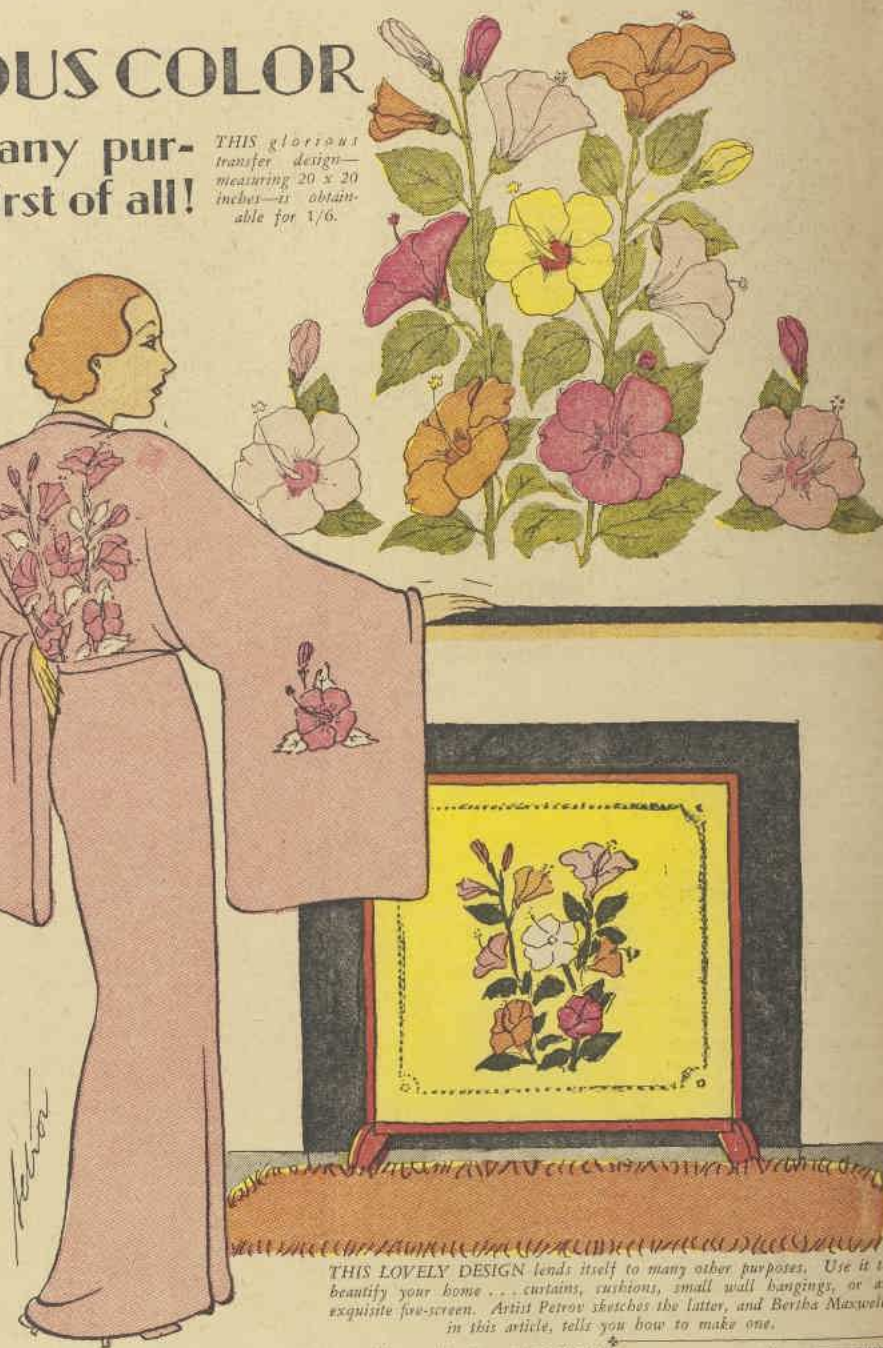
There is only one place where a leaf is lying beneath the adjoining group; clip through, and piece up the missing part with a pencil, it is quite easy. Then clip away the two sleeve pieces which you will find arranged down one side of the transfer.

Make up the kimono first, then press all the seams and hems very well, and iron it all over, so that it is smooth and trim. Lay it out singly—no parts doubled under—on the ironing-sheet, and try the pieces of design where you want them, then iron them off. Place a fold of the sheet inside the sleeves, and iron off these parts.

The Embroidery

FILOSELLE is the nicest silk for the work. It is stranded in six strands, very economical to use, and smooth to work, and the dyes are reasonably fast to careful washing. It costs a little more than twice the price of stranded cotton, but if expense must be considered, stranded will do beautifully on silk material, as it is so lustrous and strong.

The following are all good stranded cotton shades for hibiscus in Clark's Anchor threads: Pinks to scarlets, P.465 to P.469; coral pinks, P.503, P.504, P.505; reds, P.596 to P.599; apricots and salmon, P.536 to P.545. For greens, use P.500, P.576, or P.577. The stems are greyish-browns of varying hues, an olive-



THIS glorious transfer design—measuring 20 x 30 inches—is obtainable for 1/6.

YES, EVERY GIRL and woman long for a richly-embroidered kimono. The real Eastern ones are too expensive, alas, but why not make a beauty for yourself. Exclusive pattern costs 1/-, and Bertha Maxwell's wonderful hibiscus transfer costs 1/6. Send for them!

green—P.434 or P.435—will suit very well.

The Stitches

STITCHES are a matter for your own taste and time. If you wish to fill the work solidly, long-and-short stitch cannot be excelled for covering the design and showing the beauty of the silk thread.

For quicker work, buttonholing all round the leaves and flowers over one or two threads is very handsome; satin-stitching in the same manner is much the same. Light outlining gives a very quick finish, using two strands of thread, with a little satin work over dots and folds.

APPLIQUE is lovely for these large flowers. It can be turned and hemmed

into position, with the centres lightly stitched in; or buttonholed or satin-corded in the more usual manner.

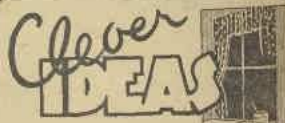
Hemmed appliques are becoming very popular, and have a quaint charm of their own, as they show no hard edges, the stitches being small and invisibly made with matching threads.

FIRE-SCREENS are another splendid use for this design. Many old homes contain shabby old screens with moth-eaten woodwork; if the frames are quite good they are so easy to renovate.

A heavy, dull natural linen should be used, or a good beige color; pieces of this design can be clipped and arranged in a free, natural manner on the material, which, when worked, should be backed by a similar plain piece of linen and then re-framed in an old frame or sent to a cabinet-maker to make up. No stitchings must show on the backs of screens, as they are seen from both sides at times.

Screen embroidery should be well and fully worked for a lasting effect of beauty and color. Light stitching is quite out of place in interior decoration of this kind. The design is admirably suited for curtains, cushions to match, or small wall hangings.

THIS LOVELY DESIGN lends itself to many other purposes. Use it to beautify your home... curtains, cushions, small wall hangings, or an exquisite fire-screen. Artist Petrov sketches the latter, and Bertha Maxwell, in this article, tells you how to make one.



Handy Sand
ALWAYS KEEP a quantity of sand somewhere handy in case of fire. If fat catches fire it is almost impossible to put it out, or once with water if there happens to be a great deal of draught. Sand is an excellent thing for emergencies of this kind.

Sauces and Soups.
SAUCES AND soups are best conserved in earthenware pans. They should be boiled up again each day, allowed to cool in the kitchen, and should not be returned to the larder until cool.

To Keep Cream.
CREAM MAY be kept for 24 hours if scalded without sugar, and by the addition of the latter ingredient it will remain good for at least 36 hours, provided always that it is kept in a cool, airy place.

NIGHT AND DAY it Wears a Sunny Smile!

Colored with sunshine the mission of this little room is to chase all gloom away . . .

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

WITHOUT, yes, but within this haven the sun never goes down! Night and day it lingers happily, disdainful of gloom and wintry chill . . . knowing full well that all weary ones who enter here will soon be cheered, and so soon revived.

NOWADAYS we know that color has more than a skin-deep influence. Modern psychology has established that it plays a most important part in health and has a curative value in disease.

Color can help to alter the deeper moods, and a depressed and wearied feeling might, if it were traced to its source, be found to be due to the drab color of walls and furnishings.

Roughly, colors can be divided into those which stimulate and those which soothe. And there is no reason why they should not be mixed in one household.

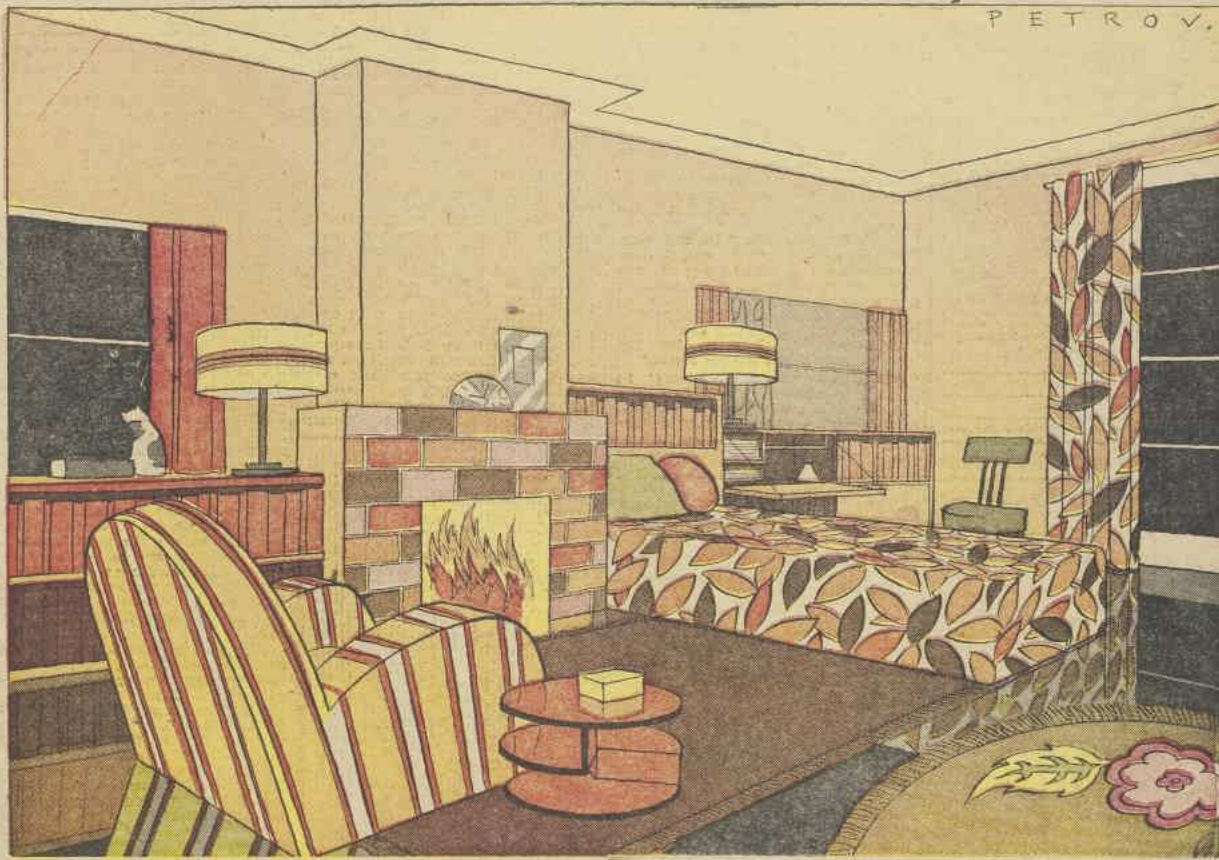
Of course, the stimulants should be used with care. Note how these are held in check by clever introduction and combination of the earthy colors in this happy room.

No one could hang on to a "fit of the blues" in a room such as this. It is destined to cheer, and offers many happy suggestions to all home-lovers.

There is nothing pretentious about it; nothing grand about furniture and furnishings—even the deep-seated chair and the luxurious-looking divan might be hiding age 'neath their radiant covers.

Shall we look into this colorful room a little closer?

Then we'll take into account first of all the fireplace, since it is the dominating feature of the room—or of all living-rooms, in fact, throughout the winter months. The face of this fireplace, be it noted, tones in beautifully with the hangings and the cover of the divan. This latter is a happy inspiration. Here one could, cold and weary after the day, stretch full-length, luxuriously comfort-



ONE COULD SAY with truth that in this room the very spirit of the sunshine has been cleverly captured. So has luxurious comfort at little cost. What welcome it holds for the cold and weary after the day's work is done. Just look at the colorful divan, for instance, placed invitingly by the glowing hearth. Here, with shaded lamp and well-loved book, the patter of rain on the roof, even the shrill cry of the wintry wind would be sweet music to the ears.

able in the warmth of the firelight's glow. Here, with a shaded lamp and a well-loved book, how pleasant the beat of the rain on the roof, the howling wind . . .

And note the construction of the mantelpiece, austere almost in its simplicity but, like the rest of the room, full of ideas for those about to build or reconstruct their home.

Clever Illusion

I AM keen to talk about the windows in this room. I would ask you to note the horizontal panelling of both. The central "window," by the way, is a clever illusion. For it is in reality but two mirrored strips harmonising with the windows in placing and treatment even to hangings, as you can see. Color magic is reflected in this mirror, and not color alone, but life and movement are radiated. Gives, too, a happy spaciousness to the scene.

Now, I would like to draw your attention to the hangings. One would not think it possible that one room could carry with equanimity two distinctly different types and colors—one plain, and taking for its color cue the bright brick-red motif of the boldly-patterned hangings, decorating the deep french windows and divan.

Designers to-day give us a wide range of choice curtain materials at prices to suit all purposes. Many well-designed, harmonious, and, above all, fadeless fabrics (claimed as such, anyway) may be purchased under two shillings per yard.

On either side of the fireplace simple bookshelves fit comfortably into the alcoves—always a pleasant possibility when the fireplace is centred and not "cornered," as in so many homes. But here is a clever idea: the introduction of a built-in writing-desk. This is

achieved ever so simply, as you can see by studying the picture. A flat board painted to match the shelves, a couple of books, some copper wire, and two hinges were the fundamental requirements. The handyman affixed it in no time, and also made compartments with 3-ply wood to hold envelopes, notepaper and the like.

Harmonious Walls

I WANT you now to note the walls, which offer a quiet, yet harmonious, background for the room.

There are, as you know, hosts of new schemes for the backgrounds of the modern room, be it living-room, bedroom, or dining-room. "Matchings" play an important part in every method of background, so that all the accessories and incidentals may be as colorful and as varied as one likes. And to find a background that will tone with furniture and decoration is easy enough.

Modern wallpapers are delightful, although some of the designs are rather overpowering for the artistically-minded. But when chosen with discretion they can make a room look both distinguished and cheerful. Paint and kalsomine (or calcimine) are equally popular.

The latter is to be in the most delicate shadings which are a perfect foil to patterned furnishings, as is exemplified in the colorful picture above.

Of course, both fabrics and wallpapers can do much to alter the apparent dimensions of a room. For example, great height can be apparently reduced by using a design which emphasises strong horizontal lines, while, on the other hand, a low room can be heightened in effect by introducing a perpendicular line.

In this room the floors are dark, walls light, and ceiling lighter. A point worth keeping in mind, for in the planning of a room one must conform—having regard for balance—to this fundamental rule: dark, light, lighter.

Other Interesting Points

THERE are many other interesting points in this room. . . . For instance, the quaint, low, circular table with its handy shelves which, too, would hold the tea-tray comfortably. . . . The smart pattern of the luxuriously comfortable deep-seated armchair—its pattern more or less repeated in the sensible, shaded, table-lamp—sensitively placed, too, when the hearth becomes the glowing centre of your home and hospitality.—E.E.G.

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Y

ES, she was white; white as tall Harry, starting his heart out at her; white as Harry's stocky, sturdy father with the sea-blue eyes, and the red stain of the sea on his cheeks.

And, certainly, she was Lily Greenless or the devil—yet, how could it be, after all these years?

Cooper had never been one to balk his fences. He left Harry, standing there at gaze, and marched alone right up to the curved chair. To the gold-and-white girl who sat on it, he said curiously—"I'm James Cooper, who in God's name are you?"

"I am Lily," she answered, fixing him hard, with the eyes of a stranger—Lily's very eyes, that didn't know him.

"Not Lily Greenless," he said, with growing certainty, as he saw, at close quarters, the flawless beauty, the untouchable, unworldly youth of her. Miracles were past.

"Lily Greenless was my mother. She died a great many years ago. When the Mission left, she stayed here because she had married my father."

"And who was your father?" he asked, uncomfortably, conscious of a certain cold hostility in her manner. She did not immediately reply. The

shuffling and dancing had ceased; the fingers were silent. The hall full of people hardly seemed to breathe, watching the pair. Now and then the heads of the old men turned from Lily to the tall form of Harry Cooper; to Lily, back again.

"William Johnston," answered Lily, at last.

"The trader? Is he alive?"

"He is dead last year."

"And left you—alone—among the

"Among my friends," she answered proudly. "They have made me their Maid. They will make me their Queen."

She spoke with a certain clipped accent, but her English was good. Johnston Cooper thought, must have educated the girl. Lord, how like Lily she was! save for the flash of savagery, or something like it, that shot out now and then from her deep-lidded eyes, showed in her full, cruelly scarlet mouth. Not in her blood, that, not in her upbringing. Where? Cooper

MAID of NIU-NIU

Continued from Page 34

couldn't say. Harry the highly educated might have given the word he wanted—"environment."

If he had more to ask, Lily did not give him time. "Why did you leave my mother, break her heart?" she demanded. "I have had no mother, because of you." That was pretty thick, Cooper thought; why, she had married the trader chap. . . . well, maybe she had to live; well, maybe, like the little girl in the book by Stevenson, "she couldn't make out to live," after all. Anyhow, she hadn't.

He answered, unthinkingly. "Because I wanted to go and make my fortune."

"Did you make it?"

"Yes."

"Did you marry someone?"

"Yes. That's my son."

She threw a swift glance at Harry. About him, the young warriors were beginning to gather, to mass themselves as if by accident. Harry didn't notice; he was looking at her.

"So you have got all you wanted," the girl said, a little more swiftly. "So you have been very happy!"

"By God, no!" burst out Cooper. He knew now that he hadn't. That he had left the happiness that was meant for him, the life he should have had, behind him the night he kissed Lily Greenless and sailed and sailed away. Gladys and her people had held him fast; Harry was keeping him now, holding him half-awake, half-asleep, in the long dream that had been his life.

The girl was softening; she glanced at him almost kindly, but now, there was something strange in her glance—excitement? Fear?

"They were never bad folk," he reminded himself. "They wouldn't do you in." But he turned from Lily; stared about the hall.

The young men had surrounded Harry. They were edging himself away from Lily. Something was going to happen.

Lily said, suddenly, "You should not have come back," slipped out of her curved chair, and melted into the crowd of girls, vanishing he didn't know where.

Frightened, she was, yet laughing, too—grinning, you might almost have called it. If she hadn't been so pretty. What did it mean?

The answer to that came immediately, with a blaring blast from the steamer. One long call, three short. She was going! And right on the sound, as if it had been the signal for which they were waiting, the young men, armed, closed about Cooper and his son, sweeping them together, and barring their way. At the same instant all the doors were closed.

"Shanghaied, by God!" cried Cooper.

It was late in the afternoon. Long since the steamer must have seen the last of Niū-Niū, glad to be clear of the reefs and shoals of that notorious island. Westward, through lemon-green waves of palm, the sun shone low upon the white walls of the cottage assigned by the old men's council to Cooper and his son. They had been escorted there as soon as the steamer was safe out of signalling distance. The old man Orao had made things quite clear; and if he was feeble, if he resembled a Japanese bronze monkey more than anything else, his following of a hundred youths armed with clubs and spears gave weight to his orders.

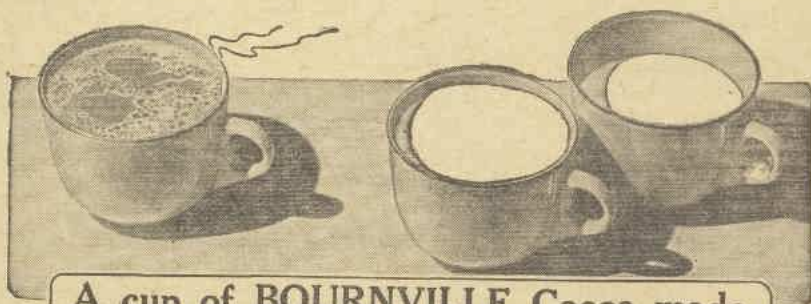
These were that the white men should keep to their cottage, and to the roadway immediately before it, and that they should refrain from putting up signals for ships. Food would be given them; beds had been provided. They would be well treated, and if they made no trouble of any kind Cooper would be allowed to leave by the Donald Cameron trading boat when she called in a few weeks' time.

"What about me?" demanded Harry, fairly smoking with wrath. He had disregarded his father's advice to "take things quiet; you can't fight a hundred to one," and had, in consequence, been somewhat knocked about on the way. The youths had refrained from touching his face, but his ribs were sore with the pokes of spear-butts and the unaccustomed wooden club-heads; and on some of the noses of Orao's young men there were marks of a good British fist.

If Orao heard the question he did not answer it. Instead, he beckoned Cooper with one withered finger, and half in broken English, half in island Maori, began to make a speech.

Please turn to Page 45

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—Women's Weekly photo.

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"Protect
THOSE EYES!"



YOUR child's sight . . . if it is sacrificed you cannot replace it. You would not willingly take risks — but do you realise that incorrect lighting can cause irreparable damage to eyes?

Are you sure that the lighting of your home is correct? Are you sure that lamps are at the right height and angle? Have you absolute confidence that there is not too much glare or shadow? If you are in doubt, don't delay.

CONSULT YOUR ELECTRICAL RETAILER

The price of neglect may be your child's sight. Isn't it better to consult an expert? It costs nothing to do so. Telephone or call and see the nearest electrical retailer. Ask him to advise you on the correct lighting of your home. Ask him to tell you how to safeguard the sight of every member of your family. Remember—GOOD LIGHT means GOOD SIGHT—good sight means good health . . . why take risks in these vital matters for the sake of a call on your electrical retailer?



**GOOD
LIGHT
means
GOOD
SIGHT**

Inserted by The Electricity Department, The Municipal Council of Sydney, Town Hall, Sydney.

SQUINTS CAN BE CURED



Many parents who have children with a squint or a cross-eye, which is most disfiguring, will be glad to know that we have a synoptoscope which is the latest and most scientific instrument for correcting and exercising the external muscles to relieve eye strain. In most cases the sight can be restored, and the eye become straight by a course of training, without an operation. With a synoptoscope the character of the squint can be diagnosed and upon this diagnosis depends the treatment.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist
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(2 Doors from George St.) SYDNEY, and at Newcastle

J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist
378 PITT STREET
(Opp. Anthony Hordern)

AMAZING COMBINED BROADCASTS

"Checking HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE with Food"

Monday, 10th June, at 8.58 p.m.

2 CH
Sydney

"Food for GASTRIC ULCERS"

Thursday, 13th June, at 8.58 p.m.

2 HD
Newcastle

By D. C. Muir, B.A., LL.B.,
Secretary of the Good Health Club of Australia

Those unable to hear these lectures can obtain the information from the Good Health Club of Australia (see Page 12 this issue).

2GB INVITES YOUR CO-OPERATION

LET US BANISH DRUDGERY

2GB believes that by co-operative effort drudgery can be banished from the Australian home. Drudgery is all too prevalent. It ages our womenfolk and spoils their temper. It deprives them of leisure for relaxation and study. It robs them of the company of their husbands and children, sending them to bed tired out before the rest of the household. Believing that the remedy lies in the hands of the women themselves, 2GB has launched a Banish Drudgery Campaign. Listen in each week day, except Wednesday, at 11.0 a.m. to the Banish Drudgery Session, conducted by Mrs. Dorothy Jordan. See that your husband hears the Banish Drudgery Session each Saturday night at 8.35 p.m. We need his help, too.

2GB....
GOODWILL
SESSION

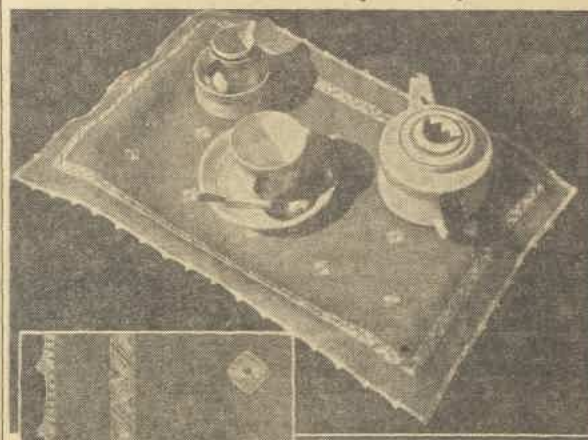
VIENNESE NIGHTS

Two words only, but they contain, it seems, a whole world of romance, and adventure, and music. We all dream that some day we shall visit this city that can laugh and dance with a gaiety that never flags, in spite of the sorrows of its centuries. Do not miss this session that brings you the music and romance of Old Vienna, the gayest, saddest town in all the world. Every Wednesday night, at 8.0 p.m.

2GB

Needlework Notions

Half a Yard of Linen ... makes this Pretty Traycloth!



Would you like it? We'll supply the transfer, which is exclusive to readers of *The Australian Women's Weekly*. And here are the full directions for making.

IT IS AMAZING what one can do with a scrap of material, and the picture above, with a close-up of the design showing, is just one instance. The transfer used for this modern and unusual design is obtainable at our offices for 9d. Don't you like it?

WE give the quantity of material required, linen, embroidery, and crochet cotton, the transfer, the way to work the design, the directions for the simple

crochet round the edge—and even a lovely color scheme for you to follow.

For all occasions, sky blue linen worked with pale cream cotton is a delightful combination. Upon the tray which you hear to the bedside, what could be more welcoming and refreshing? And it will most beautifully harmonise with almost any color scheme in china ware or furnishings.

Materials required for the traycloth: Eight skeins "Anchor" stranded cotton F.601 (pale cream), 1 yard sky blue linen, width 36 inches, 1 ball crochet cotton, No. 1 steel crochet hook, and the exclusive and unusually pretty transfer, price 9d, at any of our offices.

Now proceed with the making:—

Cut a piece of linen to measure 13½ by 21 inches, and transfer design.

If the embroidery is being worked in stranded cotton use 6 strands throughout. Only two stitches are used, these being button-stitch and stem-stitch. The stem-stitch is used to outline the narrow border line of design. The small triangles in this border are worked in button-stitch and the same stitch is used for the small squares dotted about in the centre of the mat.

Keep the corners of the triangle and square shapes as pointed as possible.

Now crochet round the edge, using the ball of cotton and the No. 1 steel crochet hook. Here are the simple directions:—

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; tr., treble; d.c., double crochet; s.s., slip-stitch.

Make a 1 inch turning on to wrong side of mat, and work on right side over hem as follows:—

* 7 d.c. leaving one-eighth of an inch between each d.c., 1 tr. into same space as 7th d.c., 3 ch., s.s. into top of tr., 1 d.c. into same space, repeat from * all round.

WHY GO ON

Suffering from Women's Abdominal complaints?... We can painlessly treat you, most likely cure you, at little cost. 20 years' expert service at this address!

Mrs. J. BENNET

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STATION HOUSE, RAWSON PLACE
SYDNEY
Phone: MA4168

Learn Hairdressing and Beauty Culture



Where future employment is sure

The Master Ladies Hairdressing Academy (Registered) is under the auspices of the Master Ladies Hairdressers' Association of New South Wales (Incorporated under the Companies Act of 1900).

THIS ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN and is the only tutorial establishment for this profession which will guarantee priority of employment to graduates on completion of their course. Under the direct supervision, control and operation of Master Ladies Hairdressers of international repute, a thorough training in every branch of the profession is assured, and all students are required to sit for examination to ensure competency. Secure a Diploma that secures your future.

Write or call for full details. Fees are reasonable. Enrolment and all inquiries from the Secretary.



The Master Ladies Hairdressing Academy
De Lane House, 567 Elizabeth St., Opp. Anson Memorial, SYDNEY. Phone: MA4113.

Doctor: Was the medicine useful?
Mother: Yes, doctor. Three spoonfuls cured his cough, then it cured my rheumatism, and then I cleaned the silver with the rest.

"I start the day well with a cup of KINKARA"

"Oh, bother! It can't be half-past seven! It's raining, too... and there's all that extra typing left over from yesterday—and—oh, here's my cup of Kinkara! M-m-m, the old world's not such a bad place after all. Heigh ho! There's nothing like a cup of Kinkara if you want to start the day well."

Kinkara is super-sorted tea grown on sunny mountain terraces. Rich in flavour, it is free from dust or foreign matter and gives more cups to the pound. Kinkara, "the Health tea," is good tea. It stimulates without reaction, and can be drunk with safety by people with whom ordinary teas disagree. Remember! Infuse Kinkara for 5 minutes only to get the best of its flavour.



Infuse for five minutes only.

KINKARA
Super Sorted TEA Totally Different

5-275

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

simplifies Household Cleaning

Let it polish your silver and brass ware; let it furnish your jewellery, clean your paintwork, crockery, glass or porcelain. There's a score of uses for this wonderful cleaning agent.

Now available, are Scrubb's Ammoniated LIQUID BATH SALTS, perfumed in Eau de Cologne, Pink Rose, Jasmine or Lavender. Delightfully refreshing and far superior to Bath Crystals in water softening, cleansing and perfuming properties!

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH!



MAID of NIU-NIU

Continued from Page 42

As he spoke he turned from one white man to the other, pointing his finger, now on Cooper's arm, now against Harry's chest. That Harry glared at him, only restrained from violence by the Councilor's feebleness and age, did not seem to trouble Orso in the least.

The king, he said, was just dead. An old, old man, too old to govern well of recent years. Johnston the trader had largely taken his place, and after Johnston's death the Council, the Council, Orso suggested, had done very well; but it was necessary to have a permanent head. Ni-Niu, never in the memory of man, had been without its King—or Queen.

"Or Queen," he repeated, showing his finger-end into Harry's shirt. "Like Mahe, Takani of the Cook Islands, or Salani of Tonga. Queens were very well better than Kings in some ways," Orso explained. "In others, they were—troublesome."

He went on to explain further. The girl Lily was their Maid. True, she was not of island blood, but in everything else she was a real Ni-Niu girl. To see her dance! To see her swim the breakers! To see her spear fish, and kill sharks! Not afraid to dive under, give the swift fatal stab! Oh, she was Island at heart.

They had made her Maid of Ni-Niu, given her the Maid's dress, the Maid's chaparron and hangers-on. Almost a goddess she was, after the fashion of the Islands.

But in the Islands—as Cooper doubtless knew—a Maid was not always a maid. It was the custom, when she grew rather old, as Lily was growing—Lily was twenty-two—to have her married. With marriage her power, almost divine, left her. No longer was she sacred, a thing to be worshipped. Another maid took her place, and she stepped down.

Now Lily had been very trouble-

some about this. She would not marry. They brought her all the finest young men of the island—and Cooper could judge how fine they were: just look at them!—and told her she could have her choice of any one of any two or three, if she liked. But the girl was obstinate; went so far as to say that she'd throw herself over the cliffs if they persisted. Then they said, thinking that she did not wish to lose her glory, that they would make her Queen; it was quite in the order of things for a Maid to take that place, after she married. Of course, an unmarried sovereign was a thing unheard of. Still she held out. Then the wisest of the old men—of whom he, Orso, was one—had consulted together, and they had come and told her that they would find her a white man. She said, "A white man broke my mother's heart; I am Ni-Niu in everything but color; I will not marry a white man any more than a brown man. I will not marry at all." But she blushed, and looked sideways when she said it, so the old men, who were very wise—especially himself, Orso—made magic to cause a ship to come. And behold, a ship did come, and as soon as they saw Harry—

At this point Harry broke in, violently, addressing his father:—

"Damn it all, does the old monkey think I'm going to be married to any girl by force? Or to any girl anyhow, except Elizabeth?"

Cooper said, "Hold your horses, son. A lot of things may happen before the Donald Cameron comes."

"Only one thing's going to happen that I know of, and that is that I'm going back to Elizabeth. She and I are going to stand up in St. Margaret's in exactly four months' time, if I have to knock off Orso's head and blow up the island to do it."

"T-t-t!" said Cooper pacifically. "Take things easy. You've got me with you, and I know the Islands. There's ways," he said. And he added (in consequence, as it seemed), "A lot better than it used to be, Ni-Niu is. Ah, a grand place! I'd never left it if—" He broke off short.

Harry, staring indignantly at Orso, at the youths, at the little white cottage before which they stood, the cottage that, it seemed, was to be his prison—Harry didn't listen. He was not in the habit of listening to James Cooper. It was quite enough to be kind to your father without that. And, after all, it was the Dad, with his absurd and romantic fancies—romance at fifty—who had let him in for all this. But Orso was going on; he must listen. Fly the Dad had to translate most of it. He would have liked to listen and answer, unhelped.

ORAO, it seemed, had not much more to say. The white men were to keep within bounds, and all would be well. If stray ships came—though that was not likely—and if, or when, the Donald Cameron called the doors would be shut upon the two, and guards put outside. Unless, of course, the Maid gave orders otherwise. And she would only give such orders—advised by her council—after the title of Maid was hers no longer; after she had been wedded, by all the island ceremonies, to Harry.

For years no white man like Harry, young and handsome and unwedded, had been seen in lonely Ni-Niu. It might be years before such a one was seen again. The council, in the person of Orso, gave it as its opinion that Harry might as well content at once, to save trouble. There would be no opposition from the girl; she knew better. And he, Orso, couldn't imagine a young man with blood in his body—an unmarried young man, too—doing anything at all but accept his luck, and sing over it. Or words to that effect.

"Tell him," said Harry, rather white about the lips, "that I'm as good as married. To—the finest girl in the world. A very great chief's daughter. A—a girl I love. Tell him—" He paused, swallowed, and abruptly ended—"Tell him to go to blazes!"

James Cooper, in the island Maori that came back so easily to his tongue, explained that the young chief wished to thank Orso and the council, and above all, the Maid, for their kind offer, but regretted that he did not see his way to consent.

Orso, with a good deal of dignity for one so small and naked, bowed his head, collected his young men, and disappeared.

And the two white men, seeing nothing else for it, went into the cottage. Lily was sitting on the coral pathway, outside the cottage door. She sat cross-legged, "taupo" fashion, with her limbs folded as a man folds his arms, a pose impossible to most Europeans. She had a fun in her hand, and fanned herself with it, gracefully, while she made conversation, discoursing exactly like a society woman, paying a call.

In the BEAUTY SHOPS of LONDON



The Beauty Aids of Kathleen Court

Critical, fastidious women of London are acclaiming the Kathleen Court Beauty Aids as the finest obtainable for modern requirements. In the fashionable shops of Regent Street, Bond Street, Oxford Street, you will find prominently displayed such notable beautifiers as Facial Youth, Hennafom Shampoo, Rose Petal Rouge, the Kathleen Court Face Powder, Cosmetics, and the Kathleen Court Lipsticks. In the great Department Stores, not only in London, but in the Shires and Provinces—wherever you travel, North, South, East or West—from the great Chemist Organisations, Boots, and Lewis and Burrows (over 1000 shops), you may obtain practically any Kathleen Court Product, whether made in New York, London, Sydney or Melbourne.

An exceptionally large number of such leading English Journals as "Woman and Beauty", "Weldon's", and "Modern Woman" have praised the Kathleen Court Beautifiers in no uncertain terms, while to the Kathleen Court Headquarters in Regent Street, London, come orders (hundreds every week) from all parts of the world... and grateful letters from users who report results superior to those of any other products.

Australian Beauty Aids Sold in London

While many of the Kathleen Court Beauty Products are made in America and England, a considerable number are also made in Australia. Large consignments of these were shipped to London during 1934 and sold in England, and it is believed that Kathleen Court is alone in having done this. These shipments will continue.

No Better Quality Made

It may be taken as definite that, whatever price you pay, you can get no more effective Beauty Aids than those which bear the name Kathleen Court. It is also true that, in all the world, very few cosmetics, even at the highest prices, equal the fine quality of the Kathleen Court products. What London and New York know, Australia and New Zealand Cities

also appreciate—more Kathleen Court products are sold in Australia and New Zealand than those of any other Beauty Expert. If you want the best Instant-Action Beautifying Cream, you must use "Facial Youth"... if you want the best Lipsticks (extremely difficult articles to make perfectly), you must either use those of Kathleen Court or pay twice as much for products no better... if you want a soft, gel-like powder, with shades that flatter your skin, the Kathleen Court face powders now being sold represent perfection. For practically every Beauty requirement there is a specialised Kathleen Court preparation. The moderate prices charged can only be justified by the enormous sales volume. This sales volume, maintained year after year, in the face of highly capitalised competition, can mean only one thing—the Kathleen Court Beauty Aids are quite definitely Better.

KATHLEEN COURT (ENGLAND) LIMITED
324-326, REGENT STREET, LONDON

Kidney Trouble Cured Quick by New Discovery

Doctors Praise Cystex—Works in 15 Minutes

Cleans Out Acids and Poisons ... Refreshes Blood ... Brings New Vigour in 48 Hours

There are 8 million tiny, delicate tubes in your kidneys which must work every minute of the night and day cleaning out acids, disease germs, poisons, and wastes from your blood. If your kidneys or bladder do not work right, your body gradually becomes poisoned, you feel old and worn-out before your time, and may suffer from any of these serious and dangerous symptoms: Getting Up Night, Loss of Vigour, Low Pulse, Nervousness, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Stomach, Rheumatism, Flaxiness, Dark Urine, Headache, Heartaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting, Itching, and Acidity.

But you need not suffer another day from the danger of kidney trouble or bladder weakness, thanks to a Doctor's discovery of the medical Kidney prescription called Cystex (pronounced Ciss-tex).

Dr. T. J. Bastani, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many common kidney and bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."



Dr. C. Z. Chandler

Dr. C. Z. Chandler, well-known Physician and Medical Examiner of San Francisco, recently wrote: "Since the kidneys purify the blood, the poison, colds, flu, pneumonia, and must be promptly flushed from the system; otherwise, they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully commend the use of Cystex."

Because of its world-wide success, in even the most stubborn cases, the Doctor's prescription called Cystex is offered to sufferers from kidney troubles and bladder weakness under the fair-play guarantee to stop your troubles to your complete satisfaction or your money back.

Get Cystex from any chemist and try it under the money-back guarantee. See for yourself how much younger, stronger, and healthier you will feel by using this special Kidney prescription. Cystex must stop your troubles to your entire satisfaction in 15 days, or cost you nothing under the money-back guarantee. However, of satisfaction and remember that the kidneys are encased by druggies, irritating drugs or neglect. Cystex is a specially-prepared Doctor's prescription guaranteed for Kidney trouble. Tell your chemist you must have Cystex (pronounced Ciss-tex). Schaefer & Co., Sydney and Melbourne.

120784

BANISH CATARRH Once and for All

If you are afflicted with Catarrh you know what it is to suffer from some or all of these distressing symptoms:—

- to be everlastingly clogged in your breathing passages.
- to be dulled and incapable in mind and to suffer from heavy brow aches.
- to be deafened in hearing and driven to distraction with ringing, buzzing noises in your head.
- to be hateful to yourself and objectionable to others with never-ending nose-blowing, clearing, sneezing, short breath and thick speech.
- to be languid and dispirited by day and to be kept awake at night with discharges falling into the throat.

Suffer no longer. Accept our FREE OFFER of Instant Relief. Send the convenient Coupon to-day. There is nothing to pay—nothing to promise—no obligation of any sort.

Free Instant Relief NOW AVAILABLE FOR ALL SUFFERERS

If you have Catarrh, either slight or severe, whether merely a "stuffy nose" or a sore spot at the back of your throat, or whether you have been a sufferer for years, you will be glad to accept this invitation to try, without cost or obligation, the new Eupathy Paine Distillate for Catarrh, which, though perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, gives instant relief and is remarkably effective in definitely conquering Catarrh. This Paine Distillate is non-toxic and non-irritating to the membranes. It reduces nasal swelling, relieves pain and checks excessive discharges.

Absolute Freedom from Catarrh

The results of the Eupathy three-fold Course in reaching the deep-seated source of Catarrh are astonishing. It brings about a lasting condition of internal cleanliness. No matter where the trouble is located—in the passages of head, throat, chest, in the stomach or intestines—the Eupathy plan of treatment most effectively banishes it right out of the system. Catarrhal discharges stop, the blood is purified, throat and lungs are strengthened, breathing and appetite improve, health is restored.

From past experience in thousands of cases the Eupathy Company knows that you will be not only satisfied, but so astonished and delighted with the way your Catarrh has been cleared away, that you will gladly recommend it to your friends.

The Joy of Easy Breathing

Accept our FREE OFFER to-day and you will soon experience the joy of easy breathing. Those constant headaches, choking, coughing and sneezing attacks will end. No more head noises, catarrhal throat or offensive breath due to Catarrh. Your digestion and your general health will improve beyond belief. Your senses of hearing, taste and smell will all benefit. Send NOW and prove for yourself, without financial risk, what Eupathy will do for you. Fill in the Coupon immediately—this is the first step to glorious new health and freedom from an annoying complaint which steadily gets worse if neglected, and which leads to dangerous and even deadly consequences.

E. N. Davis, Ph.C., THE EUPATHY CO., 254 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY.

Amazing FREE OFFER!

The Eupathy Company will send to every reader of this announcement who applies by forwarding the coupon below:—

1. A FREE SAMPLE of the powerful new Eupathy Paine Distillate, which will give INSTANT RELIEF, even in the worst cases.
2. A FREE SAMPLE of Eupathy Mucosolvent Tablets and Mucobrex Tablets to purify the system and bring about a wholesome condition of internal cleanliness.
3. Full particulars of the Eupathy offer to treat everybody under a binding guarantee to remedy their condition completely. Either they are fully satisfied, or it does not cost them one penny.

INSTANT RELIEF FOR CATARRH SUFFERERS

FREE COUPON

To E. N. DAVIS, Ph.C., THE EUPATHY COMPANY, Box 2508 F.E., 254 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY.

Please send me FREE, INSTANT RELIEF Sample of Eupathy Paine Distillate and Eupathy Tablets for Catarrh, together with full information of your offer to banish the trouble.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

(Please write clearly and enclose 1d. in stamps for postage.)

Please turn to Page 47

THE BODY BY EVELYN

BEAUTIFUL

BLOW, BLOW

... thou Winter Wind
Surrounded by gentle care... beauty
does not fear your boasting! □ □

Of course, your skin can stand up to searching wind and biting cold. Reasonable care and the right care—internally as well as externally—will keep it smooth, soft, and fresh... free from reddening, chapping, blemishes, and chilblains—the latter the most harassing, possibly, of the winter beauty problems. Neglect is not permissible. Neither is ignorance in these enlightened days, and remember always—prevention is better than cure.

NEVER, on any account, use hot water for washing the face in winter. Keep to lukewarm, and rinse thoroughly in cold water afterwards. Rain water is ideal as it is so perfectly soft. Use the softest of Turkish towels for drying—and dry thoroughly.

A special protective foundation is really a necessity before you make up in very cold, windy weather. And here is one which not only protects, but is excellent for keeping the powder "put." Boil two tablespoons of fresh milk, and then stir into it a large pinch of boracic acid powder. Now add a teaspoonful each of rose water, pure glycerine, witch-hazel, almond oil, and toilet eau-de-cologne. Mix well, and then add

eight drops of simple tincture of benzoin.

Pour this into a bottle, and cork tightly. Shake well before use, and dab a little on the face in the morning after washing and drying in the usual way. Allow this to dry on the skin, and then rub in a trace of cold cream with gently upward and outward movements. Then powder. You will find that this lotion will keep your skin beautifully soft and fresh.

Keep Lips Lovely

AND don't wait for your lips to become dry and cracked with wintry winds. Camphor ice rubbed well in night and morning will prevent cracks—and perhaps unsightly sores.

Once a week give your face and neck a beauty treatment per medium of a

face-pack. Such a lot of women, I find, are dubious of face-packs, and consider them the last resort of middle-age. But they belong to the foolish class. There are many kinds of face-packs. Some, including the classic, or wax mask, you can buy. But there are many efficacious home-made kinds, too.

Common oatmeal, or almond meal, can be used in conjunction with buttermilk. If you can get the latter, mix it with the chosen meal to a paste in a saucer. Wash the face with soap and warm water, dry, spread on the paste, leave for a quarter of an hour, and rinse off with cool water. Pat in a skin food and leave on for another quarter of an hour, then wipe off and rinse with cold water.

Another excellent pack is made by mixing almond meal (for preference) or oatmeal with sufficient glycerine and rosewater to make a smooth paste. Cleanse the face with soap and water



THE VERY LATEST picture of that lovely Australian, Mona Barrie, who is now a Fox star. Searching Kleig lights fail to discover a flaw in her smooth, lovely skin, no matter the season. Naturally, she takes infinite care of her skin, but she is well repaid.

If You Value Your Appearance... Use the Dearborn Renewal Aids!

Do not spoil yourself by using the wrong make-up. Prepared for the special use of Australian Womanhood, Dearborn have just released on the Australian Market a new up-to-date Series of Correct Colorings for every type. A Special Chart, given below, shows the combination best suited to your complexion, and by using the Beauty Aids specified therein, your appearance will be improved in such a manner that your friends will not be able to detect that the wonderful improvement is due to anything but a natural improvement. This new Series is stocked by Leading Departmental Stores and Chemists.

If you have any difficulty in buying them, please write to Dept. S.W., Dearborn (Aust.), Ltd., 24 Jamieson Street, Sydney.

A descriptive beauty book will be forwarded to you containing valuable information, free, on the Care of the Skin, Hair, Obesity with Weight, Exercise, and Diet Chart.

If you send 6d. in stamps a neat handbag compact of Mercolized Wax and a sample of Face Powder will be included.

DEARBORN MAKE-UP CHART FOR ALL TYPES SPECIALLY COMPILED FOR AUSTRALIAN CONDITIONS

	Foundation Cream	Powder	Dry Rouge	Lip Stick	Eye Shadow	Browns and Lashes	Mouth Rouge
Brunette (Day use)	Mercolized Wax	Brown-Ash Ruchelle or Dearborn Ruchelle (Light)	Strawberry	Brown	Brown	Brown	Brown
Brunette (Night use)	Mercolized Wax	Brown-Ash Ruchelle or Dearborn Ruchelle (Light)	Brown	Vermil	Blue	Black	Brown
Auburn (Day use)	Mercolized Wax	Brown-Ash Ruchelle or Dearborn Ruchelle (Light)	Collanderum	Prismatic	Brown	Brown	Brown
Auburn (Night use)	Mercolized Wax	Brown-Ash Ruchelle or Dearborn Ruchelle (Light)	Collanderum	Vermil	Olive Green	Brown	Brown
"In between" types (Day)	Mercolized Wax	Dearborn Ruchelle (Light)	Strawberry	Vermil	Blue	Brown	Vermil
"In between" types (Night)	Mercolized Wax	Dearborn Ruchelle (Light)	Vermil	Vermil	Blue	Black	Vermil
Ash Blonde (Day use)	Allstate	Dearborn Ruchelle (Light)	Mandarin or Vermil	Mandarin or Vermil	Dark Blue	Black	Vermil
Ash Blonde (Night use)	Allstate	Dearborn Ruchelle (Light)	Mandarin or Vermil	Mandarin or Vermil	Blue	Brown	Vermil
Platinum Blonde (Day use)	Mercolized Wax	Dearborn Ruchelle (Light)	Red-Blond or Mandarin	Red-Blond or Mandarin	Blue	Black	Taupe
Platinum Blonde (Night use)	Mercolized Wax	Dearborn Ruchelle (Light)	Red-Blond or Mandarin	Red-Blond or Mandarin	Blue	Black	Taupe

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Maternal mortality has been a subject much in the limelight during recent weeks. I have grown rather tired of what I regard as "scientific motherhood." It's a natural function, and surely it should be let pursue its natural course. Do you agree with women thinking pregnancy is an illness, and doctoring themselves up right from the start of it?

NO, I do not regard pregnancy as an illness or think women should "doctor themselves up," as you term it.

But there is a great deal of difference in making an invalid of oneself and taking an intelligent interest in a natural process, which has received certain handicaps and setbacks from our methods of living and varying conditions imposed by present-day civilisation.

I sincerely believe that if only the modern mother would avail herself of the scientific aid and knowledge that is so near at hand, this country of ours could easily head the list of those nations having low maternity death-rates.

Even if a woman cannot afford a private doctor, there is no reason why she cannot go to a clinic and get the advice her condition demands. But the difficulty lies in the mistaken ego of many women, which dictates that they are strong and well and that there cannot possibly be anything the matter.

Then again, there are those who actually are afraid to consult a doctor. Somehow, they don't want to face the truth or "stir up trouble." They feel they would rather take a chance. Unfortunately, however, taking a chance may mean the taking of a life.

Child-bearing is a natural process that should not be fraught with danger. Yet it must be confessed that modern women are more nervous than were the women of their grandmothers' day; very often,

as previously directed (with cleansing cream if you feel your skin sore and "burnt" with the wind).

Then spread the paste smoothly over face and neck. Leave it on for as long as you can—rest for half an hour if you can spare the time, and then soak a face-cloth in warm water and gently press the water into the pores. It can be wiped off the skin, the last remnants being rinsed off with clear, warm water, followed by cold.

If you have a greasy skin, perhaps a

bit inclined to enlarged pores, soak a piece of cotton wool in witch-hazel and lay it over the skin for a few minutes. Remove the cotton wool and let the remaining witch-hazel dry naturally. Your skin is then ready for the usual make-up—if you're not bound for glumland, but party-land!

Hands on Show

Of course you will use a good almond and honey, or glycerine and rose-water, lotion for your hands as often as possible during cold weather—always rubbed in very thoroughly last thing at night.

The moment a chilblain appears rub it with colorless iodine before it breaks. Prevent chilblains if possible by taking a course of calcium which your doctor will prescribe for you.

Milk, fruit, and vegetables contain plenty of calcium, so plenty of these should be included in the daily fare. Other foods that have a comparatively high calcium content are dried figs, nuts (especially almonds), cauliflower, cocoa, and brown bread. Drink plenty of water.

And add a small dose of cod-liver oil (please don't turn up your nose, you chilblain sufferers!) to your daily diet during the cold months.

Moreover, don't sit right on top of the fire, however tempting. This habit leads to chilblains, ruined complexions, shivering (when you move away from the fire), possible chills, and sore throats. Far better for health and beauty's sake to get oneself warm by exercise, fresh air, and warm, woolly clothes, than by simply crouching over a radiator or fire.

they are not as physically resistant as they should be.

DURING pregnancy, particular attention should be directed to the kidneys. As soon as a woman knows that she is to have a child, frequent examinations of the urine should be made. The presence of albumen in the urine is a distinct danger signal, and for this reason alone, a condition known as "colapsus"—convulsions and unconsciousness—may result.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE! NO MORE Indigestion

Prof. H. Maclean's Famous London Formula, Proven in Millions of Cases, Can Help YOU, too!

Indigestion is dangerous as well as painful. Rest not ignore that fact. "It couldn't happen to me," says the stomach-sufferer who hears of dire operations. Ah! run risks who permit stomach unrest to turn to stomach ulceration. Prof. H. Maclean, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, won world-fame for his discoveries on the proper treatment of Digestive and Stomach Disorders. Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder, based on the famous Hospital findings, offers the best relief possible—and more than relief—a strengthening of the stomach to full, healthy vigour! Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder instantly stops harmful stomach acidity. It PROTECTS the stomach against ulceration. It shields the bowels from attack. It heals raw, inflamed internal tissues. When you take HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach

Powder you say "good-bye" to Stomach Unrest. You start the world's most proven way, to win back the strong stomach of a healthy youngster. Try it! Whether you have Acidity, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Flatulence, Heartburn, Gastritis, or Ulceration — HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder, costing 2/6, of any good Chemist, will give you sweet internal calm, healthier appetite, more restful sleep, sweeter breath and, naturally, an improved feeling of all-round fitness. If any difficulty in procuring, order from Amalgamated Laboratories, Australia House, Sydney.

HARRISON-MACLEAN
ANTACID
Stomach Powder

MAID of NIU-NIU

BEHIND her, six old women, deeply chewing betel nut, kept guard, as they were bound to keep guard over the sacred person of the Maid, day and night, until her wedding.

In the past ten days she had called three times each time taking her place outside the cottage, and talking pleasantly, non-committally, about the weather, and the fishing, and the prospect of the island crop of yam. It seemed that, in the polite manner, she was bowing off the goods to a possible buyer. No, importantly, no sales pressure, simply a shop-window display. Neither Harry nor his father could help admiring her perfect composure of a somewhat difficult situation. It was impossible to guess, from her manner, what she herself might feel.

As for the two men, they enjoyed her company, unusually in the one case, who heartily in the other. Cooper found himself more than once wishing that Elizabeth, "that two yards of pump-water" (for so he described her much admired slight figure), had been dressed before she came along and captured Harry—and Harry's prospective fortune. This was the sort of daughter-in-law he'd have liked; this creature of white and tan and burning gold, with the cool, self-contained way of speech, and the hot flash that, now and then, showed up so intriguingly in her blue-green, brilliant eyes.

"Gripe, Harry!" he said, when for the third time Lily came pacing down the road, before her women. "Gripe, there's a girl that is a girl. She's pepper, she's ginger, for all her hair is gold."

Harry looked hard at her, and for a minute kept silence. Then he said, with something of an effort, "All one to me if she's garlic and onions, and if her hair's brass or pewter, or anything you like. She's—she's not a patch on Elizabeth."

"Son," said Cooper suddenly (they had talked much during those days of semi-imprisonment, but, mainly, skirted certain vital issues). "Son, do you want the Honorable Elizabeth or not?"

Harry forbore to wince at the use of the title. "Dad," he said, "if I were in my right senses I do. But—who does keep his senses in the islands? There's something gets hold of you, makes you wonder what all the rest of us about, anyhow, why people can't just live instead of scratching about for money, doing things they don't want to all the time. I think like that sometimes, and then I look at her."

Lily was within hearing now, and perfect he ceased. His mind was a battleground. He could almost see Elizabeth—Elizabeth, cool as a primrose, shiny-pale as the last snows of spring, tall, distinguished, calm, with something in her character that met and matched with the conventional spirit of his own; Elizabeth, who'd run his house, himself, his children, exactly as houses, husbands and children ought to be run. Elizabeth, of whom one was sure.

And Lily, now offered to him as a sweet is offered to a child. Lily, with the tang of savagery in her burning loveliness; during as any of Oran's

Continued from Page 45

wild young men. Lily, insatiable, wonderful, a consecrated Maid, a Queen. Whom to love would be the maddest adventure a man could conceive. His—if he chose.

Something in Harry that was all of his father came out. "Yes!" Something cooler and harder, inherited from Gladys, made him hold back. He was almost visibly trembling when the girl, who had taken her seat as usual, and as usual began to talk, turned and addressed herself directly to him. Had she seen his emotion? He did not know, could not guess just how Lily regarded him—and that was half her charm.

What was she saying now? What was the meaning of the implied light that glittered in her eyes? She was rising to her feet. She was going. And before she went she looked straight at James and Harry and said, with a graceful bow, "I invite you to my party!"

"What party? When?" asked Cooper. "The day before the Donald Cameron comes; that will be in four more days. The party," she said, "for the wedding." And on that she went, with the six old women scuttling, crabwise, behind her.

Cooper swore a strange sea oath. "The cutty!" he ended. "The cutty! So she'd take an unwilling husband, soon as not. I told you there was ginger in Lily."

Fires seemed to be dancing before the eyes of Harry Cooper. "Dad," he said in a voice not like his own, "what can I do? What can a fellow do against a hundred men?"

"Depends," Cooper told him, "on what the fellow wants to do. Son, you shall have what you want, whatever." He broke off and corrected himself—"whatever it is."

Harry did not answer. "They done me out of it," said Cooper darkly. "Not to Gladys' son could he tell how he had been jockeyed into marrying Gladys, held to her apron-strings for half his life. It was his own fault; it had all followed, logically, from that night on which he had deserted Lily's mother, and left the island world."

"No one," he went on, "is going to do you out of what you want—if you know," he smiled hastily, "what it is."

There was silence, for so long as it might take three waves to tumble, crashing on the coral beach below. Then Harry, with an effort, jerked out the one word—"Elizabeth." Cooper said nothing in reply; he waited. Harry went on, collecting himself. "They're taking my honor from me. If they don't let me go. They're making me feel a swine."

Briskly Cooper spoke. "We can't let you feel like a swine, son. Leave it to me."

Harry said, "The days of miracles are past," and turned away to the cottage. Cooper could not see his face.

IN the days that followed no miracle seemed imminent; nothing was done. The day went off walking by himself now and then, occasionally vanished for some few hours after dark, eluding the guards with an ingenuity that would have been quite beyond Harry. Harry wondered, occasionally, whether it was possible that, in the sudden outburst of youth that comes to most men at fifty, the Dad mightn't have gone chasing after native girls. They were attractive enough, heaven knew. As for himself, haunted as he was by the double images of Lily and Elizabeth, superimposed like a twice-exposed negative, he had no thought to spare for any of the handsome young hussies who from time to time passed his door, laughing and looking. They did not look so much or so often as they had done at first. Anxiety and strain were beginning to tell upon Harry; his face was pale, his shoulders stooped. He was not now the splendid youth who had landed so light-heartedly on Niu-Niu only a few weeks back.

As for James Cooper, worry had left no mark on him. You might have taken him for a model ready to stand for the jolly sea-god Neptune beside a somewhat weary, over-travelled Mercury. To use Cooper's own expression, Harry seemed a bit under the weather, while he himself was, and intended to remain, as fit as a flea.

The visits of Lily had ceased. Once or twice, moodily lounging by the cottage door, Harry Cooper thought to have seen her white trailing robes flash through the neighboring groves of banana, and palm; but that one couldn't be sure of; it might have been a party of girls carrying flowers. Miracle or no miracle, the wedding preparations went on. Dances were being practised, pigs and fowls collected for the killing, breadfruit baked, prawns, pigeons, oysters, turtle steaks prepared.

Please turn to Page 50

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

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But 'PERFECTS' stay on,
The reason all know."

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TAN—All Shades



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"Look what I found when I lost the 7 stains"



"YES, that gorgeous ring means I'm engaged!—to the man I've always loved—and almost lost."

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until . . ."

" . . . he sent some flowers to my chum, and I . . . I read the card. It said 'To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw'!"

"That day I spent gazing into my mirror. Realizing how dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept her teeth so sparkling white."

"Well, trust me, I found out. 'The things you eat and drink,' she told me, 'leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. Mere hints of stains, at first. But most toothpastes don't remove them all, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate's Dental Cream—it's specially made to remove all seven kinds of stains!'"

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are."

"We're being married in June."

Don't let the 7 stains mar your beauty . . . your happiness

Would you love to see your teeth whiter, more sparkling? Then let

Colgate's two cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains no dental cream with one cleansing action can remove.

And ten days from now, see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too. And Colgate's, at 1/3, is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube to-day.



If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has 7 cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at . . . 1/3

D.C. 1572



THE SUN DIPS LOW. . . A strikingly lovely glimpse of Jeanette McDonald's home and garden. Set back on a large, sweeping lawn, the house is Spanish-Italian in architecture. It is white with a red-tiled roof, with red awnings at the windows. The lawn is banked all the way around with a broad strip of—red geraniums! Poplars frame one side, and huge oaks whisper in the breeze. No wonder this M.-G.-M. star loves her home and garden so.

The Glory That Is Spring's Alone

. . . has its Foundation Laid—or Mightily Strengthened—in Midwinter!

. . . Says the Old Gardener

SPRING is ahead, and the Old Gardener advises you to prepare for it—straightway. These are the months through which we reap the harvest of September, when spadework, quite literally, must be done to bring to you the glory that is Spring's alone.

I AM anxious to see everybody with a good spring showing this year, and so let's glance around your garden and see how we may beautify it, preparatory for the beautiful spring months.

Iceland poppies, if well planted and cultivated, will be now showing good results, and be splendid, healthy plants. Put in a teaspoon of sulphate of ammonia to each gallon of water, and with the watering-can water the plants with the mixture. You must not, however, let it touch the foliage. Do this once each week up to flowering time, and you will have a splendid display with long stems and large flowers.

For the bed of stocks, mix this fertiliser: Five parts of superphosphate, 5 parts of bonedust, 2 parts of sulphate of potash, and 2 parts of ammonia. Mix together, dust a little all over the bed, fork it in lightly, water the bed well, and the result will be splendid stocks. The foliage will have a rich, green, healthy color, and the flowers will be perfect.

All plant life must have the proper food, just as human beings, and as we suffer, so do they. The combination to which I have just introduced you contains phosphoric acid, potash, and nitrogen, all of which are splendid for plant life.

The bed of wallflowers needs a dressing of the fertiliser now also. Both stocks, and wallflowers revel in potash, so give them an application of the mixture given above every two weeks.

Cinerarias will benefit with a dusting of superphosphate. Give them plenty of water. Give ranunculus and anemones a dusting with the fertiliser, and when the buds begin to show apply sulphate of ammonia—one teaspoon to each gallon of water.

Anemones especially must have some stimulant to produce the long stems, otherwise you get flowers on very short stems.

Pansies, too, must have plenty of liquid manure, made to the color of weak tea. They will amply repay you for the little extra trouble.

KEEP the soil well-worked among all your spring-flowering annuals, and get rid of the weeds. They only rob the young plant of necessary food.

Clean the chrysanthemum bed up. Lift the plants, after you cut off the old foliage, and plant them in a rest bed where they may remain undisturbed until planting time arrives. Later on I will tell you how to propagate from them.

Fork over a bed, and put in the rest of those roses. Along the coast, and anywhere where frost is not severe, another sowing of sweet peas can be made. I have seen some grand displays of sweet peas sown in June.

Trim up all deciduous shrubs. Any of those roses that have not done so well last season can be lifted and planted in a more suitable position. Daisies can be divided up this month. Also polyanthus and primroses.

Renovate the Lawn

IF the lawn needs renovating—and it surely will—fill up the bare patches with new turf and roll well. You who are thinking of putting down a new lawn can do so now, and when spring

arrives it will commence growing immediately.

Finish transplanting any shrubs and any alterations in any part of the garden should be gone on with this month. Very shortly there will be a deal of work ahead of us in the garden, preparing for the arrival of spring. So new gardens and all improvements should be attended to at once.

That new rockery you are thinking about will keep you busy also, because you must have it all planted before the change of season.

Enter the Bush-house

NOW we'll go along to the bush-house and see what is to be done there. Repotting can be done now. All those plants that have grown too big for the pots must go into larger ones. See that the pots are washed and thoroughly clean. Examine carefully every plant for insects and fungus diseases. Have a tin of Volck handy and spray all plants. Prevention is better than cure. Never wait until your plants are attacked.

AND now for the vegetable garden. Being a very cold month, most seedlings at the moment can only be raised under cover. Tomatoes can be sown if early crops are desired. A hot frame made under hessian is most suitable.

All this ground can be prepared for spring planting. Dig it up and leave in a rough state over the winter. For wind, frost, and rain to sweeten and break it down does the soil good. It also conserves the winter rains, and stores up moisture ready for the plants during the hot summer months. Use plenty of lime on the vacant beds.

Sow broad beans, carrots, parsnips, and spinach.



Another delicious dish from Elizabeth Craig's RECIPE BOOK

★ ALMOND CUSTARD GATEAU.

6 orange rinds, 2 oz. almonds, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, 2 oz. almonds, 2 tablespoons ALMOND CUSTARD, 1/2 cup. FOSTER CLARK'S

Split sponge cakes in two. Spread each half with jam and put halves together. Cut in three crosswise and sandwich just off the boil. Stab over with custard and split almonds. Chill and serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla to taste.

Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is made of the purest and finest ingredients. Its flavour is delicious and it is wonderfully economical. Write for Elizabeth Craig's free recipe book. Enclose 1d. stamp. 27 Tinsbury St., London, E.C.4.

Foster Clark's
creamy CUSTARD



14-34

CONTINENTAL CHIC AND GLAMOR IN KNITWEAR

FROM Paris and Vienna come four of the delightful knitwear designs sketched on this page by Petrov. The lovely lingerie design is by "Gerda," our knitting expert, who has also worked out full directions for all the garments featured.



"SHIRLEY," happily aware that party frock is triumph... Envy of all other 4-year-olds. Silk and wool mixture with tiny wreath of embroidered flowers; waist smock-stitched... Note sleeves.

P E T R O V



"SANDRA," classically simple... Makes you feel you must scrap last season's model that was so carefully preserved in camphor... Cable-stitching and fine rib; buttons; a smart finish... Happy idea, long sleeves included in directions.



• **"ABOVE:** Wool-tailored snugness in svelte step-ins. Designed by "Gerda," our knitting expert. Wear them under your most clinging gown... not a ridge or bulge to break flowing lines. Use 2-ply wool in that glamorous new pink, "Bitter Sweet." Satin straps.

• **"ADORABLE"** in palest blue bed-jacket and fascinating bed-socks. Daintiest version of "feather and fan" stitch you've ever seen... 2-ply Viyella. Note magic of threaded satin ribbon. You'd look sweeter, perhaps, in palest yellow, pastel green, or pink.

To obtain...

Full Directions for KNITTING

Call in, or send 1d. stamp to cover cost of postage to any of The Australian Women's Weekly offices. Please note: Stamp required for each set of directions wanted. State clearly the garment for which you require directions.



• **"FEMME DE PARIS,"** crocheted pancake tophat, chic quill. Enchanting shade of green... Viyella. Knitted scarf, green and white... Very cozy.

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For over 20 years Australian women have bought blankets by the name Laconia. Look for the label—it is your guarantee. You can use Laconia Blankets the day you buy them, for they are entirely odorless and free from filling.

5/1

MAID of NIU-NIU

Continued from Page 47

THERE was no count of kumaras, yams and taro, or mangoes, oranges, custard apples, pineapples, "wi" apples, coconuts. Days before the wedding the feast would begin, continuing for days after. There'd be dancing and dancing, feasting and dancing, and dancing and drinking and dancing again. Kava and pineapple and orange beer would run free for all, and there would be for the chiefs, strong ti root, and palm wine as well. The nights were moonlight. Day and night, until it were dead and everyone else to an end, the festival would go on. After that the island, tired, would rest, as only in the islands one could rest, for idle days and days. There'd be no dragon and a "business" waiting, claws outstretched at the end of the fun; no debts and ledgers over which tired heads would have to bend; no deathtraps set to roaring crocodiles, for hands a little sure of the steering wheel, even as swift to follow flashing signals.

Instead there would be the rest, undisturbed twilight of the coral house, with the sea wind blowing through, in day sleep that restored; the singing of the reef that soothed and healed.

Savage? Yes—as London and New York are savage, too. Surely, if Niu-Niu needs an outbreak now and then, enough is not indeed a feast, and so much sometimes good, as certain we men say—then, the way of Niu-Niu is the best.

COOPER and Harry, outside it all, watched the preparations. It was pleasant enough in a coral cottage, up on the top of the cliff, if one had one's mind free, quite untouched by trouble one could have seen the processions of dancers and food-gatherers go by; with rest at ease, watched the splendid pageant of the tides, the dawn, the blossoming and fruiting of Niu-Niu's eternal summer. To see, and delight in, the picture of a perfect star painted a shadow about the foot of every palm-tree at high noon; to listen to the mourning sound of the casuarina tree, like the sad, sleepy voice of seashells; to mark, each day, the march of the Aaron's rods of emerald transformed among the bananas, its flaunting banners of huge leaf—this would have delighted the sensitive of Harry, if only he had felt free to look and wonder.

As it was he could feel, like a fast tide flowing in, the charm of the islands softly invading his mind. Life here was simple as spring water, and as sweet. In England, "the world" was so full of a number of things, important and unimportant, that a man, if not as happy, was at all events busy as kings—English kings, well understood! A man, it seemed, was too busy with the mere mechanics of living simply to live.

Sometimes one wondered—almost what all these complications really and truly were for. Hadn't one, in Niu-Niu, at the stretching of a hair, everything for which men toiled and toiled in the grey countries, till the themselves were grey?

So he would think; then, suddenly the picture of London would surge itself before his eyes. London grey and cold, stifling, stimulating. London, and the sight of it, the three-pile houses, the pavements, thronged at play-sets. The smell of it, car and petrol and a million meals of food. The streets—Bond Street, where Elizabeth went shopping, Elizabeth coming down that narrow, haughty thoroughfare, her small hat swept aside over her grey eyes, her waist, so long as new clipped in a fur coat. Elizabeth who was competence, capability, charm. Who was sure of everything in the world. Who knew for a certainty that England was life, and that in South Seas—if anyone ever spared thought to that wild place—was death-in-life; only Elizabeth, who even now buying her wedding clothes in Bond Street, and in vain.

For the Dad, after all, had done nothing; the miracle hadn't taken place. Questioned, he merely advised Harry, as before, to hold his hair and to keep his hair on. Once he had declared, in a burst of confidence, that what you didn't know wouldn't do you any harm, nor yet anyone else. Harry paid small attention. The Dad, in his opinion, loved cheap mysteries. An nothing could alter the hard facts, they stood.

Now at last the feast began in all its fury; the island went dancing and drumming, eating, drinking and laughing mad; the great hall was decorated the old men, too old for dancing and kissing, were gathered together to watch the rest. A small but formidable group they made, a handful of human dust and ashes, even such as would suffice to represent, in the end, all the flame and the splendor of the island's burning youth, to-day.

Please turn to Page 51



Constipation is the leading cause of skin troubles and most other ailments. It is the source of impurities and its poisons which make a skin pale, sallow, and unattractive. It also gives your stomach, and because of this, a popular number of your will eat.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER



STOMACH ACIDITY RESPONSIBLE FOR 90% OF ILLNESS

Quite apart from the pain and discomfort of indigestion, stomach acidity is the cause of almost all illness. Excess acid disturbs the alkaline balance of the system and reveals itself in such conditions as HEADACHE, INSOMNIA, CONSTIPATION and even RHEUMATISM. For perfect health and vitality it is essential to neutralize excess acid and keep food fermenting in the stomach. If you take immediately after meals, a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the stomach remedy which doctors prescribe and hospitals use, you will quickly overcome indigestion and other painful conditions due to stomach acidity; your health will improve and you will feel better in yourself and with the world in general. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and start your recovery to-day.

BISURATED MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills
Every package bears the 'Bismac' Trade Mark



BRASSO
makes light work

Shock Caused Anaemia

Nerves Went to Pieces
"Through shock caused by the loss of two little ones, I developed anaemia and a very bad attack of nerves," states Mrs. E.C.L. of Carlton, W.A. "My sleep was restless and so disturbed by horrible dreams that, although overtired and exhausted, I began to hate the idea of going to bed. After midnight I would wake up so perry and distressed that I would be unable to sleep again until about 5 o'clock in the morning, and then fall into an exhausted stupor for an hour or two. I felt utterly miserable and lost interest in life, and suffered terrible pains and depression."
"One day, my husband reminded me how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had benefited me some years ago, so I decided to take them again. After taking two bottles I felt improvement and began to take fresh heart. Continuing with the pills my sleep came back and dreamless, with nerves have greatly improved. My appetite has improved. All the pains and depression have vanished and I feel a new woman, for which I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." All chemists and stores sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills" and take no other.

MAID of NIU-NIU

Continued from Page 50

LILY, among her tirewomen, was decking herself for the wedding. That misnamed handful of audacity and mischief, that spice-blossom, that freaked hot ginger-blossom, was giving trouble to the old ladies whose task was so nearly done. She had slapped several of them severely; she had refused to wear most of the robes they brought her, and thrown away the wreaths they made for her hair, capriciously demanding others. She had made faces at them when they hung the taupe's white shell about her neck on a new light string, and had fidgeted till they could hardly comb her amazing yellow hair and set the comb in it, ready for her lover to raise the long locks and secure them on the top of her head. Only the maidens were their hair loose, the upraising of the hair, the snatching and throwing away of the white shell, and the drinking of a ceremonial cup of kava, half by the bridegroom and half by the bride, constituted a Niun-Niu marriage ceremony.

To quiet her, the old women began their eternal gossip; gossip was their joy, their chief excitement. "The young chief looks pale," they said. "He is terribly in love with you, so terribly that he is nearly ill of it." And they added remarks such as can be found, by the curious, in the earlier scenes of "Romeo and Juliet."

Lily tossed her head, giggled, and seemed to have some private joke of her own.

"He will be a good husband for the Queen," they said. "He won't anger the old men. Young men are beautiful, old men are wise. His time for wisdom has not come."

Lily looked at herself in a hand glass. "I am very beautiful," she observed. "I am beautiful enough for two."

"Yes, yes," they said uncomprehendingly, and combed away at the sparkling hair. Lily was anxious, they could see, upset almost. Well, it was enough to upset any girl, to have a bridegroom given her, who didn't know whether he wanted her or not (for that the old women, who were wise, well knew). But Lily would handle him. She was a little devil. He would know his master, before long, and she'd like that.

Did the old women, who were so wise, for this once make a mistake? Did they forget the fact that all women, at heart, are alike? It seems they did; for no one, not the oldest and ugliest, and thereby the wisest of the lot, seems to have known, or guessed, at what was coming.

The wedding was not up to time; there had been a question of pigs, a perplexity about turtles, that had thrown back the ceremony for days, brought it, as things happened, right on to the time of the arrival of the Donald Cameron. In fact, she was signalled that very morning. But the council, with Orao at their head, remained unperturbed. A hundred armed young men could keep the white men away from the ship people as long as might be necessary. And, after all, it would be handy to have the boat there on the spot to take away Cooper Senior, prevent his making trouble. He knew too much about the islands; he was too strong in character; he'd have a finger in everybody's pie, if they didn't get him away. The island wedding, for island folk, was irrevocable. Once the bridegroom had cast away the shell, raised the bride's tresses of hair and drunk the kava cup, he was here and she was his, for as long as their lives might last. And Orao had planned—later on—to have a white man's wedding as well, down at Suva or Nukunofa. Just to drive the last nail safely home.

Now, the festivity was nearing its crown and climax; the feast was spread ready; the bucks and belles were gathered in the great hall. Prized they were, and painted, decked with beads and shells, with necklaces of scarlet berries, with striped grass crinolettes and lot-cloths of painted tappa. They were plump and shining; they had eaten nobly, and meant to eat again. They giggled, pinched, and slapped one another, and kicked with bare brown toes. A wedding was fun.

The bridegroom! The white man who was to marry their white Queen! Here he came, slowly walking with his father. The girls looked knowingly at James Cooper, and whispered to one another. That day, he seemed aged; his fifty years were neither here nor there; he held himself as nobly as any of the young bucks whose heads had never bent to the desk and pen. There wasn't a strand of grey in his black hair; his neck, in the loose collar, showed thick and sturdy as a three-year-old bull's. Gaily he was dressed, coatless, silk-shirted, with crimson cummerbund and white trousers and

a gardenia in his breast pocket. You might have taken him for the bridegroom if there had been no Harry walking beside. Harry, very tall and slim and pale, in white tailored suit and perfect boots. Harry, anxious-looking, uncertain, and wondering what on earth the Dad had meant by telling him, ten minutes ago, to keep up his pecker; he'd get him through all right.

All right? When he saw Lily come into the hall, a dream in snowy tappa cloth and flower crown, floods of sparkling hair scold down her back, a light of mischief, excitement, Heaven knew what, in her blue-green eyes, he wondered what was all right, and what, at the bottom of his soul, he really wanted. The Donald Cameron had whistled, down below, a quarter of an hour ago. If by some miracle the way was opened, if he could go this minute—what then?

Please turn to Page 53

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FOR Young WIVES & MOTHERS

The Evil of Repression in Treating Bad Habits

By MARY TRUBY KING

The removal of undesirable habits is a subject upon which earnest parents continually seek advice and help.

It is not sufficiently realised that most bad habits are the result of some emotional stress often undreamt of by those in control.

FOR instance, nail biting may be started as solace for the imagined (or real) loss of affection caused by the advent of "baby number two." Unhappiness may also bring about a tendency to stutter, twitchings of the face, refusal to urinate, etc.

It is absolutely essential that the atmosphere of a little child's life be free from family bickerings, and that the child itself is not upset by useless or frequent reprimands and scoldings.

It should not be necessary either to scold or punish a very small child.

If obedience is insisted from the start, a softly spoken "no" should be quite sufficient to stop a toddler doing anything which would be harmful to himself or annoying to his elders. The sight of a little child crying and distressed because of the anger of an uncontrolled and unreasonable adult is met with far too often. Too many useless attacks are given—too many harsh words are spoken.

The little child is very sensitive to clashes between the adult members of the family. His nerves are apt to be seriously affected when subjected to an atmosphere which lacks harmony.

Avoid Excitement

ONE of the bad habits which mothers most frequently worry about is that of bed-wetting. This is definitely a nervous manifestation, and in a child of over three years, one must search for the cause. It may be that there is something in connection with the bladder which requires medical treatment, but it is more probable that the child is allowed too much excitement



WHAT A BABY CAN DO

IT CAN be a model infant during the day, but can cry persistently all night when daddy is particularly sleepy.

before going to bed, or is in some other way nervously upset. Again, it is possible that the child has heard its mother say, "Oh, she's only a baby. I don't expect her to be clean," and so the child makes no subconscious effort at control. On the other hand, the mother may make the mistake of drawing the child's attention too much to her lack of control, so that the child, in her great anxiety to improve, defeats her own ends.

Like all other manifestations of nervous disturbances, bladder trouble is best dealt with by building up the general health, providing a happy home atmosphere and ignoring the habit in question. These bad habits go when the psychological and/or physiological cause is removed.

Finger-sucking comes under the same category. The child often takes to this from sheer boredom. Provide toys and manual occupations suitable to the age of the child; keep him interested and busy and the habit will disappear. Better still, prevent the habit being formed at all by diverting the child's attention to other things whenever he shows signs of becoming absorbed in his fingers or thumb. Taking the child's finger or thumb from his mouth is a

Do not speak to the child about these annoying habits, and do not allow anyone else to worry him concerning them. The best policy is to ignore them, and so help the child forget them, at the same time (unknown to him) removing the underlying cause.

NAIL-BITING is often cured by preventing the child with a nailbrush set, and by applying warm olive oil to the rough edges night and morning. Plenty of occupation should be provided for the nail-biter, such as drawing, painting, gardening, bead stringing, scrap-book making, etc.

Facial twitchings, such as constant blinking of the eyelids, denote overstimulation, nervousness (too much work), or unhappiness. Too many pictures and picture shows and too little sleep are also responsible.

Above all, do not draw the child's attention to any bad habit. Such actions are mostly of a temporary nature and pass away as the child's interest in his surroundings expands.



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GAY

MAID of NIU-NIU

Continued from Page 51

THERE was to be no miracle, it seemed. Lily was slowly pacing with the dignity of a Maid, the majesty of a Queen, up to the dais where he and James Cooper stood. The old men and the warriors waited below. On a table stood the carved coconut cup of kava. Let him remember what Orao had said. . . . He had to lift that mass of hair, twist it and fasten it on the top of Lily's head with Lily's own pearl-shell comb. He had to break the string that held the white shell, and throw the shell on the floor. He had to take the cup, drink half of it at a draught (he hoped to heaven it wouldn't make him sick) and hand the rest to Lily. If he didn't do all this there would be the father and mother of a row, and the Dad would never be allowed to go back home, whatever happened to him. And the Donald Cameron, the trading steamer bound for Sydney town, had whistled down below. She'd go without her passenger—unless he did his job at once, without fumbling. After all, one must stand by one's father, even if he had got one into the mess.

Lily was between the two; so close that one could scent the perfume of her delightful hair, see the dilated pupils of her deep-sea-colored eyes. She was clearly very much excited. And she was looking—by Gad!—not at him, but at James Cooper.

Harry, half dreaming, stretched forth an uncertain hand towards her hair. She kicked him away. Instantly Cooper's hands were in her hair, had twisted it up and fastened it; had snapped the cord of the shell and flung it down. Quicker than a man might tell, Cooper had seized the kava cup, tossed half of it down his throat, and given the cup to Lily, who almost choked upon it as she gulped the rest.

ORAO, who had seemed, for the moment, petrified with astonishment, now sprang forward screaming a shrill old man's scream. But the girl, unconsciously, barred his way. Surprised with laughter, they had flung themselves in one solid mass upon the shell, and fought one another for its possession. There were

up from the anchorage below, where, now, the angry whistle of the Donald Cameron demanded, for the second time, attention, he went hotfoot. One couldn't think of refusing the Dad's fine sacrifice, so cleverly managed as it had been; so ably as that young puss, Lily, had played her part! How Lily and his father could have planned it was beyond his imagination.

Sacrifice? Was it anything of the kind? Was it not, for James Cooper, something quite other, a coming home, at last, to the life that he had missed and wanted—all the time? Harry, little accustomed to think of James Cooper save as a mere background to his own hopes and plans, accepted the idea with amazement. Yes, the Dad had never been really happy. He'd always had a sort of hunger in his eyes. As if he were looking at something that he wanted, a long, long, long way off. . . .

And with that came the recollection of Ellenbeth, a long way off, whom Harry was quite sure about it now—he wanted.

The Niu-Niu lilies, heavy-headed, swept past his face as he went down the stairs. He thought he would remember the scent of them always.

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auguries to be gleaned from that shell; strange secrets to be read from the manner of its fall. . . . And he had seen no hesitancy in Lily's drinking her share of the kava.

And Orao, in one bitter moment, saw himself defeated. It was too late. Cooper, the sailor, the strong man, had married the Maid. Cooper would lead her, to-night, to the flower-decked bridal room. No undeveloped youth, easy to influence, would sit on the Prince Consort's throne of Niu-Niu. The island and the Maid would know a master.

"Here," said Cooper, giving Harry an enormous dig in the ribs, "wake up and scoot, son, scoot! Kiss your step-mother and be off, before any of these jokers with the spears quit laughing." (For the young men, aware now of the enormous jest that had been played, were roaring like jackasses.) "You can reckon on an islander for just five minutes at a time and no longer. Your hand, boy—don't forget your old Dad—be off!"

There were tears in his eyes as he grasped the white hand of Harry, and crushed it in his own brown paw. A son was a son. Even if—maybe by and by—

HARRY, recovering his wits, snatched down a hurried, steeply kiss on the cheek of Lily (not that had he thought to kiss her!) and, edging through the crowd almost unnoticed, fled. Down the coral roadway, where the wind swept



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I AM, now wide-eyed and thoroughly alert, did not miss the convulsive stiffening of that slender body, nor the way the softly-curving nether lip was tucked into her mouth, even less did he miss the indescribable look of misery which contorted the girl's lovely features. In that expression he thought to read both fear and despair.

"A moment, please. I will come in directly. It is so peaceful here." The girl spoke over her bare and rounded shoulder in fluent German, and at the same time hastily dabbed at her eyes with a frothy lace handkerchief. In apparently guilty haste her fingers next flew to her compact, and in another instant she had skillfully repaired the damage wrought by those inexplicable tears.

As suddenly as the turn of a magician's card the blonde vision was gone, and only a black interval in the palms was before Ian's bewildered eyes. Ah! He glimpsed her glittering ball gown once or twice through the intersections of the palm fronds, but then she was definitely gone.

"Well, may I be crowned!" he muttered to himself. "If that doesn't beat the card! What a perfect, exquisite beauty—I'll have to meet her. Wonder

who she is? What did that man call her?"

He sat bolt upright with a start that flicked the ash from his cigarette into a watering-pot to make a minute hissing sound.

"Lolita! It couldn't be." In a mild mental turmoil he laughed to himself. "How absurd—there are many women called Lolita." Still obsessed with the purity of that moon-revealed profile he told himself that the girl who had just left could not possibly be the conscienceless and practised intriguer who was charged with wrecking the lives of at least three men. "Can't be the same," he decided as he got up. "Just the same, I'd better get in my ground work before the crowd arrives." So deciding, he grinned a thoroughly boyish grin and ground out his cigarette under his heel before starting for the door.

"Now what the devil could have gone wrong? Bet her canary died or something."

To his disappointment he found that quite a number of other guests had put in an appearance and that already

BLACK Orchids

the boyishly-slender young beauty was attended by three or four eager gallants who made a brave showing in their gay and colorful uniforms. Ian glowered. Of course that conceited young Italian Conte would be among them, his eyes travelling over the girl's white-clad body like scurrying hands. Yonder was the evil, the aristocratic Prince Paul Pechkinoff, calculating his chances of conquest and satyr-like of expression as he bowed to kiss the girl's pale hand.

Seizing by the elbow Sir John Kelton, British First Secretary, Ian Gray, very ruddy and clean limbed in his perfectly-fitting evening clothes, demanded an introduction.

"Delighted, old chap," replied the Englishman thus accosted. He smiled wisely. "But it's a waste of time, Ian, my lad—the lady fair will never notice yet another captive at her chariot wheels. Well, so here goes. Permit me, please," he bowed to the girl who, without a trace of her former sorrow, now stood smiling graciously. She nodded and treated the advancing pair to an expression so wholly winning

Continued from Page 53

that Ian's normally steady hand did a quick double-shuffle. Mademoiselle la Comtesse, may I have the honor to present an old friend?

Ian, amid a queer confusion, watched the girl's lips part in a quick and convincing smile. "It is a very great pleasure, Monsieur."

"Mr. Gray, the Countess von Waldeck."

Had a bayonet been plunged into Ian's back he could not have been more startled. Nothing but hurricane training rescued him from committing a fatal error of the worst sort, but his head buzzed as it had then, shrapnel splinter had dented in his memory that day before Siechemper.

"Great Scott! Then this was the famous, or rather infamous Countess von Waldeck? It could not be. No, this simple, unaffected girl in white. More than a bit of the world had been seen in his thirty-seven odd years, during those years he had become singularly apt judge of character."

CHAPTER 4

To cover his confusion Ian's color he bowed so low that a row of miniature medals and decorations glittering in the left lapel of his dress suit clinked softly.

"It is a great honor," he managed to articulate, "to meet the Countess von Waldeck." What was the first time their eyes met for the true, Ian was conscious of a certain exhilaration. What the devil found he tried to reach beyond those clear and tranquil blue eyes.

"Monsieur is English or an American," she stated softly. "Don't be sure of it; else by now you would have made a dozen gallant speeches which mean nothing and bore one as to the 'Yes,' he stammered, and amid his sudden uncertainty. Damn it, it is Ian Gray, was as embarrassed as a schoolboy speaking in public for the first time. "I am at the American Ministry."

"Oh." Her lips formed a trifling ruby hued circle, then her face lit. "Ah, I have it—you must be that friend of whom Leonard has told me so much."

"Leonard talks too much—it's falling he has. I—I hope he hasn't been telling tales out of school."

Laughing lightly the girl in the blue velvet forefinger and the blonde head just a little to one side.

"Is this a guilty conscience, Monsieur? But I will set out for a rest. Monsieur Holt has painted you as the best saviour for excellent—a sort of modern Bayard."

"Lord forgive him for those lies," laughed Ian and drew breath. Further pursue the conversation with a new contingent of guests arrived. Among them were the gay Captain d'Armonot and, as sharp a contrast as might be found, Major Ferris. When they beheld him standing a few what dazed on the outskirts of the throng hemming in the fragile lady of Countess von Waldeck, they both treated him to a mocking bit of the eyebrows.

"C'est nom de Dieu—you was no time!" cried Captain d'Armonot very dark and picturesque in his artillery dress uniform of black and red. "Remember about the fools who race?"

"Deuced stunning girl. Singular purity of face and form. Ah, but! Doesn't look a bit like the nice I've heard about—more like some nice girl who's just put up her hair and let down her skirts. Refrainingly fresh, eh what?"

Ian noted that even the usually sombre eyes of the big-boned Volkmann, in whom, for a moment the throng of those pleading for introduction parted to afford a glimpse of that laughing girl whom the other young women were undoubtedly beginning to hate from the bottom of their souls.

Gradually the babble of voices grew louder as fresh contingents of guests arrived to be greeted by His Excellency, Baron von Satsmar, the decorous, white-haired host, the less aristocrat who, Ian felt, as he bowed morosely on, belonged rather to the vanished glories of the dual empire, than to the shabby little republic now represented.

Just one item remained to join the big First Secretary's already shabby equilibrium. Among the very last guests to arrive was Leonard Holt, after making hurried respects to Baron von Satsmar, but oblivious of everything else, made his way straight to the side of Countess von Waldeck, whom as Ian noticed with sharp misgiving, received him with an almost passionate enthusiasm and called him "dear" or something very like it.

Well schooled in human nature, Ian's eye sought a group of libidinally bejewelled dowagers who like serried Pekingese, sat staring at the company through their lorgnettes with hard, bright eyes. Immediately white, tiara-crowned heads joined by tens and threes.

Please turn to Page 53

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Entries close June 29, and results will be announced on July 13. Enter at once, but don't forget that our usual weekly competition is continuing just the same. And here are the prize winners for this week, headed by delicious walnut cake!

SWISS WALNUT CAKE

One cup flour (sifted) with 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg better, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup finely-chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon mixed spice.

Separate eggs and beat yolks, adding milk gradually. Cream butter and eggs, add yolk mixture, beating well. Then add flour, well-sifted, with spice and the walnuts; last of all, add the well-beaten egg whites gradually. Bake in a fairly deep tin for about 1 hour in moderate oven. Ice with white icing and decorate with walnuts.

First Prize of £1 to Miss R. Glover, Halsey Street, Goodwinland, S.W. Qld.

DUTCH PUDDING

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 3 or 4 macaroons, 1oz. finely-chopped walnuts, 3 tablespoons marmalade, 1 teaspoon ground rice, 2 eggs.

Chop the nuts and crush the macaroons. Cream butter and sugar, then beat in the egg yolks and add the macaroons and marmalade; whisk egg-whites to a stiff froth, add the rice and half the nuts then stir carefully into the mixture. Have ready a well-greased mould. Sprinkle the remainder of the nuts in the bottom and about the sides, pour in the mixture and steam slowly for 11

hours. Serve with well-flavored sauce or custard.

Second Prize of 10/- to J. G. Faynton, 1 Garden St., Hawthorn E.3, Vic.

PALESTINE SOUP

Two pounds artichokes, 1/2 leek, piece of celery, squeeze of lemon juice, 1/2 pint white stock or water, 1 pint cream or milk, 2oz. butter, pepper and salt to taste. Pare artichokes and put into a basin of cold water with teaspoon of lemon juice or vinegar (to preserve color). Put the butter into an enameled saucepan, add artichokes and leek and cut up. Allow the vegetables to cook in this for a few minutes (do not brown). Cover well with the stock and boil gently till tender. Then rub through a sieve, season to taste with cream or milk, season to taste; allow soup to heat. Add a squeeze of lemon and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. J. Hall, 6 Hart St., Newcastle, New South Wales.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS

Select button mushrooms. Rub off the skin with a piece of flannel. Wash well, and drain. Put in a steaming pan, and sprinkle with a little salt. To each quart of mushrooms allow two blades of pointed mace and 1/2 oz. of pepper. Shake well over a clear fire until the juice flows, and keep them there until it has dried. Add vinegar enough to cover. Let them simmer for five minutes. After they have cooled put them in jars. They will keep for two years.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Shepard, Duke St., North Kensington, N.W.

DELICIOUS BRAIN PIE

Take 2 sets of sheep's brains. Soak them in salted water for an hour. Drain and skin. Place in a saucepan, and cover with cold water. Bring to the boil, strain, chop lightly. Butter a pudding, and cover the bottom with a thick layer of breadcrumbs, then put in a layer of brains, season with pepper and salt. Add a layer of breadcrumbs. Repeat this until the dish is full, breadcrumbs being the last layer. Beat two eggs with half a pint of milk, pour over breadcrumbs and brains. Bake with small pieces of butter and bake in a hot oven 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. P. Stephens, Orange St., Goodwinland, N.W.

ROSALIE CARROT PUDDING

Two large, raw, grated carrots, 2 cups of breadcrumbs, 6 tablespoons flour, 6 heaped tablespoons chopped meat, 1/2 cup sultanas, 1 egg, stand and halved dates, 1 cup chopped citron peel, 2 tablespoons blanched

Helping Ourselves We Help Others

APPROPOS of our special Recipe Competition announced on this page offering £10 in cash prizes for the best bridge party menu containing dried fruits:

Did you know that the Australian production of sultanas, raisins, and currants alone approximates 65,000 tons yearly? 14,000 tons are consumed in Australia. For the surplus crop, overseas markets have to be found.

So, by making daily use of these nourishing fruits — veritably "bottled sunshine" — you are not only building up your own health, but helping a valuable national industry in which so many returned soldiers are interested.

and chopped almonds, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup treacle and 1 cup milk.

Mix all these ingredients together, pour into a buttered mould, cover with buttered paper and steam for 3 hours. Serve with hot milk or cream sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Naomi McInnes, Hopetoun St., Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.



HOST HOLBROOK says: For the user, period, guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.

"For a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner."
—Samuel Johnson.

HOST HOLBROOK says:

"And earnestly do I brew my Worcestershire Sauce.

I assemble my ingredients from near and far and make a delicious brew which I mature in vats of English oak.

Ah! it makes the dinner so appetising."



"The World's Appetiser!"

HOLBROOKS WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

HS 9.

Arm Ached with Neuritis

"My left arm was almost useless from neuritis. The piercing pain bothered me all day. At night the sharp twinges would wake me right out of my sleep. I suffered terribly until one day I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil'. The relief I got from this simple oil was unbelievable. My arm feels fine now."

Good old 'St. Jacobs Oil' is the one remedy that really stops the pains and aches of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, and Neuralgia. The relief is almost instantaneous because this marvelous oil goes directly to the affected part and quickly draws out all the ache and pain. And it does not burn or blister the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' to-day at your chemist, and see how it relieves pain.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

Four "VAREX"
Applications . . .
Heal Bad Leg

W.D.H. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing, home treatment for various ulcers at any stage of development. No rest required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest H. Varex, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Compound, Sydney, and at 811 Collins Street, Melbourne.



AND NOW we are two. . . It's our second birthday, you know, and Ruth Furst has risen nobly to the occasion with a cake—candles and all. . . We'd like you to know that, as we cut into our birthday cake our concerted wish will be: "Long live The Australian Women's Weekly, and may you like us more and MORE."

PETROV.

ICED COFFEE

Milk, coffee essence, or strong coffee, sugar, whipped cream. Mix the milk and coffee to the strength required, and chill thoroughly. Serve in tall glasses, placing a teaspoon of whipped cream on top before serving.

ROYAL ICING FOR COVERING

One pound icing sugar, whites of 3 eggs, lemon juice. Add the icing sugar gradually to the unbeaten whites. Then the lemon juice of whipped cream on top before serving.



SOUPS

for Winter Meals

Nourishing Rosella Soups, easy to serve and better than you can make; they warm and satisfy during the Winter's nip.

14

Varieties

Tomato
Vegetable
Pea
Asparagus
Celery
Ox-Tail
Oyster
Mushroom
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Broth
Game
Kidney
Scotch
Broth
Chicken



Rosella

and so good for you

SAVORY ECLAIRS.

Choux pastry, 2 cups white sauce, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, salt, cayenne. Make the pastry. Force this mixture through a plain tube on to greased Swiss roll tin in 3-inch strips. Bake in hot oven about 30 minutes. Add the grated cheese, salt, and cayenne to the hot sauce. Mix well. When the eclairs are cooked, split and fill with cheese cream. Serve at once.

ICE CREAM

One quart milk, 6 yolks eggs, 6 dessertspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon vanilla. Beat the yolks of eggs well. Add the sugar and beat well. When the milk is almost boiling, pour it gradually on to the beaten eggs. Mix well, then return to a double saucepan, and stir till it coats the spoon. Remove from the water and stand in cold water. When cold add the vanilla, and freeze in the usual way. Always add more sugar and essence than required for a boiled custard, as it loses the flavor and sweetness in the freezing.

SANDWICH FILLINGS.

Chopped ham and olives, mixed with mayonnaise. Slices of tomatoes with lettuce leaves. Hard-boiled eggs, mashed with tomato or Worcester sauce, and curry powder. Cheese, grated and mixed to a paste with tomato or Worcester sauce. Spaghetti and tomato sauce. Asparagus with white sauce or mayonnaise. Tomato and cream cheese. Cream cheese and chopped gherkin. Cream cheese and chopped olives. Tongue or ham chopped, mixed with capers and dressing. Chopped crab and ham in white sauce. Celery and chopped nuts in sauce. Chopped chicken and ham, with chutney. Cooked peas with mayonnaise. Cooked beans with mayonnaise. Sweet corn, plain or in sauce. Mixed salad vegetables—lettuce, onion, celery. Cucumber with dressing. Beetroot. Cooked brains mashed with salt and cayenne, or in sauce. Cooked rabbit mashed with salt and cayenne, or in sauce. Salmon mashed with vinegar, salt and cayenne, or in sauce. Sardines mashed with vinegar, salt, cayenne. Dates, raisins, and nuts, chopped well together. Oysters in white sauce or dressing. Ham paste. Foie gras paste. Fish paste. Asparagus paste. Slices of meat, or poultry, with chopped pickles, chutney, or sauces. Grated raw carrot, with seasoned white sauce or mayonnaise.

... now for the PARTY!

Whether it be Birthday, Wedding Anniversary, or "Just a Party," Here's Scrumptious Fare!

HERE'S always a thrill about a party. . . Anticipation. . . Preparation—the fervent hope that all will go with a swing—and then realisation! This article will help, for here are hints and suggestions for such delicious sweets, drinks, and savory good things—even to "Happy Birthday" cake.

WHEN catering for parties, everyone is anxious to have enough, but it is wasteful to provide too much. Use cakes, etc., that are filled with cream first, and a good plan is to have some fruit cake, biscuits, etc., as a standby, as they keep if not required.

Just a few hints that may be helpful to many: A 2lb. sandwich loaf makes 18 sandwiches, which, if cut in 4, makes 72 small sandwiches; 1lb. butter sufficient to spread 2lb. loaf; 6 hard-boiled eggs, mashed, sufficient for a 2lb. loaf; 1lb. loaf sugar contains 112 pieces; three quarts milk usual allowance for tea for 100; six gallons coffee sufficient for 100—small cups; one quart ice cream sufficient for 10 persons.

BIRTHDAY CAKE.

One pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 8 eggs, 4 tablespoons brandy, sherry, or rum, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, spice if liked, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. currants, 1lb. cherries, 1lb. almonds, 1lb. peel, 1lb. figs, 1lb. dates, 1 dessertspoon Parisian essence.

Cream the butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating in each well before adding another; add the brandy very gradually, then the essence. Sift the flour, soda, and spice twice, and add it alternately with the prepared fruit. Mix well. Pour into prepared tin. Place into hot oven, turn the gas very low and allow to cook slowly 4 to 4½ hours. Test with a skewer. Leave in the tin till ready to use or ice.

ALMOND PASTE.

Half-pound icing sugar, 4oz. almonds, yolk of 1 egg, 1 tablespoon sherry, lemon juice. Mix the icing sugar and almonds, add the beaten yolk of egg, sherry, and



lemon juice gradually, making into a dry dough. Turn on to a board, sprinkle with icing sugar, knead well.

OYSTER PATTIES.

Some puff pastry, 2 doz. oysters, 6 tablespoons milk, 6 tablespoons oyster liquor, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, anchovy sauce, salt, cayenne.

Make the pastry. Cut into rounds with a plain cutter, cut half-way through with a small cutter. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Make the white sauce with the flour, butter, milk and oyster liquor. Add the salt, cayenne, lemon juice, and anchovy sauce to taste, then the bearded oysters. Remove the centres from the patties, fill with the oyster mixture, put the top on. Serve on a paper doily, garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

ICING CAKE.

Remove the paper from the cake, and stand upside down on a board or thick cardboard cut 2 inches larger than cake. Cut a slice off top of the cake so that it stands evenly. Make the almond paste (see above). Cut one-third off. The remaining portion cut into four. Roll out into strips the height of the cake. Brush with unbeaten white of egg, and lay evenly round the cake. Roll the other portion into rounds and cover top. Press over with the hands to remove any joints, using icing sugar to prevent sticking. Leave, if possible, for 24 hours. Now make the royal icing (see Col. 2). Spread the icing evenly over sides and top of cake, using a knife dipped in hot water, icing the board, too. Leave in a cool

By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's Weekly

place till well set. Make the royal icing for decorating—1lb. icing sugar, white of 2 eggs, lemon juice. Process as for coating icing, or if there is any over from the coating icing, more icing sugar can be added to it, till the right consistency to hold on a spoon. Decorate the cake, using forcing ball and pipe. Leave in a cool place till required.

It is advisable to add a drop of blue water to the royal icing. This gives it a much nicer appearance, also matches any bought decorations.

CLARET CUP.

One pint bottle claret, 1 small bottle soda water, 1 small bottle lemonade, 2 tablespoons sugar, thin slices cucumber, thin slices lemon, nutmeg.

Put the claret into a jug, add the soda water, lemonade, nutmeg, sugar, lemon and cucumber. Mix well. Let the jug stand embedded in ice for at least one hour before serving. Claret Cup can be made, using all lemonade and less sugar, or all soda water, and more sugar. It can be made weaker or stronger, as required. Ice can be added to the cup if liked.

PETIT FOURS.

Quantity Genoese cake mixture, pink, green, coffee or chocolate, yellow and white icing, almonds, cherries, angelica, crystallised pineapple, walnuts, mock cream.

Make the cake mixture. Put a spoonful into very small patty tin. Bake in a moderate oven eight to ten minutes. Turn on to cake-cover. When cold divide the cakes into lots of five. Make the warm icings. Allow 1 dessertspoon icing sugar for each cake. Flavor white icing with vanilla; flavor green icing with almond; flavor pink icing with strawberry; flavor yellow icing with orange. Use coffee essence, or flavor chocolate icing with vanilla.

Completely coat the cakes with the icing, and place half a cherry on white icing, half a walnut on chocolate and half an almond on the pink. Strip pineapple on the green, angelica on the yellow. Leave till quite set, then split and fill with mock or fresh whipped cream and join again.

FRUIT CUP No. 1.

One quart weak tea, half-dozen oranges, 4 lemons, sugar to flavor, wine to taste.

Make the tea very weak, and allow it to become quite cold. Add the strained orange and lemon juice, then the sugar, and sherry, or whatever wine preferred. Let the jug stand embedded in ice for at least one hour before serving. The juice of any fruit can be added, such as passionfruit or pineapple, and stoned cherries can be added too.

FRUIT CUP No. 2.

Two oranges, 2 lemons, 3 pints water, 5 lumps loaf sugar, 3oz. sugar, 4 passionfruit, ice.

Wash the oranges and lemons, and rub the loaf sugar over the skin to extract all the oil. Squeeze the juice from oranges and lemons, place the juices and sugar in a large jug. Pour over the boiling water. Allow to stand till cold. Add the passionfruit and place in ice chest. Serve in glasses.

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A CUP OF CHICKEN
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CHICKEN
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To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state child's age.



WW 354A

WW355A

WW356A

WW357A

WW 358A

WW359A

WW360A

WW361A

NEW RUSSIAN TUNIC

WW354A.—The novel treatment of the heavy stitching on this new Russian tunic frock is effective. Side fastening extends from the high neckline. Skirt is two-piece. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes: 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART MAGYAR TOP

WW355A.—A frock for more formal occasions, with a very smart magyar top. The contrasting trimming on the front provides a touch of color. The skirt trimming gives a basque effect. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes: 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

MAID'S COAT

WW356A.—Style combines with comfort in this new coat design for the young girl. Centre back has an inverted pleat. Coat may be worn with or without the belt. Pattern for maid 16 to

18 years, 32-inch bust. Material: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

BECOMING EVENING STYLE

WW357A.—An evening frock that should find favor because it is simple and modish. Front skirt panel is shaped over the hips. At the neck the frock is encircled with a flared collar. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHARMING COAT

WW358A.—An inexpensive yet dressy coat for the small girl. It is slightly shaped into the side seam and has double-breasted fastening. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material for 4 years: 1 yard, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SIMPLE MODE

WW359A.—A simple frock for the schoolgirl, the formality of which is re-

lieved by the yoke and sleeves of contrast. The skirt has inverted pleats. Pattern for 10 and 12 years. Material for 12 years: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 30 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DRESSY AND SLIMMING

WW360A.—A design in slimming, youthful effect, with a touch of contrast at the neck. Four-piece skirt is provided with pleated godets at the seams. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes: 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TWEED COSTUME

WW361A.—Let this be your choice when selecting a tweed costume. It is shaped into the figure with a seam from the shoulder, continuing to the side. Skirt features pleated insets. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes: 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SNUG, SPORTY COAT

WW362A.—One of the new season's

sports coats, suggesting tweed or flannel. It has front fastening and a wide belt to mark the waistline. Material

for 36-inc. bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 10 STAMPS to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Dept." In any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old:—

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3884, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4009, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 415X, G.P.O., Sydney.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

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Name

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Pattern Coupon, 4/8/35.



Our Free Pattern...

Boy's Overcoat 4 years

This week's free pattern portrays a very overcoat suitable for either boy or girl aged four.

The same pattern is used for both, except that the fastening is on the opposite side for a girl.

Sleeves are in a two-piece cut style. Pattern is for 4 years. Material: 1 yard, 54 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting.



Here's news for all of you who have yellowish, discoloured teeth, and who have tried perhaps a dozen different ways to brighten and give them an attractive whiteness and sparkle.

Start brushing your teeth with KOLYNOS. Use it just as you would an ordinary toothpaste, but with two important exceptions. Take only half as much and do not wet your toothbrush, but use it DRY. Brush your teeth this KOLYNOS way and see how astonishingly quickly your teeth become sparkling white.

This scientific dental cream cleans and

whitens teeth quickly and effectively because it contains cleansing and active antiseptic properties not found in other preparations. It acts so as to remove from the teeth the "bacteria-plaque" which harbours harmful germs and makes teeth look dingy, yellow and unattractive. This super-cleansing improves the appearance of your teeth as nothing else can and makes them whiter—shades whiter.

Try KOLYNOS. See how it gives teeth new lustre, new clearness and makes them more attractive than you believed possible.

Get a tube to-day. Sold by all chemists and stores. KOLYNOS lasts twice the usual time—because you use half as much.

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Claims regarding an excess of diastase prove the superiority of "Ovaltine". It is the easiest thing imaginable to produce an excess of diastase. The difficulty is in using diastase in its proper place—that is, during the process of manufacture, as in "Ovaltine".

The fact that "Ovaltine" — unlike imitations — contains no starch proves that the diastase has been used in the correct way and that the "Ovaltine" process is perfect and complete.

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BLACK Orchids

Continued from Page 54

"J.M." thought Ian bitterly. "And when they get finished—poor Ilya will have been pitted to death."

He rather wondered what the proud old Baron Zichony would do and say if or rather when those whispers ever reached his ears. The Baron could not in any sense be described as a man of easy-going disposition, and Ian heaved a long, troubled sigh as a pair of uniformed footmen threw back the doors of the dining-room to reveal a resplendent blaze of silver, napery and cut glass.

The dinner proved an unhappy one for Ian. As a dinner partner he drew Senorita Martela, an Argentine damsel who possessed enormous eyes and an apparently irresistible desire to make a conquest of him. In vain Ian attempted to ward off her leads with his usually effective stock of witticisms, cynicisms and epigrams, while feasting his eyes on that almost ethereal personality across the table. To his deep dismay he noted that by evil chance or deep plotting Leonard had secured the place at Lolita von Waldeck's left. There he sat apparently unable to tear his eyes away from that perfectly moulded form in white, though she, with a conscious effort at preserving appearances, constantly diverted her attention to the utterly-captivated, white-haired Spanish minister on her right.

While returning automatic replies to Senorita Martela's not wholly discreet and incessant flow of badinage, Ian found time to study the distinguished middle-aged gentleman who appeared to be Lolita's escort. There was a peculiar upward tilt to that much decorated nobleman's dark and very clear eyes that suggested a strain

of Magyar or Slavic blood in his make-up and prompted conjecture as to Count von Bradensee's antecedents. The Count's round, almost hairless face was set with a glimmering monocle and bore the jolliest of wrinkles about the corners of eyes and mouth; yet there were certain lines in that pink-white face that ought not to have been there. Ian decided that Count von Bradensee was nearing sixty, for the last of his hair that struggled to survive, like a stricken line of infantry on the field of a disastrous battle, was deeply grey. A curious little man he was—and not without dignity for all his continual outbursts of laughter. Across his shirt bosom Lolita's escort wore the yellow and red ribbon of the Bavarian Order of Saint Hubert and just below his smartly cut white tie sparkled the cross of a commander in the French Legion d'Honneur.

Count von Bradensee was apparently a good-natured bon vivant, for he sat there listening politely to the flow of unseasonal gossip tumbling from the Belgian minister's breathless and fat little wife like coal from a chute.

Ian frowned. Good Lord, but Leonard was making a complete ass of himself to-night! Wasn't like him, either. He'd have to take the boy in hand when they got home. Ilya, poor child, would be completely miserable.

"Really, Monsieur, you are scarcely flattering," he heard the rather sharp voice of Senorita Martela saying in edged banter. "You have not taken your eyes from the Countess von Waldeck in five minutes. Do you think she is so very pretty?"

"Eh? Oh, no, she's too blonde, too brittle." Stock answer number three to beauties. What a bore all this diplomatic business was. Had the Argentine charmer been a blonde he knew he would have said, "Oh, no; dark people depress me, and Miss So-and-So, although she is beautiful, is most distressingly dark."

He barely tasted the delicious consommé, toyed with his soufflé de volaille and felt increasingly annoyed at himself. Why the deuce did he find himself looking once more at Lolita von Waldeck? He swiftly analysed the impulse. It intrigued him to reconcile her faintly sinister reputation, with that singular gracious and wholesome-looking young girl. Moreover, he wanted to know why the this-and-that Lolita von Waldeck had cried so bitterly to herself in the conservatory? Why did she apparently resent her escort—and what was he to her? The fellow looked harmless enough.

DELIBERATELY he tore his eyes away from those almost elfin delicate features, and it was then that he noted for the first time, seated at the far end of the table, a bearded officer who wore the elaborate, gold-slashed, green uniform of the Bulgarian Royal Guard. The expression on the Bulgarian's wolfishly lean face was hard as basalt, and there was a glitter in his jet eyes that instantly challenged Ian's attention.

On following the line of the Bulgarian's gaze, the uneasy First Secretary realised, with a sense of shock, that this dangerously hostile glance was bent on Leonard Holt who, like the infatuated pup he was, was at that moment whispering some amusing nonsense into the invisible emerald-decked ear of Lolita von Waldeck.

The irrefragable Argentine was gushing something about polo. What did he think? "Yes, yes," murmured Ian aloud. "These Argentines put on a deuced good showing on Long Island last year. I'll never forget how Lewis Lacey, etc., played—knocked the ball half the length of the field—" And so on and on.

But while he talked his attention was upon that bearded Bulgarian officer, for between that individual's purely automatic smiles there was to be glimpsed a cruel, tight expression about his narrow lips. That Bulgarian undoubtedly was pretty mad about something, and didn't seem possessed of self-control in any quantity.

By the time the coffee and liqueurs were served, Ian found himself wondering what to do. Never in his career in the Foreign Service had he ever been so thoroughly at a loss. His own feelings defied analysis.

In spite of everything, he could not fight off the overwhelming magnetism of that dazzling young woman who had furnished the topic of conversation during the cocktail hour. If, indeed, she were a professional heart-breaker, she was, without doubt, the most deceptively innocent-appearing one he had ever beheld.

"Wouldn't mind seeing for myself," he thought and followed the sway of her white shoulders as, with the ladies from the dining-room, she betook herself to the green and gold salon. Ian managed a distressed expression when the Senorita Martela reluctantly abandoned him with a provocative smile and whispered, "Mas tarde."

To be continued

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

whose physician told her
ten years ago how to keep
her children well



HERE is a mother, who, with her three children, has been enjoying the blessings of perfect health ever since her doctor told her the secret ten years ago!

She is Mrs. J. A. Sullivan. Her letter and the pictures she sends with it of these happy, healthy children, tell the story better than we can.

"I am enclosing several photographs of my youngsters," she writes. "We are enthusiastic Nujol users, and have been ever since my oldest boy, who is now ten, was a baby, when my doctor advised me to give him Nujol."

"I have seen all three of them through all the children's diseases, which invariably come with school age. However, no complications have ever occurred, nor have any had after-effects developed, and I have always felt that this was due to the regular habits acquired by the systematic use of Nujol."

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girl in
the Office"

"But they don't know that I dye my own frock! That's the best of NADCO—it doesn't give one away as inferior dye do. Use any one of the 39 NADCO colours and you never need worry about the results. The shades are fast, they are even, they are beautiful. You can save yourself a whole lot of money by transforming frocks, lingies or stockings with NADCO Dyes. They're very easy to use—and remember—NADCO cleans as it dyes."

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

NADCO

30
MODERN
SHADES

HOME FAST DYES

AMATEUR

Continued from
Page 6

LADY

HE had telephoned Christine late in the afternoon, but she was out.

Sunday was always a slightly oppressive day in the Ramsome household. Sir John and Lady Ramsome went to church, usually impressing the children into the party, too. This morning no one protested. They drove in service and sat in the family pew. Afterwards they ate their way through the hearty midday dinner and went quietly to their room, to rest, not having been asked to assemble in the library just before tea-time. Philip went up to his room like one in a dream. He would not get back in time to see Christine unless he started before five o'clock, but a look at his mother's face checked any impulse to announce an early departure.

Sally slipped into his room at half-past three, her face worried. She stood turning over the pages of a book on his reading-table and looking at Philip, who sat in a deep chair by the window.

"You're in for it," she said briefly.

"Am I?"

"They're all down in the library now, ready to put you through it. I came up to get you, and I had to do a marathon to the door to be the one to come. Philip, does she mean so much to you—Christine?"

"She means everything to me, Sally."

"More than home, and what mother thinks, and—having beautiful things to pass on to your branch of the Ramsomes?"

"More than that."

As Sally had said, they were waiting for him in the library. Cynthia, looking at anything more upset than Sally, sat as close to Kenneth as decorum permitted. Charles and Frank were in the window seat. Sir John Ramsome sat in his favorite chair, his eyes anxiously fixed on his wife, whose face was to Philip looked strained and pale. Cecilia sat near her mother, and all eyes turned on Philip and Sally as they entered the room. Philip looked at them defiantly.

"Family council?" he asked at last, trying to speak easily, but finding his mouth dry.

"We want to talk with you, Philip," his father said kindly. "Find a chair for yourself, and we'll begin."

Philip sat down on a straight chair, and Sally slipped on to a low stool near-by.

Lady Ramsome broke the silence.

"I may not be necessary for us to talk long, Philip. One word from you and we can dismiss this whole subject. In a note from you, you told me you valued this Miss Christine Grant—though I gather she has no right to that surname—to marry you. It may be that you spoke more definitely than you meant to. Young men are apt to be over-enthusiastic when they fall in love for the first time. You have, however, brought this girl home—a girl whom otherwise I should never have received in my house. Do you still feel, after seeing how sadly out of place she is amongst us, that you will continue to entertain the idea of marrying her?"

"I intend to marry her," Philip answered.

Sir John cleared his throat.

"No Ramsome has ever married into any but a good family, Philip. If Christine were Gilead Grant's own daughter we would still feel she was not your equal in birth, but being as she is a girl of unknown origin, I think you yourself can see that it is a serious thing you contemplate doing."

"I LOVE her," said Philip simply.

Lady Ramsome winced and put her



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WEAR A
Ladye Jayne
SLUMBER HELMET

hands before her face. Sir John Ramsome continued:

"In this family," he said, "we have always consulted more than personal inclination in our marriages. I am happy to say that in the case of your mother and myself, and in the case of Kenneth's marriage, there was strong inclination and ardent affection as well as suitability present. Philip, you are old enough to know that both things count heavily in a happy marriage. And that, being what you are, you have a duty above your own personal feelings—a duty to hand on, unimpaired, a good heritage to your children."

"Can you see Christine and doubt that her heritage is good?" Philip asked.

Lady Ramsome gave a little moan, and Cecilia took one of her mother's hands.

"We have nothing against the young lady personally," Sir John answered in a conciliatory tone. "She was very pleasant. She is obviously a beautiful and, in her way, accomplished young woman. But it is one thing to have her here as your friend, and a far different one to receive her as a daughter, to think of her as the mother of your children."

"I owe you a great deal," Philip said steadily. "I owe you even the character by which I see in Christine something fine and true. I see her as much through the ideals and standards you have given me at home, as through any desire for personal happiness. Judged by our own standards, she measures up to what you would want my wife to be."

Sally made a sound that expressed approval, and Philip saw his father's face soften at his words. But upon Lady Ramsome their effect was dreadful.

SHE rose from her chair and faced them all, her face contorted by her feeling:

"Fine words," she cried. "Fine words, spoken by a child, a boy believing his first love affair is his last—his grand passion. A boy who would bring into his family a girl without a name, brought up by a scripture-quoting eccentric. I can quote scripture, too—'The horned serpent hath two daughters, crying, Give, give!' And so he has—the Christine Philip sees, till admit, she's beautiful, unusual—but I see another Christine hidden from his eyes, the Christine who sees in Philip a chance to vindicate her shabby birth and upbringing—two Christines, both crying out to my son, 'Give, give!'"

They were stunned by her words, by the force of her feeling. She swept the room with a long, searching gaze, then steadily and without another word left them, closing the door behind her. The silence that followed her departure was ghastly. Those last words "Give, give!" seemed to echo in every corner. It was Sir John who broke the spell at last.

"I must go to your mother," he said, and with the gait of an old man he went to find his wife.

An hour passed, then Sir John returned to the room.

"Your mother wants to see you again, Philip," he said quietly. "This is a bad business, son. I'm afraid it will make your mother really ill if you persist in—in your present course of conduct."

HIS mother lay in her high four-poster bed, the bed in which Philip had been born, quietly, her face pain-ridden, but the distorting anger vanished from it now. She held one thin white hand out to him.

"Come, Philip," she said gently. "I'm sorry for the bitter things I said. We will try to talk about this sanely."

Of the hour that followed Philip never had any clear memory, never fully knew what impulses to obedience, what compulsion to her will, her love laid on him. Little by little she imposed her own picture of Christine on his mind, rendered him helpless by a kind of desolate sorrow, until at last he rose to his feet and looked at her steadily.

"What do you want me to do, mother?"

"Give this girl up completely, Philip."

He shook his head.

"I can't do that, mother. But I will do this. You seem so sure that this is just an infatuation on my part. I am willing to put it to the test. I will agree not to see Christine alone for two months, the length of time it will take me to finish my work. If at the end of that time I find you are right, then I will return here to stay. But if not, if I still love her then as I do now, I will marry her, and we will live there together."

Please turn to Page 61

HORT HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.***

DON'T LET A COLD DEVELOP INTO INFLUENZA



SEVERE Colds are attacking the people everywhere. The symptoms are a hot, dry throat—tightness of the chest—aching eyes—and a general "stuffed-up" feeling in the head. Smash these symptoms with 'ASPRO' immediately they appear, or you are almost sure to be forced to bed for a week with a nasty Influenza attack or a possible chest complaint of a more serious form. Get your temperature down and you get relief at once. The sure, safe, effective method is 'ASPRO.' Take it in the earlier stages of a Cold and get quick relief. 'ASPRO' will arrest developments—it will get right at the seat of the trouble.

If taken according to the directions in the packet, 'ASPRO' will smash up a Cold in one night. Furthermore, you take no risks with 'ASPRO' because it does not harm the heart or stomach, and there are no injurious after effects. Keep Colds out of your home. Buy a packet of 'ASPRO' today, ready for any emergency.

'ASPRO'

Will SMASH a COLD in ONE NIGHT

'ASPRO' CHECKS COLDS AND 'FLU' QUICKER

Walker Street,
TOWNSVILLE, Q'ld.,
18/8/34.

Dear Sirs,
I have used your 'ASPRO' Tablets for many years, and am writing this to show my appreciation of their extraordinary value for headache relief. During the hot and humid months of the northern summer 'ASPRO' is invaluable. I have found also that 'ASPRO' Tablets will check Colds and Influenza more quickly than anything else I know of.

(Sgd.) Mrs. VERONICA SWANN.

FOR COLDS AND 'FLU' — 'ASPRO' STANDS ALONE

Main Road,
RUSSELL, Vic.,
Dec. 1934.

Dear Sirs,
I am a mother of a large family, and find 'ASPRO' a most wonderful help at all times. For Colds and 'Flu', 'ASPRO' stands alone, and at the first sign of 'Flu' or a Cold coming on, we take it at once. I would also like to mention that 'ASPRO' saved me much suffering with Neuritis, which for years has given me great pain. It gives me relief, and thanks to 'ASPRO', I can keep my health splendidly.

Yours truly, (Sgd.) Mrs. W. J. LONG.

5 MINUTES



FOR RELIEF WITH 'ASPRO'

There is nothing indefinite about 'ASPRO'. Its service is QUICK—safe, effective and definite. It gives you relief in 5 to 10 minutes, and then goes on to dispel or dissolve the cause of the pain, allowing Nature to effect the desired relief. Furthermore, you get no harmful after effects from 'ASPRO', as it is speedily eliminated from the system a few hours after being taken. It neither dopes, deadens, nor drugs.

15 PROVED USES for 'ASPRO'

- 1—It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
- 2—It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
- 3—It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
- 4—It will ease the Nagging pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
- 5—Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
- 6—'ASPRO' taken according to directions will smash up a Cold or 'Flu' attack in 24 hours.
- 7—It brings relief without harming the heart.
- 8—It soothes away Irritability.
- 9—It speedily reduces Temperature.
- 10—The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO'.
- 11—It can be taken at any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business anywhere—everywhere.
- 12—It gives great relief to women when depressed.
- 13—It relieves ill after effects of Alcohol.
- 14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
- 15—As a Gargle 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsillitis.

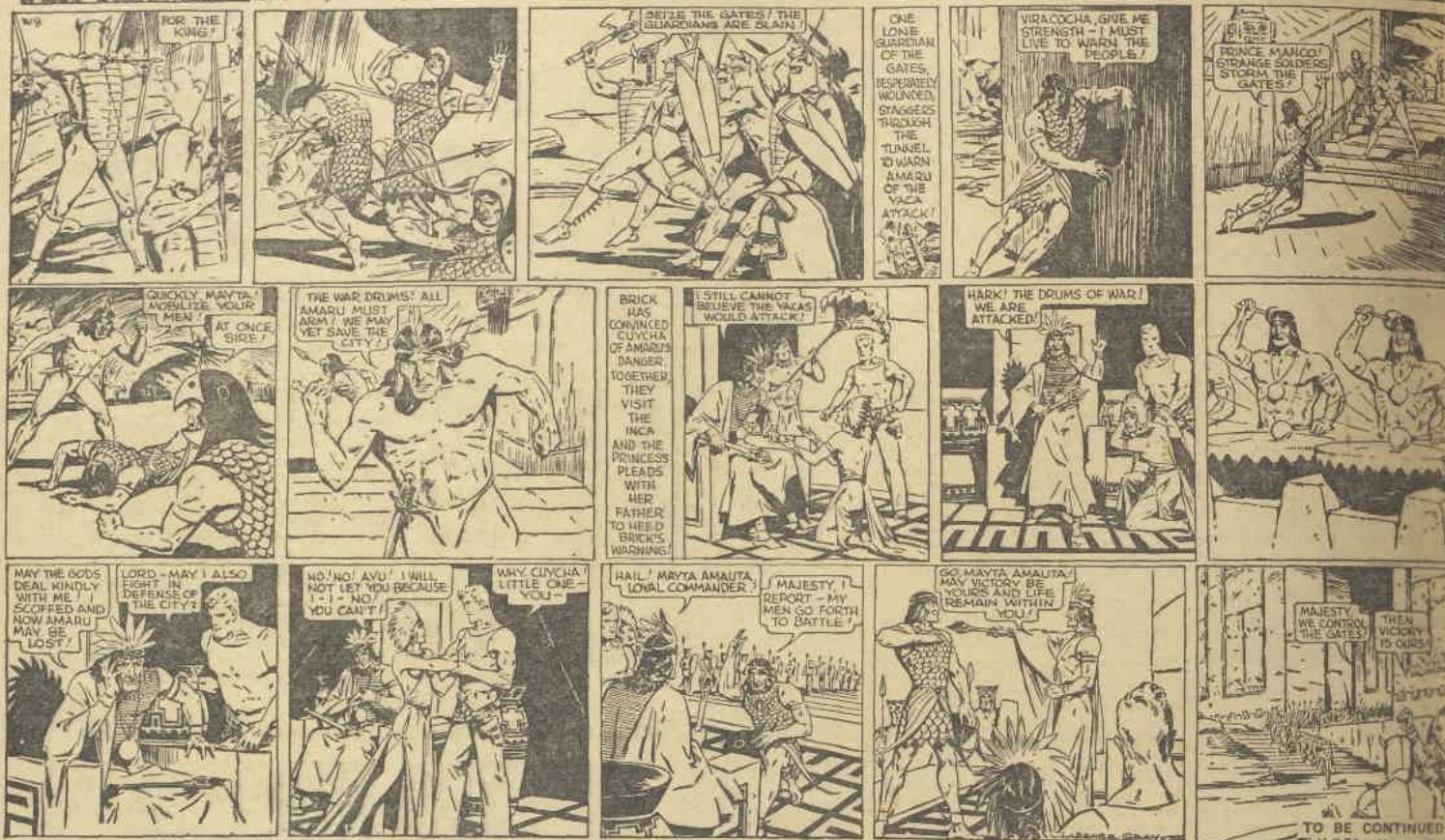
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16E 25

BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

DOOMED to death by the treachery of Gable Zane, a fellow-aviator in an expedition to Peru, Brick Bradford survives to reach Amaru with Mamoo, heir to the throne. They bring with them warning of an invasion planned by Inca Hastu and Gable Zane.

Mamoo's uncle, the King, will not credit their warning. Even as Brick pleads with the Princess Caycha, the King's daughter, to convince her of the danger, Hastu attacks. With him, a prisoner, is June Salisbury, beautiful daughter of the leader of Bradford's expedition.



Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals—
I feel very happy to know that so many of my Pals are really good artists. Later my mail-bag has been full of lovely paintings from Pals in every State.



Of course, you all can't win a prize the first time you try, but I'm sure that if you try your very hardest each week your efforts will be rewarded.
A most interesting letter indeed came this week from PEGGY MORRIS (14), Hill St., Sherwood, Brisbane, and Peggy wins the prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week.
Good bye until next week.
Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

The Blowhole Point, Kiama

By MOYA COLE
A pretty spot is quite the most picturesque among the many beautiful spots of Kiama. Looking out to sea from the point one sees the handwork of Nature given full play. The rolling waves dashing against the rocks and throwing a mass of water through the blowhole, high into the air, create a very striking scene.
One can walk over and about the rocks, which extend some distance out to sea. One of these rocks is appropriately named Snag Rock. Looking back from the point of this pretty view meets the eye.
The lighthouse, a notable feature of the point, is a great help to shipping.
A very fine view is obtained from the lighthouse lookout.
Prize of 5/- to MOYA COLE (11), Coleville, Jambers, N.S.W.

ABOUT COMPETITIONS
Each week Cash Prizes and Prize Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, riddles, and games must be original. Pals must be under the age of 18. The 12 Prize Cards a 10/- prize is awarded. Each week a painting competition is held. Pals may select any picture at all in The Australian Women's Weekly. A weekly prize of 5/- will be given for the best effort. Any picture may be chosen, but it must reach our office within 21 days after the paper is dated. Make envelope "Painting Competition," etc.

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie, Box 1511E, G.P.O., Sydney."

Have Patience

By SHIRLEY KIPPING

"PATIENCE is a virtue." Proves it if you can; Always found in animals. But rarely found in man.

Look at poor old Noddy standing at the gate. Does he get impatient because his master's late? No, of course he doesn't. He has patience ample. So you Pals who see this poem—Follow his example.

If, when a poem you send along a prize you don't attain, Do not be discouraged. Just try, try again.

Prize of 5/- to SHIRLEY KIPPING (13), 43 Glenelg Avenue, Hartwell, Melbourne, for this clever verse.

FUN FOR ALL

QUERER NOTICES

"The sale of Mrs. Jones has been postponed till next week."
"Wanted. A girl about sixteen for picking and bottling."

"Two sisters want wadding."
"Wanted: a situation as a governess by a young lady aged 26 for two years."

Prize Card to IVY PALMER, Tiger St., West Ipswich, Qld.
"My place is wet," complained a man in a boarding-house to his wife.
"Bath," she whispered, "can't you see that's your soap?"
Prize Card to DOROTHY HAZEL, Coghlin St., Kapunda, S.A.

Teacher: Can anyone give me an example of wasted energy?
Bright boy: Yes, telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man.
Prize Card to RINA CASTANESSA, Bloomsbury, N.C.L., via Mackay, Qld.



"I don't think I should care to trust myself to your care if I were ill," said Mr. Parker.

"Because," replied Mr. Parker, "you are only a quack."

Two Prize Cards to Helen Head, 60 Holden St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

JUST CHATTER



HERE you see MINA BUCKLAND, of Concord, with her fave little boys.

LEN WILKINSON, of Cottesloe (W.A.), always reads about Brick Bradford; PEGGY HANSEN, of Arncliffe (N.S.W.), is fond of sketching; ADELLA YICKER, of Richmond (Vic.), writes a very interesting letter; CLIFF FERRARD, of Liverpool (N.S.W.), is eleven years of age, and attends Liverpool Junior Technical School; PEGGY UNGAR, of Rose Bay (N.S.W.), is an enthusiastic stamp collector.

JUNE HALLINAN, of Temora Road, via Cootamundra (N.S.W.), writes a very nice letter; GWEN MORRIS, of Melbourne, is one of our newest Pals; JOAN RIDGWAY, of Toowoomba (Qld.), is fond of jokes of all kinds.

JIMMIE WHITE, of Midford (Vic.), has a big kelpie dog for his favorite pet; DOROTHY BELL, of Marree (S.A.), lives on a station; SHEILA MACARTHUR, of Thirroul (N.S.W.), is fond of drawing, writing, and playing tennis; MARGARET JENKINS, of Meridale (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter; MARGARET LINCOLN, of Marston, via Windsor (N.S.W.), does clever sketches; ALLEN GRAHAM, of Lachlan (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal; DOROTHY GRAHAM, of Clonwell, Lachlan (N.S.W.), is ten years of age and would like some pen friends about the same age.

EDWINA WASSIE, of Auburn (N.S.W.), likes sketching; JOAN LEDERSTROM, of Pt. Lincoln (S.A.), is one of our new pals; KATHLEEN SMITH, of 49 Robinson St., Kingsford (N.S.W.), would like a pen friend; MARGARET GREEN, of Waverley, Charters Towers (Qld.), paints pretty pictures.

MARY WATTS, of Tottenham (N.S.W.), recently spent a very enjoyable holiday at Tuggerah Lakes; ALICE GRAHAM, of Cullumburra, is very fond of puppies; PHYLLIS WATTS, of Goolagong (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new pal; HAZEL WINNIE, of Mackay (Qld.), writes an interesting letter; VIVIANNE JARBO, of Ashfield (N.S.W.), does pretty paintings; BETTY McLENN, of Gladstone (N.S.W.), is fond of sketching; LILLA CHIFFS, of Woodbridge, Channel (Tas.), would like some pen friends; WANDA TIBBY, of R. Murray (S.A.), is very fond of reading, and has read many interesting books.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

EARLY one Saturday morning Fred set off for Caronto, a country town some sixty miles north of Mushroom Grove. He had some important books to deliver for Wunderlust.

After the touring-car, in which he was a passenger, had gone about twenty miles, the engine broke down. Everyone got out of the car while the necessary repairs were being made.

As Fred wandered aimlessly about he heard a cry coming from the river at the foot of the hill on which he was standing. Quickly he hastened down the hill, and reached the bottom just in time to see a head go under the water.

Nearby was an upturned canoe. Luckily there was another one tied to the side of the bank scarcely ten feet away. Fred soon raced to the canoe and rowed to the drowning person. It was very hard for Fred to get the boy out of the water, for the boy tugged so frantically at his outstretched hand that every now and again he almost overbalanced and went into the water himself.

By this time the touring-car had been fixed. Everyone had got in, and no one had noticed Fred's absence, and now they were all driving contentedly along the country road. When at last Fred did manage to haul the boy into his canoe he was a thoroughly exhausted. The two lay in the canoe for some time before they attempted to paddle it to the bank.

When Fred reached the bank his first thought was for Wunderlust's important books, and he raced up the hill, calling loudly.

Fred felt sure they wouldn't leave without him, and when he reached the top of the hill and found everybody gone he was almost on the verge of tears. The boy by this time was just by his side.

"I'm very thankful for all you've done," he stammered, "and I know my big brother Dan is home, and he will love to meet you, I'm sure."

"That's all right," Fred answered. Fred then explained to the boy how Wunderlust had trusted him with some important books which were now wet on the way to Caronto without an owner.

"I only live a short way from here," went on the boy excitedly, "and I know my big brother Dan is home, and he will drive you. He's a terribly quick driver and I think he'll be able to catch up with the touring-car if you hurry."

This was no sooner said than done and Fred found Dan a very, very quick driver, and also a very nice man.

As they neared the Caronto punt they heard a whistle. Quickly Dan scanned his horn, which was more like an organ than a horn. The men on the punt heard it and waited.

"You just drop me on the punt, the touring-car is there, I can see it. And thank you very much," Fred cried above the hum of the engine.

"Oh, no," answered Dan, smilingly. "You just get your luggage, and we'll have a day at Caronto together."

Fred smiled. "My word, that's a wonderful idea!"



OUT WALKING. Prize of 5/- to Dorcas Kearney, 11 Green St., Double Bay, N.S.W., for this original sketch.



Times may change... but not Cashmere Bouquet

For over one hundred years Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet has provided lovely women with a fragrant toilet soap that is irreproachable in its quality. No finer soap can be made—yet Cashmere Bouquet now costs surprisingly little. Give yourself the daily joy of washing and bathing in Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap... rich with the quality of 129 years, and sweet with the perfume of twelve precious flowers. The delicate creamy lather will soothe and refresh your skin, and keep it soft and clear.

Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet

The Aristocrat of Toilet Soaps



Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Cream or Compact), Perfume, Eau-de-Cologne, Talcum Powder, Dandruff Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid).

C.B. 35/4

LIKE A DAGGER IN HER BACK

Fixed With Rheumatism

Great Benefit From Kruschen

A woman correspondent writes:—"I was crippled with pains stabbing me like a dagger in the lower part of my back. From there they would go from joint to joint, almost fixing my shoulders so that I could not move my arms up and down for pain. At times I thought I would never rid myself of this terrible agony. I walked the room night after night with no sleep for week after week. I tried lotions of all kinds, but got no relief whatever. Then I tried Kruschen Salts, and started straight away with the wonderful results which I am obtaining at this present moment.

"No fear of going to bed, not afraid to eat a meal. My food used to nearly choke me. It must have been all acid in my body, which I am very thankful to say is not the case now. I am reaping great benefit from Kruschen, which I take regularly every morning. To me it is worth its weight in gold. It has put new life in me."—(Mrs.) E. P.

The pains and stiffness of rheumatism are caused by deposits of needle-pointed uric acid crystals in the muscles and joints. The six salts in Kruschen stimulate your liver and kidneys to healthy, regular action; assist them to get rid of the excess uric acid which is the cause of all



your suffering. When poisonous uric acid—with its deposits of needle-pointed crystals—goes, there's no doubt about those aches and pains going too! Nor is that all. Kruschen keeps your system so regular, so free from stagnating waste matter, that no such body poisons as uric acid ever get the chance to accumulate again.

One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Kruschen is the exact proportion of the six different salts it contains. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling. Kruschen has a world-wide sale. It is taken by the people of 119 different countries. In none of these countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

AMATEUR

Continued from
Page 61

LADY

"LISTEN to me, Christine, I'm older than you are. I've seen a lot of the world, and I've never yet seen a marriage between a girl of no family and a man of good family turn out well. You think I speak only for myself, but it's for more than that. I want your happiness, Christine. You'd never be happy with Philip Ransome—nor he with you."

"You may be right." The words came with an effort. "You'd ruin his life if you married him, Christine." Simon was desperately in earnest. He had seen her eyes widen at the idea of making Philip



Do You Know?...

THAT the dandelion gets its name in a very peculiar manner. One of the early botanists likened its leaves to the teeth of the lion and so he called it in his native French, "Dents-de-Lion," which means "teeth of the lion."

unhappy, and he hammered this point home. "You couldn't make up to him for what he'd lose, Christine, fine as you are. And, Christine, I want you, any time, any way you will come to me. Come to me—He paused and looked at her steadily. "Come to me and save yourself from spoiling the life of the man you say you love."

She stared at him fascinated. "Simon—Simon—" she said, whispering his name.

"Yes—he almost shouted the word—yes, come to me from his very arms, and I'll take you. That moment when you can't resist saying 'Yes' to him, come to me, to Simon. I'll save you, protect you, love you, spend my life to make you happy, Christine. So help me, God!"

She put her hands over her face. "Please go away, Simon, please—"

He went to the door and turned to say:

"As you wish, Christine, but I meant every word of it. The day I see you married to Philip Ransome I'll give up hope, not before!"

He left, and Christine sank into the chair by her table. She had never dreamed his passion for her reached such heights. But beyond a momentary amazement at the realisation she did not consider it then. His final coupling of her name with Philip's awoke the pain she had thrust aside for an hour.

There was no numbness about her suffering now. Philip had said two months, but it was over, all over, Christine knew that. She felt wretched, sick, torn apart by it. Her throat was tight and constricted and she felt a muscle twitch in her cheek. She lifted her head blindly and could not see the wall, then she bowed herself to the table again, longing for tears that would not come. So she sat when Gilead opened the door and looked in.

He went to her very quietly and laid his hand on her head. She did not move, and for a long time they remained thus, her face hidden from him, his hand pressed gently close to her soft hair. At last she spoke in a muffled whisper:

"It's all over," she said. "All over, Gilead."

Gilead's face darkened. Then he bent down to her and took both her hands, making her turn her face up to him.

"Steady over the jumps, Christine. Get your knees round the saddle, and take it easy. Seat firm and hands light, whatever happens."

So he had spoken to her when she had learned to ride. But his voice in those far-off days had been stern. He had tolerated no sloppy horsemanship. And now his voice speaking these well-remembered words was deep, pleading, compassionate, summoning her to courage.

He dropped her hands abruptly and looked round the room.

"You daughter of Beelzebub!" he began. "You have forsaken me and estranged this place. Perverse—" He continued for a full minute, calling down on her head the maledictions

HOOT HOLBROOK says: I have allowed olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?...

heaped on ancient Israel, until Christine caught at his hands to stop him. "That's enough, Gilead," she said, managing a shaky laugh. "You've relieved your feelings now. Doesn't the room really look better?"

Gilead paused and withdrew his hand.

"Well, it needed a cleaning out," he said mildly.

The tension was over. They were at ease with each other, and Christine's face was less tortured. "Steady over the jumps," Gilead had said, and she felt something deep within her respond to this charge. The room seemed to glow now with an affectionate silence, a sympathy and understanding almost palpable hung in the air. Presently Christine, her face cupped in her hands, her voice normal, told him of the letter.

SHORTLY after Philip's return Sandy came back to the stable one afternoon to tell Christine that Eleanor Rogers wanted her.

"Too long a stranger," Eleanor called at Christine came in sight.

"I know, isn't it dreadful—nearly three weeks since I saw you last!" Christine answered.

"I've come down to ask you to a party," Eleanor went on. "Nothing very splendid, but John and I thought we'd have an out-of-doors supper one night next week, with you and Philip and Vera and Jerico, and I thought perhaps I could even persuade Dr. Gilead and Mrs. Grant to come up."

"I'd like to come," Christine said shyly, "but—"

"We'll all go," Aunt Kate said decisively. "You tell Gilead about it, Christine. He'll go if you ask him."

"Could I bring Sandy, too?" Christine asked.

"Of course. I thought perhaps you'd come up with Philip," Eleanor replied, "and we'd love to have Sandy. I'm sorry I didn't speak of him at first."

"Philip's already up there," Christine said; "he can drive over from his work. Sandy and I will ride up, and Gilead and Aunt Kate can drive up in Limber John—yes, we'll be glad to come, Eleanor."

"Good, next Wednesday then, and come up early, please."

To be continued



He Fell in Love With Her TEMPTING LIPS

Tearing, lovely, ripe, red lips. How easy it is to have them when you use Michel—the lipstick that emphasises your beauty. Michel lasts for hours, because it is truly indelible. Its creamy base keeps mouths soft, fresh, inviting. Once you try Michel you'll never use another lipstick.

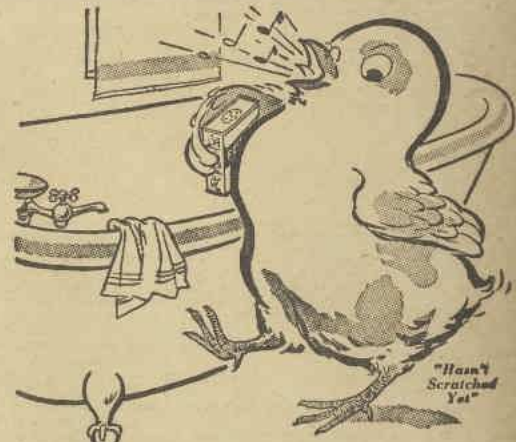
The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

Michel

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL
CHEMISTS AND STORES.

BABIES are Australia's Best Investment. In many homes Baby does not appear, the disappointment of husband and wife, book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if sent for postage to Dept. "A," Mrs. Clifford, Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established years***



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WILL OUR Governments BAN Sunday SPORT?

Women are Not in Favor of Organised Games on Sabbath

The question as to whether sport should be played on Sunday is again a burning one, and in more than one quarter pressure is being brought on sports bodies to permit the practice.

On the other hand, the Bishop of Armidale (New South Wales) recently announced that he intended approaching the Government, and requesting them to pass a law prohibiting Sunday sport.

SHORTLY after this announcement it was discovered that a leading school allowed its pupils to play tennis and to go swimming on Sunday, but that the masters prohibited matches on that day.

One is inclined to think that the whole matter depends on the question: Why does one play sport? Is it a relaxation? Or is it a business?

There are so many of these questions that one might ask and answer, but the only one that might justify indulgence in sport on Sundays is that it is played as a relaxation, when mind and body are rested, and when escape is needed from overwork, nervous, or anxious conditions.

However, few of the women's associations encourage sport on Sundays, and nearly all definitely refuse to organise matches or games for their players on Sundays.

The South Australian Catholic Lawn Tennis Association is perhaps the only big association in that State to hold organised tournaments and matches on Sundays.

During the past weeks it has been discussing holding a short winter tournament this year, and holding all competitions for next year on Sundays, instead of partly on Saturdays as at present.

As there are about one thousand members in the association, the president admits that it would be "inclined to object" if a ban were placed on Sunday sport.

Miss Thelma Flinn, secretary of the women's permanent tennis in South Australia, neither approves nor condemns.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "it was suggested that pennant matches should be played at the Memorial Drive on Sunday afternoons, and a ballot was taken, but the 'Noes' won by a big majority. Personally, I cannot see any harm in playing a game, even an organised game, on Sunday, so long as it is not commercialised and gate-money taken.

THE Bishop of Armidale, however, has the strong support of Miss G. Stanton, who, as sports secretary for the Y.W.C.A. in Adelaide, probably has charge of more women's sporting teams than any other woman in that State. "He is a sensible man," she declared, "because, apart from religious reasons, girls should not allow themselves to go at top speed for seven days of the week, as would be inevitable if they played organised games on Sundays."

Mrs. D. H. Molesworth (Q.), ex-Australian champion tennis player, says: "An extension of opportunity for enjoyment for any one section of the community is a good thing, provided it does not curtail opportunities for the other sections of the community."

Personally, Mrs. Molesworth does not wish to play matches regularly on a Sunday, not because she has any objections to Sunday tennis, but because she prefers to spend her Sundays with her family. It seems to her that it is a matter for individuals to decide for themselves.

There is practically no organised Sunday sport in Melbourne, though many life-saving teams hold their displays on the beaches on this day.

Sunday is certainly the bikers' and the cyclists' day out, and hundreds of women play golf and tennis on Sunday, but there are no organised matches.

The president of the Victorian Women's Amateur Sports Council, Mrs. E. F. Herring, says that the council has never discussed the question of organised Sunday sport.

Mrs. W. A. Chambers, who accompanied the Olympic team to America in 1933, and who is secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Swimming Association,

says that her association does not approve of arranging swimming events for Sunday. "In fact," she says, "we have never been requested to do so, and I have never known any club to run races on Sunday."

It would appear that if sportswomen have their way there will not be any organised games arranged for Sunday.



MISS PEGGY SCRIVEN, twice champion of France, was eliminated by Madame Mathieu last week in the French championships. She won the doubles with Kay Stammers.

LATEST Big Tennis News from JOAN

By Beam Wireless from JOAN HARTIGAN.

Here is another tennis article from Miss Joan Hartigan, sent just before the French semi-finals, in which Perry beat Jack Crawford. Miss Hartigan also comments on the activities of the women champions.

CRAWFORD, the only one of our boys to reach the French singles semi-finals, showed fine form. It was the first time he has shown his true form abroad. He disposed of the Frenchman, Bernard, in three quick sets.

Apparently he is finding difficulty in getting the full value of his service on the slow sand surface at Auteuil, which is totally different from our courts.

Von Cramm played magnificently to defeat McGrath, who, despite an excellent performance in the third set, was outplayed in nearly all departments of the game.

Menail, who beat Quist earlier, is much better here than in Australia, where, apparently, he found our court conditions as difficult as we find these. Crawford and Quist won the men's doubles, which looks well for the Davis Cup and Wimbledon.

OUTSIDE Wimbledon, the French championships are the most important in the world, though the absence of American men this year reduces the international character.

Mrs. Hopman apparently found the courts as strange as I do, but she is more courageous than I am. She entered and was beaten by Frau Sperling, one of the best women players in the world and much fancied for Wimbledon.

Peggy Scriven has decided not to play a doubles at Wimbledon, but may change her mind now she has won the French doubles with Kay Stammers.

Helen Wills-Moody won't play in the doubles at Wimbledon, and I think she is going to have a hard struggle in the singles.

Dorothy Round, playing in the Malvern tournament this week, showed that her leg trouble is apparently cured, and there are several top-notch women, including Helen Jacobs, who have good fighting chances.

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DEATH in the STOCKS

By GEORGETTE HEYER

CHAPTER I.



It was past midnight, and the people who lived in the cottages that clustered round the triangular green had long since gone to bed and to sleep. No lamp shone in any window, but a full moon sailed in a sky the color of sapphires, and lit the village with a pale light, as cold as the sheen on steel. Trees and houses cast grotesque shadows, black as soot; every object in the moonlight stood out sharply defined, but without color, so that even a prosaic line of petrol pumps looked a little ghostly.

There was a car drawn up at one end of the green, its headlights throwing two golden beams ahead, and its engine throbbing softly. One of its doors stood open. Something moved in the shadow of the great elm tree beside the car; a man stepped into the moonlight, glanced this way and that, as though fearful of seeing someone, and, after a moment's hesitation, got quickly into the car and began to turn it, jarring his gears a little. He looked once towards the elm tree, at some object dimly discernible in the shadow, and then, having swung the car right round, drove away up the London road. The noise of his engine died slowly in the distance. Somewhere at hand a watch-dog barked once, and then was silent.

The shadow of the elm tree was shortening as the moon travelled across the sky; the eerie light seemed to steal under the branches, and presently shone on two feet in patent leather shoes, stuck through the holes of a pair of stocks. The feet remained motionless, and as the moonlight crept nearer, the glimmer of a white shirt-front showed.

An hour later a cyclist rounded the bend in the road by the King's Head. Police-Constable Dickenson was returning home from a night patrol. The moonlight now fully illumined the stocks. A gentleman in evening dress was sitting in them, apparently asleep, for his body had sagged forward, his head lolling on his chest. Police-Constable Dickenson was whistling softly as he rode, but the whistle stopped suddenly, and the front wheel of the bicycle swerved. The stocks were a feature of Ashleigh Green, but the Constable could not remember having seen anyone imprisoned in them before. It gave him quite a turn. Tight as an owl, he thought. Looks like somebody's been having a game with you, my lad!

He got off his bicycle, and pushed it on to the grass, and carefully propped it against the elm tree. The figure on the bench did not move. "Now then, sir, wake up!" said the constable, kind but reproving. "Can't spend the night here, you know!" He laid his hand on one sagging shoulder, and gave it a slight shake. "Come along, sir, you'll be better off at home, you will." There was no response, and he shook the shoulder rather harder, and put one arm round the man to hoist him. There was still no response, but an arm which had lain across its owner's knees was dislodged and hung dangling, the hand brushing limply against the constable's trousers. The constable bent, peering into the downcast face, and sought in his pocket for his torch. The light flashed on, and the constable stepped back

rather quickly. The figure on the bench, disturbed by his shaking, toppled over sideways, its feet still held in the stocks. "Gawd!" whispered Police-Constable Dickenson, feeling his mouth to be very dry all at once. "Oh, Gawd!" He did not want to touch the figure again, or even to go nearer, because there was something sticky on his hands, and he had never seen a dead man before.

HE pulled himself up. It was his job to make up his mind what was the right thing for him to do first. The man was dead, sure enough; it was no use standing over the body; he'd better get on to the Police Station at Ham-borough as soon as possible. He pushed his bicycle back on to the road, mounted it again, and rode swiftly to the other end of the green, to the cottage with the prim muslin curtains and the tidy flower-beds which had County Police painted on a narrow board over the front door.

He let himself in and made his way to the telephone, taking care to tread softly so that his wife, who was asleep upstairs, should not wake and call to him to go up. He'd have to tell her what had happened if she did, and she was expecting her first, and none too well.

He lifted the receiver, wondering whether he'd done the right thing after all, leaving a corpse stuck down in the middle of the village. It didn't seem decent, somehow.

The station sergeant's voice spoke. He was surprised to hear his own voice so steady, because really he felt a bit shaken, and no wonder. He told his story as matter-of-factly as he could, and the sergeant, not nearly so phlegmatic, said first: "What?" and then: "In the stocks?" and lastly: "Look here, are you sure he's dead?"

Police-Constable Dickenson was quite sure, and when the sergeant heard about the blood, and the wound in the back, he stopped making incredulous exclamations, and said briefly: "All right. You cut along and see no one touches the body. The inspector will be down with the ambulance in a couple of shakes."

"Hold on a minute, Sergeant," said the constable, anxious to give all the information he could—"It isn't a stranger. I was able to identify him—it's Mr. Vereker."

"Mr. Who?" demanded the sergeant. "Vereker. The gentleman from London as bought Riverside Cottage. You know, Sergeant; comes down week-ends."

"Oh!" said the sergeant, rather vaguely. "Not a local man."

"Not properly speaking," agreed the constable. "But what beats me is how he came to be sitting in them stocks at this hour of night. He's in evening dress, what's more."

"Well, you get back and keep your eye on things till the inspector comes along," said the sergeant, and hung up the receiver.

Constable Dickenson heard the click of it, and was rather sorry, because now that he had had time to recover from his first amazement, he could see several queer things about the murder, and would have liked to have talked them over with the sergeant. But there was nothing for it but to do as he was told, so he put his receiver back on the hook, and tiptoed out of the house again to where he had left his bicycle propped against the iron railing.

When he got back to the stocks

the dead man was lying in the same position. There was no sign of anyone having been there since he left, and after looking over the ground for a bit with the aid of his torch, in the hope of discovering some clue, or footprint, the constable leaned his back against the tree, and tried, while waiting for the inspector to arrive, to puzzle out the problem for himself.

It was not very long before he heard the sound of a car in the distance, and in a few moments it drew up beside the green, and Inspector Jerrold hopped out nimbly, and turned to give a hand to a stout man in whom the constable recognised Dr. Hawke, the Police Surgeon.

"Well?" said the inspector briskly. "Where is this body, Dickenson? Oh!—Ah!" He stepped up to the bench, and ran his torch over the still figure there. "H'm! Not much for you here, Doctor, from the looks of it. Turn those headlights this way, Hill. That's better. Like this when you found him, was he?"

The inspector's eyes were on the doctor, who was kneeling behind the body. "Sergeant Hamlyn says you identified him. Who is he? Don't seem to know his face."

"Well, I dare say you might not, sir. It's Mr. Vereker, of Riverside Cottage."

"Oh!" said the inspector with a little sniff. "One of these week-end people. Anything out of the way, Doctor?"

"I shall have to do a post-mortem, of course," grumbled the doctor, getting up rather ponderously from his knees. "But it looks quite a straight case. Knife wound a little below the left shoulder-blade. Death probably occurred instantaneously."

The inspector watched him at work on the body for a moment or two, and presently asked: "Formed any opinion of the time it was done, sir?"

"Say two to four hours," replied the doctor, straightening his back. "That's all for the present, thanks."

The inspector turned to Constable Dickenson. "Know how the body was sitting when you found it?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Put it back as near as you can. Ready with that flashlight, Thompson?"

By the time the photographer had finished his work the police ambulance had arrived. The inspector said curtly: "Right. You can take him out now. Careful how you touch that bar! We may get a fingerprint."

THE bar of the stocks was raised and the body lifted out and carried to the ambulance.

"All right, you men," said the inspector. "Mortuary. Now then, Dickenson, let's hear what you can tell us. When did you discover the body?"

"By my reckoning, sir, it would be about ten minutes to two. It was just on two when I rang up the station, me having been out on patrol."

"You didn't see any one here? No car? Didn't hear anything?"

"No, sir, nothing."

"Was the man—what's his name?—Vereker staying at Riverside Cottage?"

"Not to my knowledge he wasn't, sir, but then he didn't, not during the week as a general rule. It being Saturday I figured it out he must have been on his way down

to the cottage. Mrs. Beaton would know whether he was there. She'd have had her orders to go in and make things ready for him."

"Does she live out?"

"Yes, sir. Pennyfarthing Row, a couple of minutes from the cottage. She keeps the place clean, and gets in milk and eggs and such when he's coming down. He often gets down late on Saturdays, so she was telling me. I have known him to bring his valet down to do for him, but just as often he comes alone." He paused, and corrected himself. "When I say alone, I mean he often don't bring a servant with him."

"What do you mean?" inquired the doctor.

"Well, sir, he sometimes brings friends down with him." He gave a little cough. "Most often females, so I've heard."

"Wife? Sister?" interrupted the inspector.

"Oh no, sir! Nothing like that," replied the constable.

"Oh, I see," said the inspector. "We'd better go round first thing in the morning to Riverside Cottage, and see if there's anything to be got there. There's nothing here. Ground's too dry for footprints. We'll get along, doctor, if you're ready. You'll hand in your report to-morrow, Dickenson, see? You can go off to bed now." He moved away towards the car with the doctor. Constable Dickenson heard him say in his dry way: "Looks to me like a case for the Yard. London man. Nothing to do with us. Nice easy case, too—if they can lay their hands on the woman."

"Quite," agreed the doctor, smothering a yawn, "if he had a woman with him."

CHAPTER 2.

INPECTOR JERROLD made a very early call on the chief constable next morning, and found him eating his breakfast. He apologised for disturbing him, but the colonel merely waved him to a chair, and said: "Not at all—What's your trouble? Anything serious?"

"Pretty serious, sir. Man found stabbed to death at Ashleigh Green at 1.50 this morning."

"Good Lord! You don't say so! Who was it?"

"Gentleman of the name of Arnold Vereker, sir, of Riverside Cottage."

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated the colonel, putting down his coffee-cup. "Who did it? Any idea?"

"No, sir, none. No clues at all so far. The body was found by Constable Dickenson—in the stocks."

"In the what?"

"Does sound odd, doesn't it, sir? But that's how it was."

"Do you mean he was put in the stocks and there stabbed, or what?"

"It's hard to say, sir. Not much bleeding, you see; nothing on the ground. Might have been stabbed first, though why anyone should take the trouble to put the body in the stocks I can't make out. He was in evening dress, no hat or overcoat, and the only thing we've got so far that looks like helping us at all is his hands, which were dirty. Smear of motor-oil on one, inference being he'd had to change a tyre, or do some repair on a car. But his car's not there, and not at the garage either. Of course, he may have walked into the village from Riverside Cottage—it's under a mile away—but it seems a funny thing to do at that hour of night. The doctor doesn't put the hour of the murder earlier than twelve o'clock or thereabouts. No, it looks like he was motoring down with someone or other for the week-end. What I thought, sir, was that I should go off to Riverside Cottage first thing after seeing you to find out if he was staying there, or expected down last

night. Seems to have been a gentleman with irregular sort of habits."

"Yes, I believe so," said the colonel. "What do you feel about it?"

"How I look at it, sir," said the inspector "is we'll have to get on to the Yard for information, whatever happens."

"Quite right. Not our case at all. Still, you should certainly go to this cottage yet speak of and see what you can pick up."

Half an hour later, when the inspector and Constable Dickenson got out of the police car at Riverside Cottage, there were unmistakable signs that the cottage was occupied.

It was a small house of stuccoed brick and jade-green shutters, standing in wooded grounds that ran down to the river. The position was what house-agents would describe as picturesque and secluded, no other house being visible in summer from any of its windows.

As the car drew up a dog started barking inside the house, and the constable said at once: "That's funny. Mr. Vereker never had a dog down here to my knowledge."

The inspector set his finger on the electric bell, remarking as he did so: "Might be the charwoman's. Who looks after the garden, and the electric light plant?"

"Young Beaton, sir. He comes in a couple of days a week. But he wouldn't bring his dog with him, not into the house. There's someone here all right. I can hear him moving about."

The inspector pressed the bell again, and was about to press it a third time when the door was opened to them by a girl with a head of burnished copper curls, and very dark and brilliant eyes. She was wearing a man's dressing-gown, of expensive-looking brocade, which was several sizes too large for her, and was chiefly occupied in keeping back a powerful bull-terrier which did not seem to view the visitors with much favor.

"Shut up, you fool!" commanded the girl. "Heel! What on earth do you want? This last remark was addressed in a tone of considerable surprise to the inspector.

"Inspector Jerrold, miss, from Ham-borough," said the inspector, introducing himself. "If convenient, I should like to have a word with you."

SHE looked at him frowningly. "I don't know what you want to have a word with me about, but you can come in if you like. Get back, Bill!"

She strolled ahead of them, through a door at the end of the hall into a pleasant kitchen with a tiled floor, a homely looking dresser, and a breakfast of eggs and coffee and toast spread at one end of the large table. An electric cooker stood at one end of the room, and a small electric braiser had been attached by a long flex to the light-fixture, and was switched on for the purpose of drying a linen skirt which was hung over a chair-back in front of it. The inspector, pausing on the threshold, cast a swift, trained glance round the room. His gaze rested for a moment on the damp skirt, and travelled to the girl. She walked round the table, picking up a slice of half-eaten toast and butter from her plate in a casual way as she passed, and pulled a chair forward. "Sit down, won't you. I warn you, I shan't make any statement till I've seen my solicitor." She looked up as she spoke, and raised her brows. "Joke," she explained.

The inspector smiled politely. "Yes, miss, naturally. Might I ask if you are staying here?"

"Lord, no!"

The inspector glanced at the brocade dressing-gown, and looked inquiring.

"Quite right, I spent the night here," said the girl coolly. "Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Did you come down with Mr. Vereker, miss?"

"No, I didn't. I haven't seen Mr. Vereker."

"Indeed, miss? Was he not expecting you?"

A rather hard glint crept into the girl's nee eyes. "Well, everything was very nicely repaired, but I don't fancy it was on my account. But what the hell it has to do with— She broke off, and laughed suddenly. "Oh, I see! Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not a burglar—though I did get in through a window. The dressing-gown is merely borrowed till my skirt's dry."

The inspector directed his gaze towards the skirt. "I quite understand, miss. Must have been a bad stain, if I may say so."

"Blood," said the girl, between sips of coffee.

CONSTABLE DICKENSON gave a slight gasp. "Blood?" said the inspector evenly.

The girl set down her cup, and met his look with a belligerent look in her eyes. "Just what do you want with me?" she demanded.

"I'd like to know how you came to get blood on your skirt, miss," said the inspector.

"Yes? Well, I should like to know what right you have to ask me that—or anything else, for that matter. Get on with it! What is it you're after?"

The inspector drew out his notebook. "There's no need to take offence, miss. We've had a little upset in these parts last night, and I have to find out one or two details. May I have your name and address, please?"

"Why?" asked the girl.

A shade of severity crept into the inspector's voice. "You'll pardon me, miss, but you're behaving in a silly way. There's been an accident connected with this house, and it's my duty to get what information I can about it."

"Well, you aren't likely to get much out of me," observed the girl. "Don't know anything. My name's Antonia Vereker. Address, 3 — Street, Chelsea. What the devil's the matter now?"

The inspector looked up quickly from his notebook. "A relation of Mr. Arnold Vereker?" he said.

"Step-sister."

The inspector lowered his gaze to the book again, and carefully wrote down the name and the address. "And you say you have not seen Mr. Vereker since you came here?"

"Haven't you seen him for months?"

"How long have you been here, miss?"

"Since last night. Sevenish."

"Did you come especially to see your brother?"

"Step-brother. Of course I did. But I haven't seen him. He never turned up."

"You were expecting him then?"

"Look here!" said Antonia strongly. "Do you think I should have motored thirty-five miles to this place if I hadn't expected to see him?"

"No, miss. But you said a minute or two back that Mr. Vereker was not expecting you. I was merely wondering how it was that with him not expecting you, and you not having seen him for months, you were sure enough of finding him here to come all that way."

"I wasn't sure. But I know his habits. Coming here over the week-end is one of them."

"I take it you wanted to see him urgently, miss?"

"I wanted to see him, and I still want to see him," said Antonia.

"I'm afraid, miss, that won't be pos-

sible," said the inspector, getting up from his chair.

She stared at him in a smouldering way. "Oh, won't it?" she said.

"No, miss, I'm sorry to have to tell you that Mr. Vereker has met with an accident."

HER brows drew together. "Are you breaking it to me gently? You needn't bother. Is he dead, or what?"

The inspector's manner became a shade fiercer. "Yes, miss. He is dead," he answered.

"Good Lord!" said the girl. The fierce look left her face. She glanced from one of the other of the two men. To the constable's shocked amazement a twinkle appeared in her eye. "I thought you were trying to run my dog in," she remarked. "Sorry I was a trifle brusque. He had a bit of a fight last night, and a damn fool if a woman who owned the other dog wore all sorts of vengeance on him. Is my step-brother really dead? What happened to him? Car smash?"

"Your step-brother, miss, died as the result of a knife-thrust through the back," said the inspector.

"Oh!" said Antonia.

"Yes," said the inspector.

She stretched out her hand mechanically towards an open box of cigarettes, and began to tap one of them on her thumbnail. "Who did it?" she said.

"The police have no information on that point at present, miss."

She struck a match, and lit the cigarette. "Well, I didn't, if that's what you want to know. Have you come here to arrest me, or something?"

"Certainly not, miss. All I wish to do is to make a few inquiries. Anything you can tell me that would throw some light on—"

She shook her head. "Sorry, but I can't. We haven't been on speaking terms for months."

"Excuse me, miss, but if that is so, how do you come to be in Mr. Vereker's house now?"

"Oh, that's easy," she replied. "He wrote me a letter which made me see red, so I came down to have it out with him."

"May I ask if you have that letter, miss?"

"Yes, but I don't propose to show it to you, if that's what you're after. Purely personal."

"I take it the matter was very pressing? Mr. Vereker would have been in London again on Monday?"

"Well, I didn't feel like waiting till Monday," retorted Antonia. "He wasn't in Eaton Place when I rang up, so I took a chance on him being here. He wasn't, but the beds were made up, and there was some milk and butter and eggs and things in the larder, which made it look fairly certain that he was expected, so I waited for him. When he didn't turn up at midnight I went to bed, because it seemed to be a bit late to go home again then."

"I see. And you haven't been out of the house since—I think you said it was about seven o'clock—last night?"

"Yes, of course I've been out of the house since then," she said impatiently. "I took the dog for a run just before I turned in. That's when he had the fight. A mangy-looking retriever set on him about half a mile from here. Blood and fur all over the place. However, there was no real damage done."

The constable was surveying the bull-terrier, lying watchfully by the door. "Your dog wasn't hurt, miss?" he ventured. She looked contemptuous. "Hardly at all. He's a bull-terrier."

"I was only thinking, miss," said the constable, with a deprecating glance to-

wards the inspector, "that it was odd your dog wasn't bitten, too."

"You don't seem to know much about bull-terriers," said Antonia.

"That'll do, Dickenson," intervened the inspector. He addressed Antonia again. "I shall have to ask you, miss, if you would come back to the police station with me. You'll understand that you being a relative, and in Mr. Vereker's house at the time, the Chief Constable would like to have your statement, and any particulars you can give of the deceased—"

"But I tell you I don't know anything about it," said Antonia snappishly. "Moreover, if I'm wanted to make statements, and sign things, I'll have a lawyer down to see I don't go and incriminate myself."

The inspector said in a measured way: "No one wants you to do that, miss. But you must surely realise that the police are bound to want all the information they can get. You can't object to telling the chief constable quite simply anything you know about your brother—"

"Don't keep on calling him my brother! Step-brother!"

"I beg pardon, I'm sure. Anything you know about your step-brother, and what you yourself were doing at the time of the murder."

"Well, I've already told you that."

"Yes, miss, and what I want you to do is to tell it again, just in what words you please, at the station where it can be taken down in shorthand, and given you to read over, and correct, if you like, and sign. There isn't any harm in that, is there?"

The girl stubbed the end of her cigarette into her saucer. "It seems to me there might be a lot of harm in it," she said with paralyzing frankness. "If you're going to investigate my step-brother's murder you're bound to find out quite a lot of happy little details about our family—so I might just as well tell you at the outset that I loathed the sight of Arnold. I didn't happen to murder him, but I haven't got an alibi, and as far as I can see things rather point my way. So if it's all the same to you—and equally if it isn't—I shan't say anything at all till I see my solicitor."

"Very well, miss, it's just as you like. And if you'll accompany me to Ham-borough you can ring up your solicitor from the station."

"So you mean I've got to hang about in a police station all day?" demanded Antonia. "I'm hanged if I will. I've got a luncheon engagement in town at one o'clock."

"Well, miss," said the inspector placably. "I've no wish to force you into making a statement if you don't want to, but if you'd only see sense and act reasonably I daresay the chief constable wouldn't see any need to detain you."

"Have you got a warrant for my arrest?" Antonia shot at him.

"No, miss, I have not."

"Then you can't stop me from going back to town."

THE inspector showed signs of beginning to lose his temper. "If you go on like this much longer, miss, you'll soon see whether I can take you up to the police station or not."

Antonia thought for a moment, then nodded. "All right," she said, "but you'll have to clear out while I dress. And while you're waiting one of you might look out Mr. Giles Carrington's number in the telephone book, and get on to him for me, and tell him he's got to come down here at once because I'm being charged with murder."

"Nobody's charging you with anything of the sort, miss, I keep you telling you!"

"Well, you will be soon," said Antonia with the utmost cheerfulness.

MES BEATON, when interviewed, proved a disappointing witness. Constable Dickenson had warned the inspector that she was not one to talk, but the inspector soon formed the opinion that her reticence had its root in a profound ignorance of her employer's affairs. When Arnold Vereker was at the cottage she was never required to do more than cook breakfast, and tidy the house before going home again at twelve o'clock. Mr. Vereker nearly always brought food down with him, and sometimes, when he did not come alone, she never even set eyes on his guests. She had received a wire from Mr. Vereker on Friday, warning her that he was coming down on Saturday, and might bring a visitor, but who the visitor was, whether man or woman, or at what hour they would arrive, she had not the least idea.

The chief constable, adopting a fatherly attitude, failed to make any impression on Antonia Vereker, and there was nothing more for it, with regard to her evidence, than to await the arrival of Mr. Carrington.

Consigning Miss Vereker to the care of the station sergeant, the inspector and the chief constable went into consultation, and were very soon agreed on the advisability of calling in New Scotland Yard at once. The stocks had revealed no finger-prints, and the doctor's autopsy very little more than his first examination.

The station sergeant, who described himself as a rare one for dogs, got on much better with Antonia than the inspector had done. He spent half an hour arguing with her on the merits of the Alfrede over the bull-terrier, and would have been pleased to continue the argument indefinitely had his work not called him away. She was left in a severe room with a couple of Sunday papers and her own thoughts, her only visitor being a young and rather shy constable who brought her a cup of tea at eleven o'clock.

It was past one o'clock when a touring car drew up outside the police station, and a tall, loose-jointed man in the mid-thirties walked in, and announced in a pleasant, lazy voice that his name was Carrington.

The inspector happened to be in the charge room at the moment, and he greeted the newcomer with relief not unmixed with dubiety. Mr. Carrington did not look much like a solicitor to him. However, he conducted him to the chief constable's office, and duly presented him to Colonel Agnew.

There was another man with the colonel, a middle-aged man with hair slightly grizzled at the temples, and a square, good-humored face in which a pair of rather deep-set eyes showed a lurking twinkle behind their gravity. The colonel, having shaken hands with Giles Carrington, turned to introduce this man.

"This is Superintendent Hannassey, from New Scotland Yard. He has come down to investigate this case, Mr. Carrington. I have been putting him in possession of the facts as we know them, but we are a little—er—hindered by your client's refusal to make any sort of statement until she has consulted you."

Giles shook hands with the superintendent. "You must forgive me. I haven't the least idea what your case is," he said frankly. "The message that reached me—on the third tee—was that my cousin Miss Vereker wanted me to come down at once to Ham-borough Police Station. Has she been getting herself into trouble?"

"Your cousin?" said the colonel. "I understood—"

"Oh, I am her solicitor as well," smiled Giles Carrington. "Now what is it all about?" The chief constable explained. When he had finished there was a moment's silence. "Poor chap!" said

Giles in precisely the same way as he might have said "Dear me" or "What a pity!" "And do I understand that you have arrested Miss Vereker, or what?"

"No, no, no!" said the colonel, a look of annoyance coming into his face. "That is merely the ridiculous notion Miss Vereker seemed to have got into her head! Since she is a close relative of the murdered man it did not seem unreasonable to expect her to give us what information she can about Mr. Vereker's habits and friends; but beyond informing Inspector Jerrold that she loathed her step-brother, hadn't set eyes on him for months, and had come down to Riverside Cottage with the intention of having something out with him," she refuses to say a word.

A HALF - LAUGHING, half-rueful look crept into Giles Carrington's eyes. "I think I'd better see her at once," he said. "I'm afraid you've been having rather a difficult time with her, sir."

"I have," said the colonel. The superintendent said suddenly: "I wonder, Mr. Carrington, whether by any chance you are also Mr. Arnold Vereker's solicitor?"

"I am," replied Giles. "I am also one of his executors."

"Well, then, Colonel," said Hannasyde, with a smile, "we must be grateful to Miss Vereker, mustn't we? You are the very man I want, Mr. Carrington."

"Yes, I've realised that for some time," agreed Giles. "But I think I had better see my cousin first."

Giles Carrington was escorted to the room where Antonia awaited him. The inspector left him at the door, and he went in, closing the door firmly behind him. "Hullo, Tony!" he said in a matter-of-fact voice.

Antonia, who was standing by the window, drumming her fingers on the glass, turned round quickly. She was looking a little pale, and more than a little fierce, but the glowering look faded, and some color stole into her cheeks, when she saw her cousin. "Hullo, Giles!" she returned, with just a suggestion of embarrassment in her manner. "I'm glad you've come. Arnold's been murdered."

"Yes, so I've heard," he answered, pulling a chair up to the table. "Sit down and tell me just what asinine tricks you've been up to."

"You needn't assume I've been asinine just because I happen to be in a mess!" snapped Antonia.

"I don't. I assume it because I know you awfully well, my child. What are you doing here, anyway? I thought you weren't on speaking terms with Arnold?"

"I wasn't. But something happened, and I wanted to see him at once, so I came down."

He interrupted her. "What happened?"

She set her elbows on the table and leaned her chin on her clasped hands, frowning. "I can't tell you altogether. However, I don't mind telling you that my reason for wanting to see Arnold was because he'd started to interfere with my life again, and that made me see red."

"What had he done?"

"Written me a letter about—"

She stopped. "About my engagement," she said after a moment.

"I didn't know you were engaged," remarked Giles. "Who is it this time?"

"Don't say who it is this time, as though I'd been engaged dozens of times! I've only been engaged once before."

"Sorry. Who is it?"

"Rudolph Mesurier," said Antonia.

"Do you mean that dark fellow in Arnold's company?" asked Giles.

"Yes. He's the chief accountant."

There was a short pause. "This is quite

beside the point," apologised Giles, "but what's the great idea?"

"Why shouldn't I marry Rudolph, if I feel like it?"

"I don't know. I was wondering how you came to feel like it, that's all."

She grinned suddenly. "You are a noxious cad, Giles. I do think I ought to marry someone or other, because Kenneth will sooner or later, and I don't want to be left stranded."

A rather forlorn look came into her eyes. "I'm sick of being all alone and having to look after myself, and anyhow I like Rudolph a lot."

"I see. And did Arnold object?"

"Of course he did. I thought he'd be rather pleased at getting rid of his responsibilities, as a matter of fact, because he's tried often enough to marry me off. So I wrote and told him about it because I realise I can't get married, or anything, without his consent till I'm twenty-five."

And instead of sending me his blessings, he wrote the filthiest letter, and said he wouldn't hear of it."

"Why?"

"No reason at all. Snebbery."

"Now, look here, Tony!" Giles said. "I knew Arnold, and I know you. I don't say he was the type of fellow I'd cultivate, but he wasn't as bad as you and Kenneth thought him. Yes, I know you two had a rotten time with him, but it's always been my firm conviction that you brought a lot of it on yourselves. So don't tell me that he refused to give his consent to your marriage without letting you know why. He was much more likely not to care a damn what you did."

"Well, he didn't like Rudolph," said Antonia, restively. "He wanted me to make a better match."

Giles sighed. "You'd better let me see his letter. Where is it?"

She pointed to the ash tray at the end of the table, a sort of naughty triumph in her eyes.

GILES looked at the black ashes in it, and then rather sternly at his cousin. "Tony, you little fool, what made you do such a damned silly thing?"

"I had to, Giles; really I had to! You know that awful way we all have of blurring out what we happen to be thinking."

Well, I went and told those policemen I'd had a letter from Arnold, and they were instantly mustard-keen to see it. And it hadn't anything to do with the murder. It was just private, so I burned it. It's no use asking me what was in it, because I shan't tell you. It just wasn't the sort of letter you want anyone else to see."

He looked at her frowningly. "You're not making things very easy for me, Tony. I can't help you if you don't trust me."

She slipped her hand confidently into one of his. "I know, and I'm awfully sorry, but it's just One of Those Things. We needn't say I've burned the letter. We can chuck the ashes out of the window, and pretend it's lost."

"Go on, and tell me the rest of the story," Giles said. "When did you receive the letter?"

"Yesterday, at tea-time. And I rang up Eaton Place, but Arnold wasn't there, so I naturally supposed he was coming down to Ashleigh Green, with one of his women friends, and I got the car out, and came after him."

"What happened when you got to the cottage?"

"Nothing. Arnold wasn't there. So I squeezed in through the pantry window, and waited for him. You know how it is when one does that. You keep on saying, 'Well, I'll give him another half-hour, and time sort of slips by. Anyhow, I knew he was coming because

the place was prepared. Well, he didn't turn up, and didn't turn up, and I didn't much fancy motoring back again at that hour, so I went to bed."

"Can you prove you didn't go out of the cottage again that night?" Giles said.

"No, because I did. I took Bill for a run somewhere about half-past eleven, and he had a dust-up with a retriever."

"That may be useful. Anyone with the retriever?"

"Yes, a woman like a mouling hen. But it isn't useful, in fact, rather the reverse, because I walked towards the village, as far as the cross roads, and I was coming back when I met the hen-and-retriever outfit. So I might quite easily have stuck a knife into Arnold before that. And perhaps I ought to tell you that I got retriever blood on this skirt, and had to wash it."

"One other question," said Giles. "Does Kenneth know you're here?"

"No, as a matter of fact he doesn't. He was out when I got Arnold's letter. But you know what he is. I daresay he hasn't even noticed that I'm not at home. If he has he'll merely suppose I told him I was going away for the night and he forgot."

"I wasn't worrying about that. Did anyone know you were coming here?"

"Well, I didn't say anything to anyone," replied Antonia helpfully. She regarded him with a certain amount of anxiety. "Do you suppose they'll think I did it?"

"I hope not. The fact that you spent the night at the cottage ought to tell in your favor. But you must stop assing about, Tony. The police want you to account for your movements last night. We must trust that they won't inquire too closely into the letter Arnold wrote you. Otherwise you've nothing to conceal, and you must just tell them the truth, and answer any questions they put to you. Answer anything you can but try not to say a lot of unnecessary things."

She looked rather nervous. "Well, you'd better frown at me if I do. I wish you could make a statement for me."

"So do I, but I can't," said Giles, getting up, and opening the door. "I'll find out if the chief constable is disengaged. You stay where you are."

He was gone for several minutes, and when he returned it was with the superintendent, and a constable. Antonia looked at the constable with deep misgiving. Her cousin smiled reassuringly, and said: "This is Superintendent Hannasyde, Tony, from Scotland Yard."

"How—how grim!" said Antonia in a small voice.

The superintendent bent to pat Bill. "I only want you to tell me," he said, "just how you came to visit your brother last night, and what you did. You see, I've only just come into this case, so you must forgive me if I haven't quite mastered the details. Will you sit down? Now I understand from Inspector Jerrold that you came to Ashleigh Green yesterday because you wanted to see your step-brother on a private matter. Is that correct?"

"Yes," said Antonia.

"And when you arrived at the cottage what did you do?"

ANTONIA gave him a concise account of her movements. Once or twice he prompted her with a question, while the constable, who had seated himself by the door, busily wrote in shorthand. The superintendent's manner, unlike the inspector's, was so free from suspicion, and his way of putting his questions so quiet and understanding that Antonia's wary reserve soon left her. When he asked her if she was on good terms with Arnold Vereker, she replied promptly: "No, very bad terms. I know it isn't any

use concealing that because everyone knows it. We both were."

"Both?"

"My brother Kenneth and I. We live together. He's an artist."

"I see. Were you on bad terms with your step-brother for any specific reason, or merely on general grounds?"

She wrinkled up her nose. "Well, not so much one specific reason as two or three. He was our guardian—at least, he'd stopped being Kenneth's guardian, because Kenneth is over twenty-five. I lived with him till a year ago, when I decided I couldn't stick it any longer, and then I cleared out, and found Kenneth."

"Did your bro-step-brother object to that?"

"Oh no, not in the least, because we'd just had a flaming row about a disgusting merchant he was trying to marry me off to, and he was extremely glad to be rid of me."

"And had this quarrel persisted?"

"More or less. Well, no, not really. We merely kept out of each other's way as much as possible. I don't mean that we didn't quarrel when we happened to meet, but it wasn't about the merchant, or having left Eaton Place, but just any old thing."

The wrinkle grew. "But you did come down because you were angry with him, didn't you?"

"Did I say that to the inspector?" Antonia demanded. He nodded. "All right, then, yes."

"Why were you angry, Miss Vereker?"

"Because he'd had the infernal cheek to say I wasn't going to marry the man I'm engaged to."

"Who is that?" inquired the superintendent.

She flushed, and looked down at her hands. "His name is Mesurier," she said.

"He works in my step-brother's firm."

"And your step-brother objected to the engagement?"

"Yes, because he was a ghastly snob."

"So he wrote a letter to you, forbidding the engagement?"

"Yes—that is—yes."

The superintendent waited a moment. "You don't seem very sure about that, Miss Vereker."

"Yes, I am. He did write."

"And I think you've destroyed his letter, haven't you?" said Hannassey quietly.

Her eyes flew to his face. Then she burst out laughing. "That's clever of you. How did you guess?"

The superintendent looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, and then got up. "I think it was a pity you destroyed it," he said. "But we won't go into that now."

"Are you going to arrest me?" Antonia asked.

He smiled. "Not immediately."

"Mr. Carrington, if I could have a few moments' conversation with—?"

"Can I go home?" said Antonia hopefully.

"Certainly, but I want you to sign your statement first, please. The constable will have it ready for you in a moment or two."

"Where's your car, Tony?" asked Giles.

"At the cottage? Well, wait for me here, and I'll take you out to collect it, and give you some lunch."

"Well, thank God for that," said Antonia. "I've just discovered I've got exactly two and sixpence ha'penny on me, and I want some petrol."

"How like you, Tony!" said Giles, and followed the superintendent out of the room.

CHAPTER 4.

THE chief constable had gone to lunch, and his office was empty. Hannassey closed the door and said: "I shall want to go through the dead man's

papers, Mr. Carrington. Can you meet me at his house to-morrow morning?"

Giles nodded: "Certainly."

"And the will...?"

"In my keeping."

"I shall have to ask you to let me see it." He took out his notebook and opened it.

"I understand that the dead man was chairman and managing director of the Shan Hills Mine?" Is that correct?"

"Quite correct."

"Unmarried?"

GILES sat down on the edge of the table. "Yes."

"Can you tell me of what his immediate family consists?"

"His step-brother and step-sister, that's all."

Giles took out a cigarette, and tapped it on his case. "Arnold Vereker was the eldest son of Geoffrey Vereker by his first wife, my father's sister, Maud. He was forty last December. There was one other son by that marriage, Roger, who would be thirty-eight if he were alive now which, thank heaven, he's not. He was not precisely an ornament to the family. There was a certain amount of relief felt when he cleared out years ago. He went to South America, and I believe got himself mixed up in some revolution or other. Anyhow, he's been dead about seven years now. Kenneth Vereker and his sister Antonia are the offspring of a second marriage. Their mother died shortly after Antonia's birth. My uncle died a month or two before Roger, leaving both Kenneth and Antonia under Arnold's guardianship."

"Thank you, Mr. Carrington. I hoped you would be able to help me. Can you tell me what sort of a man Arnold Vereker was?"

"A man with a genius for making enemies," replied Giles promptly. "He was one of those natural bullies who can yet make themselves very pleasant when they choose. Queer chap, with a streak of appalling vulgarity. Yet at the bottom there was something quite likeable about him. Chief hobbies: women, and social climbing."

"I think I know the type. From what I can make out he had a bit of a bad reputation down here."

"I shouldn't be surprised, Arnold would never go on week-ending to an hotel, for fear of being seen. He always wanted to stand well in the eyes of the world. Hence Riverside Cottage. Is it known, by the way, whether he had one of his friends with him last night?"

"Very little is known. We have not yet traced his car. That may conceivably tell a tale. Whoever it was who murdered your cousin presumably drove away in the car."

"Neat," approved Giles.

The superintendent smiled faintly. "You share Miss Vereker's dislike of the man?"

"More or less. And I have one of those cast-iron alibis which I understand render one instantly suspect. I was playing bridge in my father's house on Wimbledon Common."

The superintendent nodded. "One more question, Mr. Carrington. Can you tell me anything about this man"—he consulted his notebook—"Mesurier?"

"Beyond the fact that he is the chief accountant in my cousin's firm, nothing. I'm afraid. I am barely acquainted with him."

"I see. I don't think I need keep you any longer now. You'll be wanting to take Miss Vereker away. Shall we say ten o'clock in Eaton Place to-morrow?"

"Yes, certainly. You'd better have my card, by the way. I should be very grateful if you would let me know what happens."

He held out his hand, the superinten-

dent grasped it for a moment, and opened the door for him to pass out.

Miss Vereker, when he rejoined her, was hungry, and not even the knowledge that she might have to be present at the inquest interfered with her appetite. She ate a hearty meal and by three o'clock was once more at Riverside Cottage, backing her car out of the garage.

"Are you coming back to town, too?" she inquired.

"Yes, as soon as I've found out the date of the inquest. I'll look in to-night to have a word with Kenneth. Mind the rosebush!"

"I've been driving this car for over a year," said Antonia, affronted.

"It looks like it," he agreed, his eyes on a battered mudguard.

Antonia slammed the gear-lever into first, and started with a jerk. Her cousin watched her drive off, narrowly escaping a collision with the gate post, and then got into his own car again, and drove back to Hamborough.

Rather more than an hour later Antonia let herself into the studio that she shared with her brother and found him in an overall, a cup of tea in one hand, and a novel in the other. He was a handsome young man with untidy dark hair and his sister's brilliant eyes. He raised them from his book as she came in, said "Hallo!" in a disinterested voice, and continued his reading.

Antonia pulled off her hat and threw it vaguely in the direction of a chair. It fell on the floor, but beyond saying "Damn!" she did no more about it. "Stop reading. I've got some news," she announced, rather breathlessly.

"Shut up," replied her brother. "Where have you been?"

"Down at Ashleigh Green. Arnold's been murdered."

"Arnold's been what?"

"Murdered."

"Good thing, too," said Kenneth.

CHAPTER 5.

KENNETH looked at Antonia with lifted brows. "Joke?"

"No, actually murdered. Poofed off."

"Great jumping Jehosophat!" he exclaimed. "Who did it?"

"They don't know. I believe they rather think I did. Someone shoved a knife into him, and stuck him in the stocks at Ashleigh Green. I went down to see him, and spent the night there."

"What the devil for?"

"Oh, he wrote me a stinker about Rudolph, so I thought I might as well go and have it out with him. But that's not the point. The point is, he's dead."

Kenneth looked at her in silence for a moment. Then he carefully set down his cup, and poured himself out some more tea. "Too breath-taking. Don't know that I altogether believe it. Oh, Murgatroyd, Tony says Arnold's been done in."

A stout woman in a black frock and a voluminous apron had come into the studio with a clean cup and saucer. She said severely: "That's as may be, and if it's true you couldn't say but what it's a judgment. But there's no call for anyone to drink their tea out of the slop bowl that I know of. For shame, Miss Tony. And where was you last night, I should like to know?"

"Answer me that!"

"Down at Arnold's cottage. I forgot to tell you. What a mind you've got, Murgatroyd. Where did you think I was?"

"That's neither here nor there. What's all this nonsense about Mr. Arnold?"

"Murdered," said Antonia, selecting a sandwich from the dish. Between mouthfuls she told her story, ending up: "So I sent for Giles, because I thought it safest."

"And I hope," said Murgatroyd, picking up Antonia's hat, "that Mr. Giles gave you a piece of his mind, which I'll be

bound he did. Getting yourself mixed up in nasty murder cases. Fancy anyone up and murdering Mr. Arnold. I don't know what the world's coming to, I'm sure. Not but what there's many as could be spared less. If you've finished with that tray I'll take it into the kitchen, Miss Tony."

ANTONIA finished what was left in the slop bowl, and put it down. "All right. There'll be an inquest, Ken. Oles says I shall probably have to show up. He's coming here to-night to see you."

Her brother stared at her. "See me? What for?"

"I didn't ask."

"Well, I don't mind him coming if he wants to, but why on earth—"

He broke off, and suddenly swung his leg down from the arm of the chair in which he was lounging. "Hail I have it!"

"Have what?"

"I'm the heir," said Kenneth.

"So you are!" said Antonia slowly. "I never thought of that!"

"No, nor did I, but under father's will I must be. Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. I must get on to Violet and tell her! What's her number?"

He jumped up, but was checked by his sister. "Wait! How do you know?"

"Because I made it my business to find out when Arnold wouldn't advance me a mere five hundred. Murgatroyd, Murgatroyd! I'm rich! Do you hear? I'm rich!"

Murgatroyd, who had come back into the room to fold up the tea-cloth, replied: "Yes, I hear, and if you take my advice, Master Kenneth, you'll keep a still tongue in your head. The idea of shouting out 'I'm rich' when your step-brother met him and like he has!"

"Who cares how he met his end as long as he did meet it? What's Violet's number?"

"Don't you talk like that, Master Kenneth. How would you like to have a knife stuck in you? Nasty, underhand way of killing anyone, that's what I call it."

"I don't see it at all," objected Kenneth. "It's no worse than shooting a person, and far more sensible. Shooting's noisy, for one thing, and for another you leave a bullet in your man, and it gets traced to you. Whereas a knife doesn't leave anything, and is easy to get rid of."

"I don't know how you can stand there and say such things!" exclaimed Murgatroyd indignantly. "Downright indecent, that's what it is. Nor no amount of fine talking will make me say other than what I do say, and stand by. It's a dirty, mean trick to knife people."

Kenneth waved his hands at her in one of his excitable gestures. "It isn't any dirtier or meaner than any other way. You make me sick with that kind of mawkish twaddle. What is Violet's number?"

"You needn't get so cross about it," said Antonia. "Personally, I rather agree with Murgatroyd."

"People who start a sentence with 'Personally' (and they're always women) ought to be thrown to the lions. It's a repulsive habit."

"Probably must have caught it from Violet," said Antonia musingly.

"Shut up about Violet. Does she really say it?"

"Often."

"I'll tell her about it. What—for the fifth time is her number?"

"9496, or something," said Antonia. "You'd better look it up. Did you take the dogs for a walk this morning?"

"Take the dogs for a walk? No, of course I didn't," said Kenneth, flicking over the leaves of the telephone directory. "Hell, someone'll have to do this for me."

There are pages of Williams! Blast the wench; why must she have a name like that?"

"Oh, well. I'd better take them now, I suppose," said Antonia, and put on her hat again, and strolled out.

Antonia set off in the direction of the Embankment. When she returned it was an hour later, and she had forgotten the eggs Murgatroyd had ordered her to get as she passed through the kitchen. Having given her dogs their evening meal, she ran up the steps to the kitchen, where she found Murgatroyd making pastry. A fair girl, with shrewd grey eyes and a rather square chin, was sitting with her elbows on the table, watching Murgatroyd. She smiled when she saw Antonia. "Hullo!" she said.

"I haven't got the eggs!" announced Antonia.

"It's all right. I got them," said the other girl. "I hear your step-brother's been murdered. I don't console, do I?"

"No. Is the blushing Violet here?"

"Yes," said Leslie Rivers in a very steady voice. "So I thought I wouldn't stay."

"You can't, anyway. There isn't enough to eat. Seen Kenneth?"

"Yes," said Leslie Rivers again. "He's with Violet. I suppose it's useless for me to say anything, but if Kenneth isn't careful he'll land himself in jail. I should think the police are bound to think he murdered your step-brother."

"No, they won't. They think I did. Kenneth wasn't there."

"He hasn't got an alibi," stated Leslie in her matter-of-fact way. "He doesn't seem to see how with him inheriting all that money, and being in debt, and loathing Arnold, things are bound to point his way."

"I bet he didn't do it, all the same," replied Antonia.

"The point is you may find it hard to prove he didn't."

FIVE minutes later Antonia wandered into the studio, and nodded curtly to the girl in the big armchair. "Hullo! Come to celebrate?"

Miss Williams raised a pair of velvety brown eyes to Antonia's face, and put up a well-manicured hand to smooth her sleek black hair. "Tony darling, I don't think you ought to talk like that," she said.

"Personally, I feel—"

"My adored one," exclaimed Kenneth, "where did you pick up that bestial habit? Don't say 'Personally.' I implore you!"

A faint tinge of color stole into the creamy cheeks. "Well, really, Kenneth!" said Miss Williams.

"For God's sake, don't hurt her feelings!" begged Antonia. "I'm damned if I'll have any nauseating reconciliations over supper. And while we happen to be on this subject, who the devil asked you how you think I should talk, Violet?"

The brown eyes narrowed a little. "I suppose I can have my opinions, can't I?" said Miss Williams, sulkily.

"You look lovely when you're angry," said Kenneth suddenly. "Go on, Tony; say something more."

Miss Williams' beautiful lips parted and showed small very white teeth. "I think you're perfectly horrid, both of you, and I utterly refuse to quarrel with you."

Antonia's eye alighted on a couple of gold-necked bottles. "Where the hell did they spring from?"

"I bought 'em off Frank Crewe," replied Kenneth. "We've got to celebrate this."

"Kenneth!" exclaimed Violet.

"That's all right," soothed Antonia. "He meant his accession to wealth."

"There are sure to be death duties," Violet said practically. "It's absolutely wicked the amount one has to pay. Still, there's the house as well. That'll be yours, won't it, Kenneth?"

"Do you mean that barrack in Eaton

Place?" demanded Kenneth. "You don't imagine I'm going to live in a barn like that, do you? Turkey stair carpeting and gilt mirrors?"

"I don't see why not."

"Darling, your taste is quite damnable."

"I can't see that there's any need for you to be rude just because I like things you don't like. I think Turkey carpets are sort of warm, and—expensive-looking."

Antonia was measuring out the ingredients for cocktails, but she lowered the bottle of gin she was holding, and directed one of her clear looks at Violet. "You don't care whether a thing's good to look at or not as long as it reeks of money," she remarked.

VIOLET got up, quickly yet gracefully. "Well, what if I do like luxury?" she said, her low voice sharpening a little. "If you'd been born with a taste for nice things, and never had a penny to spend which you hadn't worked and slaved for, you'd feel the same!" One of her long, capable hands disdainfully brushed the skirt of her frock. "Even my clothes I make myself! And I want—I want Paris models, and nice furs, and my hair done every week at Eugene's, and—oh, all the nice things that make life worth living!"

"Well, don't make a song about it," recommended Antonia, quite unmoved. "You'll be able to have all that if Kenneth really does inherit."

"Of course I inherit," said Kenneth, impatiently. "Hurry along with the drinks, Tony!"

Antonia suddenly put down the gin-bottle. "Can't. You do it. I've suddenly remembered I was supposed to meet Rudolph for lunch this morning. I must ring him up." She took the telephone receiver off the rest and began to dial. "Did he ring me up, do you know?"

"Dunno. Don't think so. How much gin have you put in?"

"Lashings—Hullo, is that Mr. Mesurier's flat? Oh, is it you, Rudolph? I say, I'm frightfully sorry about lunch. Did you wait ages? But it wasn't my fault. It truly wasn't."

At the other end of the telephone there was a tiny pause. Then a man's voice, light in texture, rather nasal, rather metallic, in the manner of modern voices, replied hesitatingly: "Is it you, Tony? I didn't quite catch—the line's not very clear. What did you say?"

"Lunch!" enunciated Antonia distinctly. "Lunch? Oh, my God! I clean forgot! I'm devastatingly sorry! Can't think how I could—"

"Weren't you there?" demanded Antonia. There was another pause. "Tony, dear, the line's really awful. Can't make out a word you say."

"Put a sock in it, Rudolph. Did you forget about lunch?"

"My dear, will you ever forgive me?" besought the voice.

"Oh, yes," replied Antonia. "I forgot, too. That's what I rang up about. I was down at Arnold's place at Ashleigh Green, and—"

"Ashleigh Green?"

"Yes, why the horror?"

"I was not horrified, but what on earth made you go down there?"

"I can't tell you over the telephone. You'd better come round. And bring something to eat; there's practically nothing here."

"But, Tony, wait! I can't make out what took you to Ashleigh Green. Has anything happened? I mean—"

"Yes, Arnold's been killed."

Again the pause. "Killed?" repeated the voice. "Good God! You don't mean murdered, do you?"

"Of course I do. Bring some cold meat,

or something, and come to supper. There'll be champagne."

"Cham—oh, all right! I mean, thanks very much; I'll be round," said Rudolph Mesurier.

"By all of which," remarked Kenneth, shaking the cocktails professionally, "I gather that the boy-friend is on his way. Will he be bonhomme, Tony?"

"Oh, rather!" promised Antonia blithely. "He can't stand Arnold at any price."

THERE was no sitting-room in the Vereker's flat other than the big studio. Supper was laid on a black oak table at one end. While Murgatroyd was stumping in and out of the studio with glasses and plates, Rudolph Mesurier arrived with a veal and ham pie, and half a loaf of bread.

"Where did them bottles come from?" demanded Murgatroyd, transfixed by the sight of their opulent gold necks.

"Left over from Frank Crewe's party last week," explained Kenneth.

Murgatroyd sniffed loudly, and set down a dish with unnecessary violence. "The feast," she said, "anyone'd think it was the funeral party already."

Constraint descended on the two visitors. Violet folded her lovely mouth primly, and cleared her throat; Rudolph Mesurier fingered his tie, and said awkwardly: "Frightful thing about Mr. Vereker. I mean—it doesn't seem possible, somehow."

Violet turned gratefully and favored him with her slow, enchanting smile. "No, it doesn't, does it? I didn't know him, but it makes me feel quite sick to think of it. Of course, I don't think Ken and Tony realise it yet—not absolutely."

"Oh, don't they, my sweet?" said Kenneth derisively.

"Kenneth, whatever you felt about poor Mr. Vereker when he was alive, I do think you might at least pretend to be sorry now he's dead!"

"Rot!" said Antonia. "Olive, Rudolph?"

"Thanks." He moved over to the far end of the studio, where she was seated, perched on a corner of the dining table. As he took the olive off the end of the meat-skewer, he raised his eyes to her face, and said in a low voice: "How did it happen? Why were you there? That's what I can't make out."

She gave him back look for look. "On account of us. I wrote and told him we were going to get married, thinking he'd be pleased, and probably send us a handsome gift."

"Yes, I know. I wish you'd consulted me first. I'd no idea—"

"Why?" interrupted Antonia. "Gone off the scheme?"

"No, no! Good God, no! I'm utterly mad about you, darling, but it wasn't the moment. I mean, you know I'm hard-up just now, and a fellow like Vereker would be bound to leap to the conclusion that I was after your money."

"I haven't got any money. You can't call five hundred a year money. Moreover, several things aren't paying any dividend this year, so I'm practically a pauper."

"Yes, but he had money. Anyway, I wish you hadn't, because as a matter of fact it's landed me into a bit of a mess. Well, not actually, I suppose, but it's bound to come out that we had a slight quarrel on the very day he was murdered."

Antonia looked up, and then across the room towards the other two. They seemed to be absorbed in argument. She said bluntly: "How do you know which day he was murdered?"

His eyes, deep blue, and fringed with black lashes, held all at once a startled look. "I—you told me, didn't you?"

"No," said Antonia.

He gave an uncertain laugh. "Yes, you did, over the telephone. You've forgotten. But you see the position, don't you? Of

course, it doesn't really matter, but the police are bound to think it a bit fishy and one doesn't want to be mixed up in anything—I mean, in my position one has to be somewhat circumspect."

"You needn't worry," said Antonia. "It's me they think fishy. I was there. Arnold wrote me a stinking letter from the office on Saturday morning, and I got it that day. I went down to tackle him about it."

"Ah, you darling!" Mesurier said, laying his hand on hers, and pressing it. "You needn't tell me. He wrote something libellous about me. I can just imagine it! But you shouldn't have done it, my sweet. I can look after myself."

"Yes, I dare say you can," answered Antonia, "but I wasn't going to have Arnold spreading lies about you, all the same."

"Darling! What did he tell you?"

"He didn't tell me anything specific, because I never saw him. He wrote a few pages of drivel, all about how I should very soon know the sort of blackguard I meant to marry, and how you were a skunk, and a thief, and various other things like that."

"Gosh, he was a swine!" Mesurier exclaimed, flushing. "He realised, of course, that in another year he couldn't prevent our marriage, so he tried to blacken me to you. Have you got that letter?"

"No, I burned it. I thought it would be safer."

HE looked at her intently. "You mean in case the police got hold of it? You aren't keeping anything back, are you, darling? If Vereker made any definite accusation I wish you'd tell me."

"He didn't." Antonia got off the table as Murgatroyd came into the studio, and glanced towards her brother. "If you've finished quarrelling, supper's ready." She thought this over, and added conscientiously: "And if you haven't, it still is."

Violet and Rudolph kept up an interchange of light badinage throughout the meal. Attempts to draw the other two into the conversation were not very successful. Kenneth had a glowering look on his face, which Violet could always conjure up by flirting with another man; and Antonia, when appealed to by Violet to assure Mesurier that she really didn't look marvellous in red, but on the contrary positively haggish, replied with such disingenuous frankness that the topic broke off like a snapped thread.

But by the time the quartet rose from the table and drifted over to the other end of the room Violet had softened towards Kenneth, who was very anxious to make amends, and Rudolph had volunteered to make Turkish coffee if Murgatroyd didn't mind. He and Antonia went off to the kitchen together, and under Murgatroyd's scornful but indulgent eye brewed a decoction which, though it would have puzzled a Turk, was quite drinkable.

Ten minutes later the doorbell rang, and Antonia said: "That'll be Giles."

"Well, I'd forgotten he was coming!" said Kenneth.

"Come inside, and pour yourself out a drink," said Kenneth as Giles Carrington appeared at the door. "And don't be shy of telling us the worst; it's all in the family. Am I the heir or am I not? If I am we're going to buy a refrigerator. There's no ice in this ruddy place."

Giles paid no the slightest attention to this, but smiled down at Violet.

"It's useless to expect either of my cousins to introduce us. My name is Carrington."

"I know; they're hopeless. Mine is Williams. I'm Kenneth's fiancée, you know."

"I didn't, but I congratulate him. Good evening, Mesurier."

"Oh, how sweet of you!" Violet said, with an arch look up at him.

"That's only his nice Eton manners,"

said Antonia reassuringly. "When's the inquest, Giles?"

"On Tuesday. You'll have to attend."

"Blast! Are you going to be there?"

"Yes, of course. I'll take you down." Giles poured himself out some whisky, and splashed soda into it. "Arnold's car has been found," he said casually.

"Where?" asked Antonia.

"In a news off the Cromwell Road."

"Will that help the police at all, do you suppose?" inquired Violet.

"I hardly think so. Nothing but Arnold's suit-case and hat, and a hamper of provisions was found in it, I believe."

"What, no blood?" said Kenneth lazily. "No gory knife? I call that a sell for the police."

"Haven't they discovered any clue at all?" Rudolph asked. "Surely there must be something to show who it was? I mean, fingerprints or something?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that," replied Giles in his cool, pleasant way. "The police haven't taken me quite so far into their confidence."

"Did you see anything more of that lamb-like superintendent?" said Antonia, clasping her hands round her knees.

"Yes, I gave him a lift back to town."

Kenneth sat up. "Look here, whose side are you on?"

GILES CARRINGTON looked up quickly. Kenneth grinned. "No, I didn't mean that exactly, but you've got to act for us."

"That is what I'm trying to do," answered Giles.

"Lots of anags in the way," murmured Kenneth, lying down once more. "Tony's pitchforked herself bang into the middle of it, and I don't think I can prove an alibi." He jerked himself upright again. "Damn! What a fool I was! I wrote and asked him for some cash, and he refused. I'll lay any odds you like he's kept my letter and a copy of his answer."

"Oh, Kenneth, don't talk such rubbish!" Violet begged. "Of course, they won't think you did it!"

"They probably will, but they'll find it devilish hard to prove," said Kenneth. "What do you think, Giles?"

"If you like to call at my office tomorrow at twelve I'll tell you," replied Giles, finishing his drink.

Violet got up smoothing her skirt. "Of course, you can't talk with Mr. Mesurier and me here," she said. "Anyway, it's time I went home. I've got a long day to-morrow. Kenneth, promise me you'll stop being silly, and tell Mr. Carrington everything. You know perfectly well you didn't do it, and anyone would think you had from the way you go on."

"Yes, you all three ought to talk it over," agreed Mesurier. "Can I see you home, Miss Williams?"

Violet accepted this offer with one of her demure smiles, and, in spite of Kenneth's loud and indignant protests, the pair insisted on taking their leave. Murgatroyd came in to clear away the glasses when they had gone, and interrupted Kenneth, who was cursing his cousin for breaking up the party, by saying: "That's enough from you, Master Kenneth. You listen to what Mr. Giles has to say, and keep a still tongue in your head. And if you want anything I'll be in the kitchen."

She went out and they heard her go into the kitchen and shut the door. Kenneth sat down again on the divan and leaned his elbows on his knees. "I'm sick of this murder already," he said. "They'll never find out who did it, so why worry?"

Giles took out his pipe and began to fill it. "Get this into your head," he said. "If the police don't discover any clue to the identity of the murderer your position's going to be serious."

Kenneth looked up. "Why? I thought Tony was the chief suspect."

"What do you suppose is the first thing

the police look for?" Giles said. "Motive. Tony's motive is merely one of revenge, or spite, or whatever you like to call it. Your motive is a good deal stronger. You're hard up, you tried to get money out of Arnold, and by his death you inherit a large fortune."

"Yes, but I didn't think of that for quite some time after Tony had told me Arnold was dead. Did I, Tony?"

"I doubt whether that would impress a jury," said Giles. "What were you doing last night?"

"I went to look Violet up."

"At what time?"

"Not sure. Half-past eightish."

"Did you go to Miss Williams' house?"

"Flat. Yes, but she was out. No one answered the bell, so I drifted along to some cinema or other. No, I don't know which one it was, and I don't know what the film was called, because I went in after it had started and it was so dull I slept through most of it."

"Well, then what did you do?"

"Went for a walk," replied Kenneth.

"Where to?"

"Richmond."

"Why on earth did you do that?" said Giles, patient, but despairing.

"Why not?" retorted Kenneth. "It was a fine night and very warm, and I'd had a nice nap in the cinema. It seemed an obvious thing to do."

"Did it?" said Giles.

"But he does go for walks at night, Giles!" Antonia put in anxiously. "We both do, when it's too hot to go to bed."

Giles sighed. "When did you get home?"

"Oh, somewhere about three or four, I suppose. I didn't notice the time."

"And you can't think of anyone who saw you come in or out of the cinema, or on your way to Richmond, and who would be able to recognise you? Didn't you meet a policeman?"

"No, I don't think so."

"In fact, not one word of this story can you prove," said Giles.

"No," replied Kenneth blandly, "and not one word of it can the police disprove."

CHAPTER 6.

GILES' car drew up outside Arnold Vereker's house in Eaton Place just as Superintendent Hannasseyde ascended the stone steps. The superintendent turned and when he saw Giles get out of the car smiled and said: "Good morning, Mr. Carrington. You're very punctual."

"It saves trouble, don't you think?" said Giles. "Have you rung?"

"Not yet," replied Hannasseyde, pressing the electric button.

The door was opened almost immediately by a thin butler, who had a sour expression and looked as though he suffered from dyspepsia. His gaze swept by the superintendent and came to rest on Giles.

"Morning, Taylor," Giles said. "Superintendent Hannasseyde and I want to go through Mr. Vereker's papers."

"Yes, sir." The butler eyed Hannasseyde for one disapproving minute. "The library is locked, as the superintendent left it yesterday."

It was plain that the butler had no opinion of policemen who walked into well-ordered houses, and locked rooms up as they pleased.

"A bad business about Mr. Vereker," Giles said, handing him his hat and gloves. "Extremely distasteful, sir."

"I should like to have a word with you, please," said Hannasseyde, taking a key out of his pocket and fitting it into the lock of a door on the right of the front door.

"Certainly, sir," said Taylor, frigidly. "I regret having been out when you called yesterday, but Sunday is my day."

"Yes, I understand. Come in here, will

you? Mr. Carrington, will you take these?" He held out a collection of keys on a ring, which Giles took, while the butler walked over to the window and drew back the curtains.

The library had the same air of conscious opulence that pervaded every other room in Arnold Vereker's house.

Hannasseyde waited until Taylor had arranged the curtains to his satisfaction, and then asked: "How long have you been in Mr. Vereker's employment?"

"I have been here for three years, sir," replied Taylor, in a voice that informed the superintendent that that was a record.

"Then you are probably acquainted with Mr. Vereker's habits. Was it his custom to spend the week-ends at his country cottage?"

"He occasionally did so, sir."

"And when he did was it usual for him to drive himself down, or did he take his chauffeur?"

"Sometimes the one and sometimes the other, sir."

"On Saturday, when he left town, was the chauffeur with him?"

"I believe not, sir. There had been a little unpleasantness."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Between Mr. Vereker and Jackson, the chauffeur, sir. Mr. Vereker gave Jackson his notice on Saturday morning, Jackson having brought the car round five minutes late again. There was a highly unpleasant scene upon the front steps. I regret to say that Jackson so far forgot himself as to answer Mr. Vereker back. It was quite a brawl, not what one would expect in a gentleman's house at all. Jackson talked extremely wildly, Mr. Vereker hardly less so. Both being hot-tempered."

"And when Mr. Vereker left the house on Saturday evening Jackson was not driving the car?"

"No, sir. It was merely brought round to the door—Mr. Vereker having stated that he did not wish to see Jackson's face again."

"I see. At what hour did Mr. Vereker leave this house?"

"He left at ten minutes to eight, sir."

"You seem sure of that. What fixed the time in your memory?"

"Mr. Vereker himself, sir. He remarked on it. I understood him to have a dinner engagement. He was not—ahem!—pleased at being detained."

"What detained him?"

THE butler drew in his breath, for this was the moment for which he had been waiting. "A visitor, sir."

"Who was this visitor?"

"I could not say, sir. He was not a person I had ever seen before. In fact, I should not describe him as the type of gentleman I have been in the habit of admitting to the house. Very down-at-heel, he was, and most determined to see Mr. Vereker. Upon my informing him that Mr. Vereker was not at home he set his foot in the door and replied that he should not leave until he had seen him."

"Do you mean that his attitude was threatening?"

"The butler considered. "Hardly that, sir. Oh no, not threatening! Very affable, he was, in a silly kind of way. Stood there smiling. I formed the impression that he was under the influence of drink. I was about to summon Matthew—the footman, sir—to assist in putting him outside when Mr. Vereker came down the stairs in readiness to go out."

"In evening dress?"

"Precisely, sir. Mr. Vereker called out to know what was the matter. The stranger kept on smiling, in what I could only think a very peculiar way, under the circumstances, and after a moment he said, amiable as you please: 'You'd better be at home to me, old fellow.' Those were his

exact words, and the effect of them upon Mr. Vereker was remarkable. Mr. Vereker was a gentleman with a high complexion, but he turned quite pale, and stood there with his hand on the bannister, staring."

"Did he seem to be afraid?"

"I should not like to say that, sir. He looked very angry and amazed."

"Do you remember what he said?"

"He did not speak at all, sir, until the stranger said that it would save a lot of unpleasantness if he had a few words with him alone. Then he gave a kind of choke, and told me to let the man in. I did so, of course, and Mr. Vereker led the way into the room, and shut the door."

"How long were they both here?"

"Until Mr. Vereker left the house, sir, which he did in company with his visitor. It might have been twenty minutes, or half an hour."

"Have you any idea what took place between them? Was there any quarrel?"

"I should not call it a quarrel, sir. I never heard the stranger's voice raised once, though I could not help but hear Mr. Vereker shouting occasionally. It is my belief that it was money the man wanted, for Mr. Vereker said, 'Not one penny do you get out of me!' several times."

"Did you hear him say anything else?"

"NOT a great deal, sir. The term scoundrel was frequently made use of, and Mr. Vereker said once, very loudly: 'So you think you can frighten me, do you?' But what the other man replied I don't know, him speaking all the time in a soft voice. After a little while Mr. Vereker seemed to calm down, and I was unable to catch what was said. But at ten minutes to eight they both came out of the library, and by the way Mr. Vereker damned me for being in the hall to open the door for him. I judged that something had happened to put him in a bad temper. The other man was as amiable as ever, and seemed to be laughing up his sleeve, to my way of thinking. He said Mr. Vereker could give him a lift, and Mr. Vereker threw him a look which quite startled me, accustomed as I was to his moods. I could see he hated the man, and it is my belief that he had a deal of trouble forcing himself to agree to take him in the car with him. But whatever the reason he did actually do so, the stranger making himself very much at home, and Mr. Vereker with his mouth shut like a trap. That, sir, is the last I ever saw of Mr. Vereker."

The superintendent had listened to this story with an unmoved countenance.

"Would you know the man if you were to see him again?"

"I think so, sir. I should, I believe, recognise both his smile and his voice. His person was not, however, in any way remarkable."

"Very well. You do not know of anyone else who may have visited Mr. Vereker on Saturday?"

"Mr. Vereker was at his office until lunch-time, sir, and no one called at this house during the afternoon. He went out at four o'clock, and did not return until shortly before seven. Miss Vereker rang up at about six, but my orders being to inform anyone who wanted him that he had gone out of town, I did so."

"Do you know why Mr. Vereker gave that order?"

"It was not unusual, sir. He had been out of temper all day, and when that occurred he never wanted to see or speak to anyone, least of all a member of his family."

"I see. One other question: do you know what Mr. Vereker's plans were for Saturday evening?"

"Oh, no, sir! Mr. Vereker was never communicative. I inferred from his attire that he was dining in town before motor-

ing into the country, but where or in what company I fear I have no idea."

"Thank you. I won't keep you any longer, then."

The butler bowed and looked towards Giles. "I beg your pardon, sir, but in the face of this unexpected occurrence there is a feeling amongst the staff that everything is very unsettled. I do not know whether the staff is to be kept on—?"

"That will be for the heir to decide," answered Giles pleasantly. "Meanwhile, just carry on as you are."

"If you say so, sir," said Taylor, and withdrew.

HANNASYSDE waited until he had gone before saying: "What did you make of that, Mr. Carrington?"

"Not very much," shrugged Giles. "I daresay it might be a good thing if you could run the steady stranger to earth, but it sounds to me as though it were a somewhat inept blackmailer at work. Would you like the safe opened first?"

"Please. And a certain amount of animus displayed against the chauffeur. Or merely protective measures?"

"Probably a bit of both," said Giles, opening a very obvious door in the paneling beside the fireplace, and disclosing a steel safe. "Servants are always anxious to protect themselves against any possible accusation—even," he added bitterly, "when it's only one of watering the whisky. Here you are."

The superintendent moved across the room to his side, and together they went through the contents of the safe. There was nothing in it relevant to the case, only share certificates, a bank-book, and some private papers. Giles put them back when the superintendent had finished with them, and shut the safe again.

"We'll try the desk," he said, going over to it and sitting down in the swivel-chair.

"Did you bring the will?" asked Hannasysde.

Giles drew it from his inner pocket, and handed it over. The superintendent sat down on the other side of the desk, and spread open the crumpled sheets, while Giles sought among the keys on the ring for one which fitted the drawers of the desk.

The superintendent read the will, and at the end laid it carefully down, and said in his measured voice: "I see that the residuary legatees are Kenneth and Antonia Vereker, who share equally all that is left of Arnold Vereker's fortune when the minor legatees have been paid."

"Yes," agreed Giles, glancing through a paper he had taken from one of the drawers. "That is so."

"Both of them, then, benefit very considerably by Arnold Vereker's death."

"I can't tell you, off-hand, how much Arnold's private fortune amounted to. Somewhere in the neighborhood of sixty thousand pounds."

The superintendent looked at him. "What about his holding in the mine?"

"That," said Giles, laying a sheaf of papers on one of the heaps he had made on the desk, "in default of male issue by Arnold, goes to Kenneth, under the terms of his father's will. I thought you'd want to see that, so I brought a copy."

"Thanks," said Hannasysde, stretching out his hand for it. "I really am grateful. You're saving me a lot of time, Mr. Carrington."

"Don't mention it," said Giles.

THE superintendent read Geoffrey Vereker's will, knitting his brows over it.

"This is a most extraordinary document," he remarked. "All that seems to be left to his other children is his private fortune—

and even that is divided between the four of them. What's the meaning of it, Mr. Carrington?"

"It isn't quite as extraordinary as it appears," replied Giles. "The Shan Hills mine was an obsession with my uncle. In his day it wasn't the huge concern it is now. My uncle believed in it, and floated a private company to work it. It was to be developed, and it was on no account to pass out of the family. So he left his holding to Arnold, with a reversion to Arnold's eldest son, if any; and failing a son, to Roger and his heirs; or in the event of Roger's death without legitimate male issue, to Kenneth. The private fortune amounted to £33,000, and was at that time the more substantial bequest. It was divided equally between the four children. But a few years after my uncle's death his belief in the potentialities of Shan Hills was justified by the discovery on one of the leases of a very rich deposit—a limestone replacement deposit. If you're interested in technicalities, Arnold floated the mine as a public company—and you know pretty well how it stands to-day. Arnold's holding probably represents about a quarter of a million."

"A very nice little packet to inherit," commented Hannasysde dryly.

"Very nice," agreed Giles.

There was a short pause. "Well, we'd better go through the desk," said Hannasysde. "Have you found anything that might have a bearing on the case?"

"Nothing at all," said Giles. He handed a diary across. "I hoped this might reveal his Saturday-night engagements, but he's merely crossed off Saturday and Sunday. I haven't come across his cheque-book yet, by the way. Was it on him?"

"Yes, I've got it," Hannasysde said, producing it. "I see he drew a cheque for a hundred pounds to self on Friday. At first glance rather a large sum to carry about with him, but he seems to have been in the habit of doing it."

"He was. He got rather a kick out of a fat wad in his pocket, I think."

"Lots do. What surprised me a little, though, was to find that he only had thirty pounds and some loose change on him when his body was discovered. Seventy pounds seems to be a lot to have spent in a couple of days, unless he paid some bills, of course."

Giles glanced through a pile of receipts. "Nothing here for that date. Might have bought a trinket for his latest fancy."

"Or the butler's mysterious stranger might have relieved him of it," said Hannasysde thoughtfully.

"I should like to meet this smiling stranger." He picked up a small letter file and began methodically to go through its contents. Most of the letters he merely glanced at, and put aside, but one held his attention for some moments.

"H'm! I suppose you've seen this?"

GILES looked up. "What is it? Oh, that! Yes, I've seen it. There's some more of that correspondence—oh, you've got it!"

The superintendent was holding a boldly worded request for five hundred pounds, written in Kenneth's nervous fist. The letter stated with exquisite simplicity that Kenneth was broke, engaged to be married, and must have funds to pay off a few debts. Appended to it was a type-written sheet headed copy, stating with equal simplicity that Arnold had no intention of giving or lending a feckless idiot five hundred pounds, let alone pounds. Further search in the file brought to light a second letter from Kenneth, scrawled on a half-sheet of notepaper. It was laconic in the extreme, and expressed an ardent desire on the writer's part to wring his brother's neck.

"Very spirited," said the superintendent

noncommittally. "I should like to keep these letters, please."

The superintendent folded the three letters and tucked them into his pocket-book. "Now let's take a look at his memorandum."

He picked it up as he spoke and opened it. Giles began to replace the papers in the drawers. "Hullo!" said Hannasysde audaciously. "What do you make of this, Mr. Carrington?"

Giles took the book, and found it open at a page of figures. In the first column were pencilled various dates; against these were set names, apparently of different firms; in the third column were certain sums of money, each with a note of interrogation beside it, and a counter-sum, heavily underlined. At the bottom, each line of figures had been totalled, and the difference, which amounted to three hundred and fifty pounds, not only underlined, but wholly encircled by a thick black pencil-mark.

"John Dawlish Ltd.," said Giles slowly, reading one of the names aloud. "Aren't those the people who make drills? These look like company accounts."

"They look to me as though someone has been monkeying with the accounts, and Arnold Vereker found it out," said Hannasysde. "I think we'll step round to the Shan Hills office, if you don't mind, Mr. Carrington."

"Not at all," replied Giles, "but I do not quite see why you want me to—"

HE was interrupted by the butler, who at that moment opened the door and stood holding it. "I beg your pardon, sir, but Mr. Carrington would like to speak to you on the telephone."

Giles looked up, surprised. "Mr. Carrington wants to speak to me?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I switch the call through to this room, or would you prefer to speak from the hall?"

"No, switch it through, will you?" Giles lifted the receiver of the desk telephone, and glanced towards Hannasysde. "Do you mind? It's my father, though what he wants I can't imagine. By the way, it is he who is the legal adviser to Arnold's company, and Arnold transferred his private affairs to me, partly because we were more of an age and partly because he and my father couldn't hit it off, but the business remained in—Hullo, sir! Morning. Yes, Giles speaking."

He spoke for a few minutes and quietly laid down the receiver. Then, turning to the superintendent, he said: "My father wants to see you, Superintendent. He tells me he found a letter from Arnold Vereker waiting for him at the office this morning, which he thinks you ought to see."

THE offices of Carrington, Radclyffe, and Carrington were on the first floor of an old house near the Embankment. The head of the firm occupied a large, untidy room overlooking the river through a gap in the adjacent buildings. When Giles ushered Hannasysde into this apartment on Monday morning, old Mr. Carrington was seated at an enormous desk, completely covered with papers, muttering fiercely at the shortcomings of his fountain pen. The head of the firm was a well-preserved sixty, with grizzled and scanty hair, a ruddy complexion, and a humorous gleam which lurked in his son's grey eyes. In other respects father and son were not much alike.

Giles was tall and lean, and never seemed to be in a hurry; Charles Carrington was short, and of a comfortable habit of body, and lived in a perpetual state of bustle. It was a source of surprise to those not intimately acquainted with him that he should be a lawyer. Those who knew him best were not dismayed by his odd

mannerisms or his inability to find anything. They knew that although he might convey the impression of being a fussy and rather incompetent old gentleman, he had still, at sixty, a remarkably acute intellect.

"This is Superintendent Hannasyde from Scotland Yard," said Giles.

"Oh, is it?" said Mr. Carrington, wiping his fingers with a piece of pink blotting paper. "Good morning. Investigating my nephew's murder, aren't you? Well, I wish you joy of it. Ill-conditioned young cub! Don't stand! Don't stand! Take a chair! Giles, push those deeds on to the floor, and let the superintendent sit down."

"This is Arnold's letter," he announced. "You'd better have it, Superintendent. May mean nothing; may mean a lot. Here, Giles, you take a look at it!"

Giles took the sheet. When he came to the end, he held it out to Hannasyde, saying: "I think this comes rather pat, don't you?"

The letter was on office paper, but written by hand, and by a man in a raging temper. "Dear Uncle," it began, and continued abruptly: "What is the legal position of this firm in the case of systematic tampering with the accounts on the part of an employee? I've caught this damned whippersnapper Mesurier out, and I want no prosecution, but wish to know how I stand before taking definite action. I have had him up, and he has the insolence to expect me to condone it because, if you please, he is paying back what he calls the 'loan' in his own good time! Does this prejudice my case, or not? Major portion of the sum stolen is still owing. Surely I have a case? Don't reply with any sentimental drivel; the swine has got himself engaged to that little fool, Antonia, and I want him exposed. Kindly give this matter your immediate attention, and advise."

The superintendent read this through with his usual deliberation. "Yes, it does come pat," he said. "You're quite right. A bit hard on this chap Mesurier, wasn't he?"

A clerk tapped at the door, and before anybody could reply, entered. He said in a low voice: "For Mr. Giles, sir."

"Well?" said Giles, turning his head. "Anything urgent?"

"Mr. Kenneth Vereker has called, sir, and would be glad if you could spare him a few minutes. He says it is very urgent."

CHAPTER 7.

"TELL Mr. Vereker I'm engaged at the moment," said Giles, "but if he cares to wait I'll see him later." Hannasyde craned forward. "I wonder if you would mind if I saw Mr. Kenneth Vereker?" he asked.

Giles' and his father's eyes met for an instant. Charles Carrington said briefly: "Tell Mr. Vereker that Superintendent Hannasyde is here and would like to see him."

"Yes, sir." The clerk went out.

Two minutes later Kenneth walked in, dressed in disreputable grey flannel trousers, a shirt with a soft collar and a flowing tie, and an old tweed coat. A plume of dark hair fell over one eyebrow, and the eyes themselves were bright, and inquisitive, and alert. "Hullo Uncle! Hullo, Giles!" he said airily. "Where's the lamb-like policeman? Good Lord, I don't see anything lamb-like about you! Another of Tony's lies! I've come to the conclusion I'd better reserve my defence, by the way. Saw it in one of the Sunday papers, and it seemed to me a good idea."

He added affably, still talking to Hannasyde: "You don't mind if I get my business done first, do you?"

"Not at all," answered Hannasyde, on whom, for all his apparently disinterested attitude, not one gesture or inflexion of

the voice had been lost. "If you would like to speak to Mr. Carrington I can wait outside."

"Oh Lord, no! It isn't private!" Kenneth assured him. "It's only about Arnold's money. I am the heir, aren't I, Giles? Damn it, I must be! He can't have upset father's will. Well, can I have some of it advanced to me? I must have some new shirts for one thing, and I can't get 'em on tick since Arnold said he wouldn't be responsible for my debts, blast him! So do you mind coughing up some of the needful?"

It was quite impossible to stem this tide of disastrous eloquence. After one quick, warning frown, Giles abandoned the attempt and heard his client out in silence. Mr. Charles Carrington, his elbows on the arms of his chair, and his finger-tips lightly touching, sat watching the superintendent, quite unperturbed. When his nephew paused for breath, he turned his head, and said with something of his son's mildness: "How much do you want, Kenneth?"

"I want five hundred pounds," replied Kenneth promptly.

"Three hundred is absolutely urgent, and if it won't run to five I could make three do. But I want a hundred to buy a ring with, and another hundred for splurging about. I can buy a ring for a hundred, can't I, Giles?"

"Several, I'd think," replied Giles.

"Must be diamonds," explained Kenneth. "Large, flashy ones. You know, the kind of things that make you want to vomit. It's for Violet. I haven't given her one yet, and that's the deluded wench's taste. I wouldn't put it above her to hanker after a ruby tiara once I touch Arnold's millions, bless her vulgar little heart!"

GILES intervened. "We'll talk it over later. I can lend you some money to tide you over. Is that all you came about?"

"That's enough, isn't it?" asked Kenneth.

"All right, I'll come along this evening and arrange something," promised Giles. "Meanwhile, Superintendent Hannasyde wants to ask you some questions."

"I just want to know what your movements were on Saturday evening," said Hannasyde pleasantly.

"I know you do, but according to Giles you won't believe a word of my story," replied Kenneth. "My point is that you can't disprove it. If you've got any sense you won't try."

"You'll simply arrest my sister, and be done with it. I call her behaviour fishy in the extreme. Moreover, any girl who gets engaged to a puppy like Mesurier deserves to be hanged. What did you make of him, Giles?"

"I hardly know him. Try to stick to the point."

"Well, I think he's a bluster," said Kenneth frankly.

Hannasyde said patiently: "May I hear this story which I can't disprove?"

Kenneth seated himself on a corner of the desk which happened to be free from litter, and related with unexpected conclusiveness the history of his movements on Saturday.

"And that's that," he concluded, delving in his pocket for an evil-looking pipe. "My fiancée says it's such a rotten story you're bound to believe it. She ought to know. She reads about seven detective thrillers a week, so she's pretty well up in crime."

Hannasyde looked at him rather searchingly. "You don't remember the picture theatre you visited, or even what street it is in, or what the film was about, Mr. Vereker?"

"No," said Kenneth, unrolling an oilskin

tobacco pouch, and beginning, under his uncle's fermenting stare, to fill the pipe. "That argues a singularly bad memory, doesn't it?"

"Vile," agreed Kenneth. "But anyone'll tell you I've no memory."

"I'm surprised that with such a bad memory you are able to tell me so exactly what you did that evening," said Hannasyde gently.

"Oh, I learned that off by heart!" replied Kenneth, putting the pipe in his mouth, and restoring the pouch to his pocket.

Superintendent Hannasyde was not a man to show surprise readily, but this ingenuous explanation bereft him momentarily of speech. Giles' slow voice filled the gap: "Don't try to be funny, I implore you. What do you mean?"

"Just what I said," responded Kenneth, striking a match. Between puffs, he continued: "After Giles has gone, last night, it dawned on me that I'd better make sure I didn't forget what I did on Saturday. So I wrote it all down, and learned it by heart in case I lost the book of words."

"I see," said Hannasyde drily. "Will your memory go back as far as the third of June?"

"What's to-day?" asked Kenneth, willing to oblige, but cautious.

"To-day, Mr. Vereker, is the nineteenth of June."

"Then I shouldn't think it would. It all depends. Not if you're going to ask me what I had for breakfast that day, or whether I went out for a walk, or—"

"I am going to ask you whether you remember writing a letter to your step-brother, requesting him to give or to lend you five hundred pounds?"

"You bet I do," said Kenneth. "I've been kicking myself for having done it ever since I heard about the murder. Didn't I tell you the swine would keep my letter, Giles?"

"Do you also remember a second letter which you wrote your step-brother—presumably upon receipt of his refusal to send you any money?"

KENNETH frowned. "No, I'm afraid I don't. Did I write a second time?"

The superintendent opened his pocket-book and took out a single sheet of note-paper. "Isn't that it, Mr. Vereker?"

Kenneth leaned forward to read it, and burst out laughing. "Oh Lord, yes! Sorry! I'd forgotten that for the moment."

"You were angry enough to write a letter telling your step-brother that it would give you great pleasure to wring his neck. You felt strongly enough to write it, and then forgot all about it?"

"No, I forgot I'd written it," said Kenneth. "I didn't forget that I wanted to wring his neck. My memory's not as bad as that."

There was an infinitesimal pause. Then the superintendent said: "I see. I think you said you are engaged to be married?" Kenneth nodded. "Have you been engaged long, Mr. Vereker?"

"Three months, more or less."

"When do you mean to be married, if I may ask?"

"I think you mayn't, Superintendent," said Giles, shifting his shoulders against the mantelpiece.

"You must advise your client as you see fit, Mr. Carrington, but it is a question that will be asked," Hannasyde said.

"Let him ask me anything he likes," said Kenneth. "I don't mind. I haven't got any feeling against the police. I don't know when I'm going to be married. My betrothed has religious scruples."

"Has what?" asked Hannasyde, startled.

Kenneth waved his pipe vaguely in the

air. "Religious scruples. Respect due to the dead. All against the funeral baked meats coldly furnishing forth the marriage tables. 'Romeo and Juliet,' he added.

"Hamlet," said the superintendent coldly.

"Shakespeare, anyhow."

"Do you mean that your fiancée wishes to postpone the wedding until you're out of mourning?"

"She can't. She knows perfectly well I'm not going into mourning."

"Mr. Vereker, had you arranged a date for your wedding before Saturday, or not?"

"No."

"I'm going to ask you a very straightforward question, which your solicitor won't like," said Hannasyde, with a faint smile. "Was the wedding-day unsettled because of money troubles?"

"You needn't bother about my solicitor," said Kenneth amiably. "When a thing stands out a mile you don't catch me queering my pitch by denying it. Money it was. The lady's not in favor of a two-pair back. By the way, that was something I want to ask you, Giles. What is a two-pair back?"

"I don't know," said Giles.

"Well, it doesn't really matter," said Kenneth, banishing the question. "Now Arnold's dead the point doesn't arise."

"No," agreed Giles quietly. "Whatever a two-pair back may be it isn't anything like the Eaton Place house."

Kenneth took his pipe out of his mouth. "Let's get this straight!" he requested. "Nothing would make me live in that high-class mansion, or any other remotely resembling it! That's final, and you may tell Violet so with my loving compliments."

"All right. Where do you propose to live?"

"Where I'm living now. If Violet wants ropes of pearls, and a brocade bed, and a Rolls Royce, she can have 'em, but there it ends. I utterly refuse to alter my habits." He stood up, and pushed the lock of hair back from his forehead. "You can also tell her," he said, his eyes very bright all at once, "that these hands"—he flung them out, the fingers spread wide—"are worth more than all Arnold's filthy money, and when he's been forgotten for centuries people will still be talking about me!"

Charles Carrington blinked, and looked to see how Hannasyde received this sudden outburst. Hannasyde was watching Kenneth. He said nothing. Kenneth's brilliant, challenging gaze came to rest on his impassive face. "That's what you don't yet grasp!" he said. "I might have killed Arnold because I loathed him, and his money-grubbing mind, and his vulgar tastes, but not for his two hundred and fifty thousand pounds!"

"Don't you want his two hundred and fifty thousand pounds?" asked Hannasyde conversationally.

"Don't ask me dam' silly questions," snapped Kenneth. "Of course I do! Who wouldn't?"

HANNASYDE got up. "No one of my acquaintance," he answered. "I've no more questions to ask you at the moment, dam' silly or otherwise."

"Good," said Kenneth. "Then I'll depart. Don't forget to come round to-night. Giles. And mind the wolf! According to Murgatroyd it's at the door. Good-bye, Uncle. Give my love to Aunt Janet."

"I must be going, too," said Hannasyde, as the door shut behind Kenneth. "I may act as I think fit with regard to this letter, Mr. Carrington?"

Charles Carrington nodded. "Use your discretion, Superintendent. I expect you've got a lot, hey?"

Hannasyde smiled. "I hope so," he said.

He turned to Giles. "I shall see you tomorrow at the inquest, shall I?"

Giles held out his hand. "Yes, I shall be there."

Hannasyde gripped the hand for a moment, a certain friendly warmth in his eyes. "I'll let you know if anything interesting transpires."

He went out, and Charles Carrington pushed back his chair from the desk. "Well, well, well!" he said. "Sheer waste of my time, of course, but not unamusing."

"I've half a mind to ask Kenneth to look for another solicitor," said Giles ruefully.

His father sat up, and resumed his search amongst the papers on his desk. "Nonsense!" he said briskly. "That boy is either an incorrigibly truthful young ass, or a brilliantly clever actor. He's got your Superintendent Hannasyde guessing. Giles. What's more, he's got you guessing as well. You don't know whether he did it or not."

"No, I don't. I don't even know whether he'd be capable of doing it. He's a queer fish. Curiously cold-blooded."

"He's capable of it all right. But whether he did or not I can't make out. Where the devil are my spectacles?"

CHAPTER 8.

THE deputy-manager of the Shan Hills Mining Company, Mr. Harold Fairfax, received Superintendent Hannasyde with anxious deference, and raised no objection at all to the superintendent's request that he might be allowed to question certain members of the staff. Mr. Fairfax was a spare little man of middle age, and seemed to be in a perpetual state of being worried. He could throw no light on the mystery of Arnold Vereker's death.

Miss Miller, Arnold Vereker's secretary, was more helpful. She was a businesslike-looking woman, of an age hard to determine. She fixed her cold competent eyes on the superintendent, and answered his questions with a composure tinged with contempt. She told him the exact hour of Arnold Vereker's arrival at the office on Saturday morning. She recited a list of the engagements he had had, and described his callers. "At five and twenty minutes past ten," she added briskly, "Mr. Vereker sent for Mr. Mesurier, who remained in his room for twenty-seven minutes."

"Thank you," said the superintendent. "Can you tell me if there was any unpleasantness during any of Mr. Vereker's appointments that morning?"

"Yes. Mr. Vereker's interview with Mr. Mesurier was, I imagine, extremely unpleasant."

"Why do you imagine that, Miss Miller?" She raised her brows. "The room which is my office communicates with the late Mr. Vereker's. I could hardly fail to be aware of a quarrel taking place behind the intervening door."

"Do you know what the quarrel was about?"

"No. During Mr. Vereker's interview with Mr. Mesurier, and his subsequent one with Mr. Cedric Johnson, I occupied myself with Mr. Vereker's correspondence, using the dictaphone and a typewriter. What was said, therefore, I did not hear, or wish to hear. From time to time during the former interview, both voices were raised to what I can only describe as shouting-pitch. More than that I am not prepared to say."

He put one or two other questions to her, and then got rid of her, and asked to see Mr. Rudolph Mesurier.

Mesurier came in five minutes later. He looked rather white, but greeted Hannasyde easily and cheerfully. "Superintendent Hannasyde, isn't it? Good morning.

You're investigating the cause of Arnold Vereker's death, I understand. Rather an awful thing, isn't it?" He laughed apologetically, and sat down on one side of the bare mahogany table, carefully hitching up his beautifully creased trousers. "Just what is it you want to know?" he asked.

"Well, I want to know several things, Mr. Mesurier," answered the superintendent. "Can you remember where you were on Saturday evening between the hours of—let us say eleven o'clock and two o'clock?"

MESURIER wrinkled his brow. "Let me see now! Saturday! Oh, yes, of course. I was at home. Radcliffe Gardens, Earls Court. I have digs there." "Are you sure that you were at home then, Mr. Mesurier?"

"Well, really—!" Mesurier laughed again, a little nervously. "I was certainly under that impression. I had a bit of a head that night, and I went to bed early."

Hannasyde looked at him for a few moments. Mesurier stared back into his eyes, and moistened his lips. "Where do you garage your car?" asked Hannasyde. "What an odd question! Just round the corner. I have a lock-up garage, you know, in a mews."

"Are you always careful to keep that garage locked, Mr. Mesurier?"

Mesurier replied a shade too quickly: "Oh, I'm afraid I'm rather casual sometimes. Of course, I do usually see that it's locked, but occasionally, when I've been in a hurry—you know how it is!"

"Did you use your car at all on Saturday?"

"No, I don't think I—oh, yes, I did, though!"

"At what time?"

"Well, I don't really remember. In the afternoon."

"And when did you return it to the garage?"

Mesurier uncrossed his legs, and then crossed them again. "It must have been some time during the early part of the evening. I'm afraid I'm a bit hazy about times. And, of course, not knowing that it would be important—the time I garaged the car, I mean—"

"The proprietor of the four lock-up garages in the mews," said Hannasyde, consulting his notes, "states that you took your car out at approximately five o'clock."

"I daresay he's quite right. I certainly shan't dispute it. I told you it was during the afternoon. What I don't understand is why you should be so interested in my movements."

"The proprietor further states," continued Hannasyde unemotionally, "that at 1.45 a.m. on Sunday he was awakened by the sound of one of the garages being opened. Apparently the garage you rent is immediately beneath his bedroom. He declares that he recognised the engine-note of the car being driven into the garage."

"Of course, that's perfectly preposterous!" Mesurier said. "In any case, it wasn't my car. Unless, of course, someone else had her out. If I forgot to lock the garage they might easily have done so, you know."

"Whoever took your car out on Saturday evening must have had a key to the garage, Mr. Mesurier. The proprietor states that when you had left the mews in the car shortly after five he himself shut the doors. When he went to bed at 10.30 they were still locked."

"I daresay he was mistaken. No, that I'm saying anyone did take my car out. It's much more likely that the car he heard at 1.45 was someone else's. I mean, he was probably half-asleep, and, anyway, he

could not recognise the engine-note so positively as all that. Look here, I don't in the least see why you should bother so much about my car when I've told you—"

"I'm bothering about it, Mr. Mesurier, because your car was seen by a constable on patrol-duty, at a point known as Dimbury Corner, ten miles from Hamborough on the London Road, at twenty-six minutes to one on Sunday morning," said Hannasyde.

AGAIN Mesurier moistened his lips, but for a moment or two he did not speak. The ticking of a solid-looking clock on the mantelpiece became suddenly audible. Mesurier glanced at it, as though the measured sound got on his nerves, and said: "He must have been mistaken, that's all I can say."

"Is the number of your car AMG240?" asked Hannasyde.

"Yes. Yes, it is."

"Then I don't think he was mistaken," said Hannasyde.

"He must have been. He misread the number. Probably ANG, or—AHG. In any case, I wasn't on the Hamborough Road at that hour." He put a hand to his head, and smoothed his sleek black hair. "If that's all the case you've got against me—I mean, this constable's memory against my word, I don't think much of it. Not that I wish to be offensive, you know. You detectives have to try everything, of course, but—"

"Quite so, Mr. Mesurier." The superintendent's even voice effectually silenced Mesurier. "You are only being asked to account for your movements on Saturday night. If you were in your lodgings all the evening you can no doubt produce a witness to corroborate the truth of that statement?"

"No, I don't think I can," Mesurier said with an uneasy smile. "My landlady and her husband always go out on Saturday evening, so they wouldn't know whether I was in or out." He became aware of a piece of cotton on his sleeve, and picked it off, and began to fidget with it.

"That is unfortunate," said Hannasyde, and once more consulted his notes. He said abruptly: "You had an interview with Arnold Vereker at 10.25 on Saturday morning. Is that correct?"

"Well, I wouldn't swear to the exact time, but I did see him on Saturday."

"Was the interview an unpleasant one, Mr. Mesurier?"

"Unpleasant? I don't quite—"

"Did a quarrel take place between you and Mr. Vereker on that occasion?"

"Oh, Lord, no!" Mesurier said. "Vereker was a bit peevish that morning, but we did not quarrel. I mean, why should we?"

Hannasyde laid his notes down. "I think," he said, "that we shall get along faster if I tell you at once, Mr. Mesurier, that I am in possession of a certain letter concerning you which Mr. Vereker wrote to the firm's solicitor on Saturday. You may read it, if you choose."

Mesurier, a tinge of color in his cheeks, read the letter, and put it down on the table. "I don't know what you expect me to say. It's an absolute misstatement—"

"Mr. Mesurier, please understand me! The particular point raised in that letter does not concern me. I am not investigating the accounts of this company, but the murder of its chairman. The information contained in that letter tells me that your interview with Arnold Vereker on Saturday morning cannot have been a pleasant one. In addition, I have already ascertained that both your voices were heard raised in anger. Now—"

"That cat, Rose Miller!" exclaimed Mesurier, flushing. "Of course, if you're going to believe what she says—! She's always had her knife into me. It's a complete lie to say we quarrelled. Vereker

went for me, and I shan't attempt to deny that he was in a bad temper. In fact, he actually accused me of embezzling. Utterly ridiculous, I need hardly say. I mean, if I'd wanted to do that I shouldn't be paying it back, which even Vereker admits I am doing. He simply had a down on me—"

"Because he had discovered that you had become engaged to his step-sister?"

"That had nothing to do with him at all!" Mesurier said quickly. "He didn't care a brass farthing about Tony."

"He seemed to think it had a great deal to do with him," said Hannasyde, a dry note in his voice. "He threatened you with exposure, didn't he?"

"Oh, he threatened me with all sorts of things!" said Mesurier. "I can't say I took him very seriously, though. I knew perfectly well he wouldn't prosecute when he'd had time to think it over. I mean, it would be too silly, on the face of it."

"Well, that's as may be. I am speaking entirely in your interests, Mr. Mesurier, when I say that the best thing you can do is to tell me the truth about your movements on Saturday night. Think it over."

BY the time the superintendent left the Shan Hills Mining Company's premises it was past four o'clock. Awaiting him in the main hall of the building was his subordinate, one Sergeant Hemingway, a cheerful person with a bright eye and a persuasive manner. They went out together to the nearest tea-shop, and over cups of strong tea compared notes.

"The trouble is," remarked the sergeant at length, "there's too many people with good motives. I never like that kind of case, Super. Take this young Vereker chap. He's a new one on me, Super. Make anything of him?"

"No," said Hannasyde slowly. "Nothing at all yet. He's a new one on me, too. I suspect, a mighty slippery customer."

"He's got the biggest motive of the lot, I know that. Well, now, I've got something for you. I went round to this studio, according to your instructions, and got talking to the skivvy there. Regular old cough-drop she is, too. Name of Murgatroyd. Used to be personal maid to the second Mrs. Vereker before she was married, and after. Stopped on after Mrs. Vereker died, and acted nurse to the kids. You get the lay-out, Super. She's the devoted family retainer all right. Well, I did what I could, jollying her along, but she was close as an oyster. Suspicious and wary. But one thing she did say and stuck to."

"What was it?"

The sergeant folded a slice of bread and butter in half, and put it into his mouth. When it was possible for him to speak intelligibly, he said: "She told me that whatever anyone might say to the contrary she was ready to get up and swear her Master Kenneth was safely tucked up in his bed and sleeping like a lamb at midnight on Saturday."

"Did she really say that?" inquired Hannasyde, mildly curious.

"I don't swear to it those were her exact words," replied the sergeant, unabashed. "I may have made it a bit more poetic. But that was the gist of it. Now you tell me that the said Master Kenneth admits he was rampaging round town up till four o'clock. Bit of a departmental muddle, Super. Looks like they haven't got together enough over the question of alibi."

"I don't make much of it," said Hannasyde. "It's obvious that young Vereker's position is very weak, and if this Murgatroyd is a devoted old servant that's just the sort of brilliant attempt to protect him you'd expect her to make."

"I'm not saying it isn't, Super. I'll go so far as to say it is. But what I'll also say

is that the old girl's scared. She's afraid young Vereker did it. If she was plumb-sure he didn't she'd have bitten my head off for daring to come round suspecting her darling boy."

Hannasyde put down his cup. "Look here, did she talk like that or not?"

"She did not," said the sergeant. "That's my point, Super. I figured she would."

"What did you find out about Vereker's chauffeur?" asked the superintendent, after a pause.

"It wasn't him. You'll have to rule him out, Super. No good at all. I'll tell you what he was doing on Saturday."

"You needn't bother. Put it in a report. I think I'll pay a call on Miss Vereker."

THE sergeant cocked a wise eyebrow. "All on account of light-fingered Rudolph. She gets a letter from Arnold, spilling the beans about him cooking the accounts, and threatening to ruin him, so down she goes to plead for Rudolph, and when that turns out to be no use, sticks a knife in the cruel step-brother. I haven't worked out how she got him in the stocks, but from what I can make out about these Verekers that's just the sort of joke they would pull, and think a proper scream. Oh, well, I know what my job is now, Super. I've got to check up on friend Rudolph." He looked shrewdly at his chief, for he had worked with him often before, and knew him. "Worried about Rudolph, aren't you, Super?"

"Yes, I am," replied Hannasyde. "He fits, and yet he doesn't fit. See what you can find out, Hemingway."

CHAPTER 9.

MURGATROYD, opening the door to Superintendent Hannasyde, stood squarely in the aperture and asked him aggressively what he wanted. He asked if Miss Vereker was in, and she said: "That's as may be. Your name, please, and business?"

His eyes twinkled. "My name is Hannasyde, and my business is with Miss Vereker."

She stood aside unwillingly to allow him to enter, and led him across the tiny hall to the studio. "It's the police again, Miss Tony," she announced. "I suppose you'd better see him."

Antonia was sitting by the window with two of her dogs at her feet. One of them, Bill, recognised an acquaintance in the superintendent, and wildly thumped his tail. His daughter, Jane, however, got up growling.

"Ah, who says dogs have no sense?" said Murgatroyd darkly.

"Shut up, Jane!" commanded Antonia. "Oh, it's the superintendent. That means I'm going to be interrogated all over again. Have some tea?"

"Thank you, Miss Vereker, but I've had tea," said Hannasyde, his eyes on a big canvas on the easel.

Antonia said kindly: "Dawn Wind, but it isn't finished yet. My brother's new picture."

Hannasyde went up to look more closely at it. "Your brother told me to-day that his hands are worth more than all your step-brother's money," he remarked.

"Yes, he does think a lot of himself," agreed Antonia. "You'll have to get used to that sort of swank if you mean to see much of him."

"Well, I was thinking that he's probably right," said Hannasyde. "I don't pretend to know much about art, but—"

"Don't say that!" besought Antonia.

"Every well-meaning idiot says it. That will be all, Murgatroyd."

"Well, you know where I am if you want me," Murgatroyd replied, and withdrew. "Sit down," invited Antonia. "What do you want to know?"

"What was in that letter," replied the superintendent promptly. "Which letter? Oh, Arnold's! Nothing much."

"Did you destroy the letter because it contained a rather serious accusation against Mr. Rudolph Mesurier?" asked the superintendent evenly.

Antonia looked defensive. "It didn't." "You say that there was no specific charge, Miss Vereker, but does a business man like your step-brother threaten to take legal proceedings against another man without any definite reason?"

"The whole point is, did he mean it, or was he merely bluffing?" Antonia said, off her guard. "That's what I want to find out." She broke off, and flushed angrily. "Damn you, you don't play fair!"

"I'm not playing, Miss Vereker." She looked up quickly for there was a hint of sternness in his voice. Before she had time to speak he went on: "Arnold Vereker wrote to you forbidding your engagement to Mesurier. According to you he gave no definite reason for this, but you have admitted that he threatened to prosecute Mesurier for some offence or other, and you have also admitted that his letter made you exceedingly angry."

"Of course it did," she said impatiently. "It would make anybody angry!"

"I expect so. To the extent of driving all the way to Ashleigh Green."

"Only because I wanted to know just what Arnold had against Rudolph, and to stop him spreading any filthy story about him."

"How did you propose to do that, Miss Vereker?"

She considered this. "I don't know, I mean, I don't think I'd worked it out."

"In fact, you were so angry with him that you got straight into your car and drove to Ashleigh Green without having the least idea what you would do when you got there?"

"Oh, no!" said Antonia, sarcastically. "I took a knife, and stuck it into Arnold, and then went and spent the night in his house just to make sure you'd know I was the murderer, and finally told your silly policeman there were bloodstains on my skirt."

At this moment, Kenneth strolled into the studio.

"What-ho, Superintendent," he hailed cheerfully. "What d'you think of things now?"

"I think," replied Hannasseyde, exasperated, "that your tongues are likely to lead you into serious trouble."

"Ah!" said Kenneth, a wicked gleam in his eye. "That means you don't know what to make of us."

"Quite possibly," said Hannasseyde, unsmiling, and took his leave. But he admitted later to his subordinate that the young devil had gauged the situation correctly.

MEANWHILE Antonia had summoned her fiancé to come to see her as soon as he left the office. When he arrived, which was shortly after six o'clock, he found brother and sister arguing over the correct amount of absinthe to be put into the cocktail-shaker. Antonia nodded to her betrothed, and said: "I'm glad you were able to come. I've had the superintendent man here, and I think we ought to talk things over."

Rudolph shot her one quick glance and said: "How very serious you look, darling! You mustn't let all this get on your nerves, you know. What has the worthy superintendent got in his bonnet now?"

"This is a rotten cocktail," said Kenneth

dispassionately. "You can't have mixed it as I told you. If you think the human sleuth is interested in you you're wrong. He's hot on my trail, and I won't have him diverted. Oh, here's Leslie! Leslie, my sweet, come on up!" He leaned out of the window, and addressed Miss Rivers at the top of his voice. "The gyves are practically on my wrists, darling, so come up for a last cocktail. No, on second thoughts, don't. Tony mixed it. I'll stand you a drink at the Clarence Arms." He drew in his head, set his glass down on the table, and vanished precipitately from the studio.

Antonia, momentarily distracted, now turned back to Rudolph, and demanded to know what they had been talking about.

"Oh, I think you were worried about the superintendent, weren't you?" Mesurier said. "It's all frightfully upsetting for you, dearest."

"No, it isn't," said Antonia bluntly. "But what I want to know is, what have you been up to, Rudolph?"

He changed color, but replied with an amused laugh: "Up to Tony? How do you mean?"

"Well," said Antonia, finishing her cocktail, "the impression I've got is that you've been forging Arnold's name or something."

"Tony!" he cried indignantly. "If that's the opinion you have of me—"

"I know, but what was it all about?"

Mesurier took a turn round the studio, his hands thrust into his pockets. "I'm in a damned awkward position!" he said suddenly. "God knows I didn't want you to be dragged into it, but if I don't tell you, someone else will. Think me what you like, but—"

He paused uncertainly, and then continued in a more natural voice: "The police have found out something. Not that it can harm me. What I mean is, it doesn't prove I murdered Arnold, though it naturally makes the police suspicious. I—you see, Tony—I've been in the devil of a jam. Had to raise some cash somehow or other, and raise it quick, so I—sort of borrowed a spot from the firm—Arnold's firm, you know. Of course, I need hardly tell you it was nothing but a loan, to tide me over, and as a matter of fact I've been steadily paying it back. You do understand, don't you, darling?"

"Yes, absolutely," replied Antonia. "You cooked the accounts, and Arnold found out. I've often wondered how that's done, by the way. How do you do it, Rudolph?"

He flushed. "Please . . . ! It—this isn't very pleasant for me, Tony. I ought not to have done it, but I thought I could pay it all back before the next audit. I never dreamed Arnold had his eye on me. Then he sprang it on me—actually on Saturday morning. He was filthy offensive—you know what he could be like. We—we had a bit of a row, and he threatened to take the whole thing into court, largely, I'm afraid, because you'd told him of our engagement, darling. Not that I'm blaming you, but it was rather unfortunate, all things considered. And on top of that," he paused, and studied his well-manicured nails for a moment, a pucker between his brows. "The most extraordinary thing," he said slowly, "I confess I don't understand it. Some idiot of a village constable imagines he saw my car ten miles from Hamborough on Saturday night. It's utterly absurd, of course, but you can see what an ugly complexion it puts on things."

SHE sat up suddenly. "Rudolph, how did you know which day Arnold was murdered?"

He blinked at her. "I don't understand what you mean."

"Yes, you do. On Sunday, when you

came here to supper, you said you'd quarrelled with Arnold on the very day he was murdered."

"Did I? I expect you'd told me, then. I don't know how else I could have known."

"I wish you'd stop being guarded," Antonia complained. "If you killed Arnold you might just as well say so, because Kenneth and I don't mind a bit about that, and we shouldn't dream of giving you away."

"I didn't kill him. For God's sake don't go about talking like that!"

"Well, what's all this about your car being seen near Hamborough?"

"It wasn't! I mean, I don't know whether it was or not, but I wasn't in it. I was in my digs all the evening. I can't prove that, but if they're going to take one sleepy bobby's word against mine—"

Rudolph let himself sink down into one of the big armchairs, and dropped his head in his hands. "I tell you it's damned serious," he said, his voice a little unsteady. "That superintendent thinks I did it. He doesn't believe anything I say. I can see he doesn't. I don't know what the hell to do, Tony!"

He sounded helpless, frightened, and although such a mood of panic was alien to her nature she responded at once as well as she could. "I shouldn't worry," she said, patting his knee. "I'll ask Giles what he thinks. He's coming here this evening to talk business with Kenneth. You don't mind, do you?"

AT this moment the studio door opened and Giles Carrington came in, accompanied by Kenneth. Antonia greeted him with a friendly smile, but desired her brother to tell her what he had done with Miss Rivers.

"She pushed off homewards," answered Kenneth. "Cigarette, Giles—if there are any, which I doubt."

"Oh, well, in that case we can talk!" said Antonia briskly. "Giles, do you know about Rudolph cooking the firm's accounts, or not?"

"What?" ejaculated Kenneth, pausing in his search for the cigarettes, and turning to stare at Mesurier. "Actually embezzling funds? Did you really? By Jove, I'm the heir! I daresay I could prosecute, if I wanted to. Not that I do, of course, though I do rather draw the line at embezzling. It's one thing to bump a man off, but quite another to monkey with his accounts. However, don't think I'm being capricious. I expect it seemed good to you at the time, Rudolph."

Antonia had drawn her cousin over to the window, and stood there facing him, with one hand lightly grasping his sleeve. She looked gravely up at him, and asked quietly: "He's in a mess, isn't he?"

"I don't know, Tony."

"Well, I think he is. You will help him, won't you, Giles?" He did not answer immediately, and she added after a moment: "You see, I'm engaged to be married to him."

"That isn't an inducement to me, Tony." Her candid eyes were a trifle puzzled; they searched his unavailingly. "Isn't it?" she asked, seeking enlightenment.

"No."

"Oh! Well—will you do it for me, Giles?"

He looked down at her, and at her hand, still clasping his sleeve. "I suppose so, Tony," he said in his level way, and glanced across the big room to where Mesurier and Kenneth were arguing. "Shut up, Kenneth," he said pleasantly. "Yes, I know about the letter my cousin wrote before his death, Mesurier. It doesn't prove, you know, that you had anything to do with his murder."

"No," agreed Antonia, "but the bit about the car is not so good. Tell my cousin, Rudolph. He really is quite helpful."

MESURIER gave a shrug to his shoulders. "Oh, that's nothing but a ridiculous mistake on the part of the police. Some local bobby imagines he saw my car near Hamborough on the night of the murder, Carrington."

Giles frowned slightly. "Where was your car?" he asked.

"In the garage, I suppose. I mean, I spent the evening at home."

"I see. Can you produce anyone to corroborate that statement?"

"No, as a matter of fact, I can't," said Mesurier, with a slight uncomfortable laugh. "Seems silly, but the truth is I had a bad headache, and I went to bed early."

"You are a rotten liar," observed Kenneth lazily from the sofa. "Why bother? We won't give you away. I might even bestow a suitable reward on you. Or would that be indelicate?"

Giles said rather sternly: "Your own story is just as thin, Kenneth." He looked steadily at Mesurier. "When you say that a bobby saw your car on the night of the murder, do you mean that he saw a car of the same make as yours, or that he actually read your number on its plate?"

"My number," Mesurier answered, "or so he thinks. But he could easily have muddled it up with another, which is, of course, what he did do."

Giles took out his cigarette case, and opened it. "It isn't for me to question your story, Mesurier. I can only say that if it's true, I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" Mesurier ejaculated. "I don't understand you!"

Giles lit a cigarette, and pitched the dead match into the grate. "For your sake, very. You had an excellent alibi there, Mesurier?"

"Alibi! Where?"

"In the car," replied Giles, "for if you had been driving your car back to London from Hamborough that night, I don't think you could very well have been the murderer."

CHAPTER 10

THE effect of this calm pronouncement was slightly ludicrous. Rudolph Mesurier blinked at him in a bewildered manner, and said: "Then—then I might just as well have admitted I was out? But I don't understand what you're driving at!"

"It is always better to speak the truth," said Kenneth smugly. "Witness my own masterly conduct of this highly intricate case."

Giles interposed. "Shut up, Kenneth. None of this leads anywhere, and it isn't particularly pleasant for Mesurier. Were you out in your car on the night of the murder, Mesurier?"

Rudolph looked uncertainly from one to the other. "Don't be coy," recommended Kenneth. "We all know you were by this time."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was," Rudolph said, taking the plunge. "That's what makes it so frightful." He began to walk jerkily up and down the studio. "When that detective asked me I denied it. I mean, what else could I do? They can't prove I was out. It would be absolutely circumstantial evidence, and it seemed to me my best plan was to stick to it that I was at home. Only now you"—he looked at Giles—"say if I was out in my car I couldn't have done the murder, so—" He stopped, and gave a nervous little laugh. "So now I don't know what to do."

"With any luck," remarked Kenneth, "we'll foist this murder on to Rudolph."

"I don't call that funny," said Mesurier stiffly.

"Depends on the point of view. It would

be much funnier than having you a brother-in-law."

Antonia bounced up out of her chair. "Damn you, shut up!" she said fiercely. "If it comes to that I'd a lot sooner foist the murder on to Violet than have her as a sister-in-law! I don't see that Rudolph's any worse than she is."

"Thank you, dear," said a smooth voice from the doorway. "How sweet of you! And what am I supposed to have done?"

KENNETH sat up, and swung his legs off the sofa. "Darling!" he said. "Come right in, and join the party. A good time is being had by all." Violet Williams still held the door-knob in one gloved hand. She was charmingly dressed in a flowered frock and a becoming picture-hat, and carried a sunshade. She raised her plucked eyebrows, and said: "Are you sure I shan't be de trop?"

"You couldn't be. Tony was only retailing in kind. You know Giles, don't you? Come and sit down, ducky, and listen to the new revelations."

Mesurier made a movement as of protest, but Antonia very sensibly pointed out to him that Kenneth was bound to tell Violet all about it anyway, so he might as well get it over. As Kenneth's attention seemed for the moment to be engaged by Violet, who had gone over to the sofa, and was speaking to him in a low voice, Mesurier seized the opportunity to ask Giles why his car should be supposed to constitute an alibi.

"Well," Giles answered, "if you murdered Arnold, and drove back to town in your own car, who disposed of Arnold's car?"

Mesurier drew a long breath. "What a fool I was not to think of that myself! Thanks a lot. Of course it absolutely lets me out!"

Violet, who had been playing idly with the clasp of her handbag, raised her large, unfathomable eyes to Mesurier's face, and asked in her well-modulated voice why he had been at Hamborough that night. "Please don't think I'm being impertinent," she said. "But I couldn't help wondering. It seems so funny of you, somehow."

It was plain that her question took him back, quite plain enough for Kenneth, who mounted on to the back of the sofa and said: "Now, indeed, I have you on the hip!"

Mesurier cast him a look of goaded hatred, and answered: "I can't see what that has to do with it."

This somewhat weak rejoinder had the effect of setting his betrothed against him. Antonia said severely: "Giles can't possibly help you if you're going to behave like an idiot. You must have had some reason for going to Hamborough that night, and it merely makes you look very fishy if you won't say what it was."

"Very well, then!" said Mesurier. "If you will have it, I went down with a mad idea of throwing myself on Vereker's generosity, but I thought better of it, and came back again."

"The only thing I have to say is that I must have another drink," said Kenneth, getting off the sofa, and strolling over to the sideboard. "The more I hear of Rudolph's story, the more convinced I am that we can push all the blood-guilt on to him with very little trouble."

"I'm perfectly well aware that that sounds thin, and that I'm in an awkward hole," Mesurier said hotly. "But it's no use you or anyone else trying to fasten the murder on to me. I never owned a knife like that in my life, for one thing, and for another—"

"Just a moment," interrupted Giles. "A knife like what?"

A WAVE of color mounted to Mesurier's face, "A—knife

capable of killing a man. I naturally assume it must have been some sort of dagger. I mean, an ordinary knife could hardly—"

"You saw Arnold Vereker after he was dead, didn't you?" said Giles.

There was a moment's silence. Violet gave a shiver. "You're making me feel sick. Do, do let's talk of something else!"

"You can't be sick yet, darling. Rudolph's going to make a full confession."

Mesurier's eyes were fixed on Giles' face, but at this he veiled them suddenly, and put a hand to his breast-pocket, and drew out his cigarette case. He opened it, took out a cigarette, and put it between his lips. There was a match box on the table, and he walked over to pick it up.

"Yes," he said, lighting his cigarette. "You're quite right. I did see Vereker after he was dead."

"Just happened to be passing that way," nodded Kenneth.

"No. I went down to Ashleigh Green on purpose to see him. When I got to the village my headlights lit up the stocks. I didn't know it was Arnold then. I got out, and went to inspect."

"And finding it was Arnold, came home again."

"Well, why not?" demanded Antonia. "If Arnold was dead there was no point in staying."

"He might have tried to do something," Violet said in a low voice. "He might have called for help."

"A womanly thought, sweetheart. Rudolph, why didn't you?"

"I didn't want to get mixed up in it. I saw there was nothing to be done."

WHAT time was all this?" inquired Giles.

"I don't know. I mean, I'm not sure. Somewhere between twelve and one in the morning."

"At which salubrious hour you were going to knock Arnold up for a friendly chat," observed Kenneth. "The whole story seems to me to want revision. Personally I should jettison it, and think out a new one. The moths have got at this one pretty badly."

"Well, I wasn't going to knock Arnold up," Mesurier said, throwing away his cigarette. "I've—I've been through a pretty bad time over this, I don't mind telling you. Vereker meant to ruin me. He could have, easily. Even if he didn't win his case, the mere fact of my being in such a case would absolutely finish me. I—I was utterly desperate. Didn't know which way to turn. I knew Vereker was going down to Riverside Cottage; I heard him tell Miss Miller so. Of course, I was mad, but I meant to follow him there, and shoot him, making it look like a burglary. I'd been to the cottage once. I knew it was fairly remote, and I knew a place where I could hide my car. I thought—if I broke into the place—I could conceal myself behind the bookcase in the hall, and when Vereker came down to investigate, I could shoot him from there, and make a getaway before anyone else came on the scene. That's my story, and if you don't like it you can just do the other thing!"

"You've only to tell me what the other thing is, and I'll go and do it at once," prompted Kenneth. "The story makes me want to weep. My poor sister!"

"Yes, but there's just one thing," said Antonia seriously. "It's so dam' silly that people are quite likely to think it's true. Don't you agree, Giles?"

"It's quite possible," said her cousin.

"Well, if that's your opinion why not let us all in on it?" said Kenneth. "Let's all say we buzzed off to kill Arnold, but found someone else had done it for us."

"I shouldn't advise it," replied Giles. "It's not the sort of story that bears being told a second time."

"Second time!" exclaimed Kenneth scornfully.

fully. "It had whiskers on it when Rudolph dug it up."

"It happens to be true," said Rudolph. "And it isn't any weaker than the story you told. Personally, I thought that the thinnest thing I'd ever heard."

"Yes, I quite see that," said Antonia, trying to be fair, "but Kenneth's story was a much better one, all the same, because you can't disprove it, and it doesn't place him anywhere near Ashleigh Green. I really don't think much of yours, Rudolph. Can't you think of something better? We'll all help, won't we?"

"Speaking for myself, no," replied Giles. "Then I think it's pretty mouldy of you, Kenneth, what do you think Rudolph had better say?"

"I won't have a hand in it," said Kenneth. "My first idea was the best: let Rudolph be the scapegoat. It's the best solution all round. He's only a nuisance as it is."

"He may be a nuisance, but you needn't think I'm going to let him saddle the blame for you!" Antonia flashed.

"Who said it was for me? Aren't you in this?"

GILES intervened once more, his eyes on his wrist-watch. "This is all very enthralling, but may I remind you, Kenneth, that I came here to talk of something quite different? I suggest that we close this entirely arid discussion."

"Certainly!" said Mesurier, his eyes smouldering. "I'm leaving in any case. I may say that if I'd known the sort of thing I was going to be treated to I should never have come. Though I suppose I might have guessed! Oh, please don't trouble to show me out! This last savagely polite remark was cast at Antonia, who, however, paid no heed to it, but followed him into the hall, carefully shutting the door behind her.

Kenneth drifted back to the sofa. "Well, with any luck that ought to bust up the engagement," he observed.

"Somehow I don't like him," Violet said. "And if he really had nothing to do with it why didn't he call for help?"

"Fancie, Miss Williams," Giles told her. She looked rather contemptuous. "Yes, I suppose so. Personally, I've no use for people who lose their heads in emergencies. Do you want to talk privately to Kenneth?"

"Lord, no!" said Kenneth. "It's only about money. How much can I have, Giles?"

"I'll lend you what you want for your immediate needs," replied Giles.

"Are you trying to put the wind up me?" demanded Kenneth. "Has anything gone wrong with the will?"

"No, nothing at all," said Giles. "But apart from the fact that it wouldn't look too well for you to draw on the estate within three days of Arnold's death, there's a little formality to be attended to before the executors will advance you any money. We must prove Roger's death."

"What a bore!" said Kenneth. "How long is that likely to take?"

"Not very long, I hope. How much do you want?"

"Would three hundred break you?" asked Kenneth persuasively.

"I can just stand it. I'll make out a cheque for that amount now, and you can write a formal receipt while I'm doing it."

In the middle of this labor Antonia came back into the room and announced that Rudolph had gone.

"Well, that's one good thing, anyway," remarked Kenneth. "Still adhering to his story?"

"He swears it's perfectly true."

"Oh, well," said Kenneth, blotting the receipt. "No accounting for tastes. There you are, Giles. I'll pay it back as soon as I touch. Thanks by the way. I can now buy you a vulgar ring, beloved."

"I don't want a vulgar ring. I can assure

you. Simply because I happen to prefer diamonds to any other stone."

"You shall have a slab of a diamond, my pet. A large, table-cut one, which no one could possibly suppose a fake because it's so improbable."

Giles screwed on the cap of his fountain-pen. "Postpone hostilities till I've gone," he requested. "You haven't forgotten it's the inquest to-morrow, have you, Tony?"

"As a matter of fact, I had, but I remember now that you mention it. You said you'd run me down in your car. Do you mind if I bring one of the dogs?"

"Yes, I do. I'll call for you round about ten o'clock. Show me out, please. Good-bye, Miss Williams; so long, Kenneth."

ANTONIA took him out into the hall. "Giles, I've made the most shattering discovery," she said awe-inspiringly.

"Good God, Tony, what is it?" he asked, amused.

"Rudolph and Violet, soul-mates. I can't think why I didn't realise it before. They've got the same type of mind. Do you think I ought to point it out to them?"

"No, I don't," he said firmly. "I should leave them to find it out for themselves. Do you really mean to marry Mesurier?"

"Well, I thought I did," she replied, wrinkling her brow. "He can be awfully attractive, you know, though I must say he doesn't shine much under adversity."

"Tony, you impossible brat, are you in the least in love with him?"

"I don't quite know," said Antonia sadly. "To tell you the truth, Giles, I'm not at all sure what being in love is like. I thought I was at one time, but I seem to have gone off Rudolph a bit lately. It's really very difficult."

"I should give him the push if I were you," he recommended.

"No, you wouldn't. Not when he's in trouble," said Antonia.

"Well, don't worry," Giles soothed. "I have a feeling that we aren't anywhere near the truth yet. It wouldn't surprise me if something totally unexpected cropped up suddenly."

"Oh, why?" she asked, interested.

"I don't know," said Giles Carrington. "Just a pricking in my toes."

CHAPTER 11.

THE inquest, held at Hamborough next morning, was not productive of any new evidence. Antonia professed herself frankly disappointed, though she listened with interest to the news that the murdered man's hands had borne traces of having done some repair on a car, and that the spare wheel on Arnold Vereker's car was flat.

She gave her own evidence with a cheerfulness which, combined with the absence of decent mourning, rather shocked the members of the jury. It was evident that neither the coroner nor the jury knew what to make of her, but her unconventional attitude towards Superintendent Hannasyde, whom she greeted, when he rose to put a question to her, as an old and valued acquaintance, made quite a good impression.

Rudolph Mesurier was not called, nor was his name mentioned, and the proceedings terminated, as had been foreseen, in a verdict of murder against person or persons unknown.

Coming out of the court-room, Giles Carrington fell in beside Hannasyde, and murmured pensively, "It's the perfect crime, Superintendent."

Hannasyde's slow smile crept into his eyes. "Nasty case, isn't it? What's happened to your disarming client?"

"Gone to the police station," replied Giles

with complete gravity. "To give Sergeant—I'm afraid I've forgotten his name, but he breeds Airedales—an infallible prescription for the cure of eczema. Mesurier turned out to be a bit of a red herring, didn't he?"

"Oh, you spotted the snag, did you?" returned the superintendent. "I thought you would. I'm satisfied, by the way, that he was not in his rooms between 12.0 and 1.30 that night, but at first glance that doesn't seem to help much. Sergeant Hemingway here, however—he indicated his bright-eyed subordinate—thinks there might be a way out of it. We shall see."

"Several ways," said Giles, nodding to the sergeant. "But speaking for myself I don't like the idea of an accomplice having driven the dead man's car back to town."

"No, sir," said the sergeant instantly. "Not in a murder case. That's what I say. But that isn't to say it couldn't have been done without, not by a long chalk."

GILES was looking at Hannasyde. "You don't much fancy Mesurier, do you?" he said.

"I don't know that I fancy anybody much," answered Hannasyde. "One thing seems fairly certain, though. Whoever murdered Arnold Vereker was a very cool, clever customer."

Giles took out his cigarette case, and opened it. "All carefully planned," he said. "Not done in the heat of the moment."

Hannasyde smiled. His shrewd grey eyes were on Giles' face. "What have you got up your sleeve, Mr. Carrington? Are you going to spring something new on us?"

"Oh, no!" said Giles. "But I became prophetic yesterday evening, and the fit hasn't passed yet. Something is going to turn up."

The sergeant was interested. "Kind of premonition?"

"Premonition!" snorted the superintendent. "A very safe bet! Of course something's going to turn up. All I hope is that it'll have an alibi I can check up on, and won't have spent the night walking to Richmond, or in bed with a headache, or alone in somebody else's house!"

Giles' eyes were afloat. "I'm afraid you're feeling ruffled, Superintendent."

Hannasyde laughed, and held out his hand. "Can you wonder at it? I must be getting along now. That mix of a client of yours!"

They shook hands. "Come to my chambers, and smoke a cigar this evening, and talk it over," invited Giles. "Without prejudice, you know."

"Without prejudice I will, gladly," replied Hannasyde. "Thanks!"

On this they parted, Hannasyde and the sergeant to catch a train, Giles to extricate his cousin from the police station, and take her to have lunch before motoring back to town.

She was in a cheerful mood, and appeared to consider herself safely out of the wood. Giles disillusioned her, and she at once declared that to arrest her now would be an extremely dirty trick, and one of which she did not believe Superintendent Hannasyde capable.

"That won't stop him doing what he believes to be his duty."

"No, but I don't think I'm really one of his suspects," said Antonia. "He's got his eye more on Kenneth, or rather, he had till Rudolph cropped up. I wish I could make up my mind about Rudolph, by the way. I didn't think he'd be so rattled, somehow. Because the only other time I've ever seen him in a tight corner, which was when a motor-lorry shot out of a side-turning one day, he was as cool as a cucumber, and completely and utterly efficient."

Giles was unimpressed. "The biggest as

of my acquaintance is an expert driver," he said. "It's one thing to keep your head at the wheel of a car, and quite another to keep it when confronted by the shadow of the gallows, so to speak. My own impression of your elegant young man is that he wouldn't—so put it vulgarly—have had the guts to do it."

"That's what I'm not sure about," said Antonia, quite unresentful of this slur upon her betrothed's character. "He has white rags. They might do anything. Of course, that story he told might have been true, though I admit it sounded thin, but on the other hand, it might be a masterpiece of low cunning. Same as me now. For all you know I'm being cunning talking like this."

"Yes, that has occurred to me," agreed Giles.

"Kenneth, too," pursued his cousin. "Kenneth won't say one way or the other, because partly, I think he's enjoying himself, and partly he holds that it's no use saying he didn't do it because naturally he'd be bound to say that. But I'll tell you one thing, Giles." She paused, frowning, and when he looked inquiringly at her, said in a serious tone: "If it was Kenneth I'd bet every penny I've got no one'll ever find it out."

"I shouldn't, Tony."

"Well, I would. Because generally murderers get found out because they did something silly, or left some important detail to chance. Kenneth never does."

"My dear girl, Kenneth is hopelessly casual."

"Oh no, he's not! About things that he doesn't think matter he may be, but when he gets interested in anything, or thinks something worth while, he concentrates on it in a dark and secret way which Murgatroyd says is like our grandfather—not the Vereker one, but the other. By the way, ought he to go to the funeral?"

"Yes, of course. He must."

"Well, that's what Murgatroyd and Violet say. It's about the only thing they've ever agreed on. But Kenneth says no. He says it would be artistically wrong. However, I'll tell him what you think."

HER method of conveying this information was characteristic, and wholly lacking in tact. Set down at the entrance to the mews shortly before four o'clock, she ran up the outside stairway to the front door, let herself into the flat, and went at once to the studio. Undeterred by the presence not only of Violet Williams, but of Leslie Rivers, who was curled up on the divan watching Kenneth at work, she said: "It was a rotten inquest, so you didn't miss anything. But Giles says, of course you must show up at the funeral, Kenneth. Hullo, Leslie! Has anyone taken the dogs out?"

"Yes, I did," replied Leslie, in her slow, serious way. "You asked me to."

"Well, thanks. Giles says you can hire the proper clothes."

"I daresay, but I won't," replied Kenneth, somewhat inarticulately, because he was holding a paint-brush between his lips. "Go away, Murgatroyd, no one wants any tea."

"You speak for yourself, Master Kenneth, and let others do likewise," replied Murgatroyd, who had come into the studio with her usual purposeful tread, and was ruthlessly clearing the table of its load of impedimenta. "Well, Miss Tony, so you're back, I see. Where's Mr. Giles?"

"He wouldn't come in. He says Kenneth will have to go to the funeral, by the way."

"There's others could have told him that. And a decent suit of black," said Murgatroyd cryptically.

"Be damned to you: I won't."

"Kenneth," said Leslie Rivers, "could I have the sketch?"

He glanced down at her, his brilliant,

slightly inhuman gaze softening. "You can."

"Thanks," she said.

"You really ought not to give your sketches away," said Violet, overhearing this interchange. "I mean, of course, as a general rule. They may become quite valuable one day."

"Who cares?" said Kenneth, wiping his brushes.

Leslie flushed, and said gruffly: "Sorry, I didn't think."

He smiled lovingly at her, but said nothing. Violet got up, and, shaking out her skirt, said graciously: "Oh, naturally, it's different with such an old friend as you, dear. Shall I pour out, Tony, or would you rather?"

"Anyone can pour out as far as I'm concerned," said Antonia with complete indifference. "We may as well have the loaf in while we're about it, Murgatroyd. I'll come and get it."

She went out, and was followed in a few moments by Leslie Rivers, who came into the kitchen and said unhappily: "I hate her and hate her."

Neither Antonia nor Murgatroyd experienced the least difficulty in interpreting this remark. Murgatroyd set the loaf down on the wooden breadboard with a thud. "Here!" she said darkly. "Doing the housework all over our flat! A beauty, is she? Well, handsome is as handsome does, and brown eyes are what I never did trust and never will, not without more reason than I've had yet."

"I shouldn't mind—at least not nearly as much—if only I thought she'd look after him, and understand about this painting," pursued Miss Rivers. "But I can't see that she cares about anything except being admired, and having the best of everything."

"Ah!" said Murgatroyd, emerging from the pantry to collect an errant knife, "still waters run deep. You mark my words!"

MISS RIVERS blew her nose rather fiercely. "She's the sort that would wear away a stone," she said. "Quiet persistence. Hard, and cold, and calculating. And even if I dyed my hair it wouldn't do any good." With which sybillic utterance she picked up the breadboard and marched back to the studio.

From the pantry doorway Murgatroyd watched her go, and remarked that that was what she called a lady. "Why Master Kenneth can't see what's been under his nose ever since you was all of you in the nursery is what beats me," she declared. "A proper little wife Miss Leslie would make him, but that's men all over. What happened at that inquest, Miss Tony?"

"Oh, pretty much what Giles said. It was very dull, and they brought in a verdict of murder against person or persons unknown. The superintendent's going to give and have a friendly talk with Giles this evening, so probably Giles will put in a good word for us."

There was no indication of any such intention in Giles' attitude when his servant ushered the superintendent into the comfortable book-lined sitting-room that evening. Hannasyde said as he shook hands: "Nice of you to ask me to look in. I envy you your quarters. They tell me you can't get one of these Temple flats for love or money nowadays."

Giles Carrington made a casual rejoinder, invited the superintendent to sit down in one of the deep leather chairs, and supplied him with a drink and a cigar. When these details had been attended to, Giles said: "Well, what about this tiresome murder? Is it going to be an unsolved crime?"

"Not if I can help it," replied Hannasyde. "It's early days yet—though I won't deny that I don't altogether like the look of it. There's too much, too many, in it. The trouble is—"

He paused, and tipped off the ash of his cigar—"that we seem most of the time to have got mixed up in

a Tchekov play instead of the Edgar Wallace we thought we were engaged for."

Giles grinned. "My deplorable cousins. I'm really very sorry about it."

"Thanks," replied Hannasyde calmly. "On the face of it, things point young Vereker's way. His is a very weak story. Which reminds me, by the way, that Mesurier came up to see me at the Yard this afternoon, with yet another weak story. But I daresay you know about that."

"I believe I know the story, but I didn't know he'd been to see you."

"Oh, yes!" said Hannasyde. "He went down to that cottage to shoot Vereker, but found him already dead, so returned to town. What I should really welcome would be some suspicious character with a good, strong, probable alibi. I believe it would be easier to disprove. Apart from Mesurier we have a chauffeur whose alibi I don't altogether trust; one unknown man who visited Vereker on Saturday, possibly with the idea of blackmail (and blackmailers don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs); and Miss Vereker and her brother. Ask Miss Vereker whether she got on with her step-brother, and she says she hated the sight of him. She doesn't appear to conceal a thing. It's the same with her brother. You don't know whether they're very clever, or completely innocent, or a pair of lunatics."

Giles got up to replenish both glasses. "Whatever I may or may not think about Kenneth," he said, "I am quite convinced in my own mind that his sister had nothing whatsoever to do with it."

"That doesn't surprise me at all," said Hannasyde dryly. "Moreover, I very much hope you're right—for both your sakes."

Giles handed him his glass without comment. A slight flush had crept up under his tan, and the superintendent, repented, said with superb inappropriateness: "And why—perhaps the most important question of all—was the body placed in the stocks?"

CHAPTER 12.

GILES CARRINGTON, in the act of raising his glass to his lips, lowered it again, and looked down at the superintendent with a startled frown. "Yes, of course that's an important point," he said. "Stupid of me, but I really don't think I've considered it. Does it mean anything, I wonder?"

"Yes, I think so," said Hannasyde. "Without going to the length of searching for some obscure incident in Vereker's past which had a bearing on stocks, I imagine that there must have been some reason for putting the body there."

"Yes, that's so. But you're assuming that the body was placed there after death."

"At the moment I am, because it seems the more likely hypothesis."

"No blood on the grass round the stocks," Giles reminded him.

"There was very little external bleeding—and no signs of any struggle," replied Hannasyde. "So that if you incline to the theory that Vereker was stabbed after his feet were put in the stocks you must work on the assumption that he sat there quite willingly. Now the time was somewhere between eleven at night, or thereabouts, and two o'clock in the morning. We know from the medical evidence that Vereker can't have been drunk. Does it seem to you credible that he should choose that hour of night to try what sitting in the stocks felt like—when he could have done it any day he happened to be in the village?"

"No, I can't say it does," admitted Giles. "Though I can conceive of situations where it might be entirely credible."

"So can I," agreed Hannasyde. "If he

was motoring down with a gay party after the theatre, and they were all in a light-hearted mood. Or even if he was with one person alone, whom we'll assume to have been a woman. We know he had a puncture on the way down, suppose he picked it up at Ashleigh Green, and after changing the tyre sat down on the bench to admire the moonlight, or cool off, or anything else you like. I can picture him being induced to put his feet in the stocks, but what I can't picture is the woman then stabbing him. It can't have been Miss Vereker, for whatever I disbelieve about her I entirely believe that she was on the worst possible terms with her step-brother. Very well, then, was it some lady of easy virtue motoring down to spend the week-end with him at his cottage?"

"Quite likely," Giles said. "I see what's coming, though, and I confess I can't offer a solution."

"Of course you see it. What should induce any such woman to murder him? You've seen the knife. It's a curious sort of dagger—might have come from Spain, or South America. Not the sort of thing you carry about with you in the normal course of events. That proves the murder was premeditated."

"Some woman who had a grudge against him," suggested Giles.

"Must have been a pretty large size in grudges," said Hannasyde. "And one, moreover, that Vereker didn't set much store by. If he'd done any woman an injury big enough to give her a motive for cold-blooded murder, do you suppose he would quite unsuspectingly have put himself into a helpless position at her instigation?"

"No. On the whole he had rather a suspicious nature," replied Giles. "And in justice to a somewhat maligned man I'm bound to say that I don't think he would have done a woman any serious injury. He was amorous but not ungenerous to his fancies, but not unkindly."

"That's rather the impression I gathered," said Hannasyde. "I don't rule out the possibility of an unknown woman in the case—but my department hasn't been idle, you know, and so far we can't discover any woman who had the least reason for wanting to murder Vereker. He seems to have been pretty decent, and his women were the sort who can look after themselves."

GILES sat down on the arm of his chair.

"Yes, I should think they were. Arnold was no fool. And I'm ready to admit that you've made it seem highly improbable that the murder was done after Arnold was in the stocks. But do you mind looking at the other side of the picture? Does it seem to you probable that having stabbed a man to death the murderer conveyed his body to the stocks—the most conspicuous place he could well think of—and arranged it carefully in a natural position there, which I imagine must have been not only a gruesome, but also a somewhat difficult task? Impossible for Miss Vereker to have done it; too macabre for Mesurier; too senseless for Kenneth."

"It may not have been senseless," said Hannasyde. He glanced at his wrist-watch and got up. "That's what I've got to try and find out—amongst other things. By the way, we've been trying to trace those notes Vereker had on him the day he was killed. You remember we found the counterfeit of a cheque for a hundred pounds drawn to self, and only thirty pounds in his pocket? Well, only one of these has come in to date, and that one is a ten-pound note which a man in a blue suit handed to a waiter at the Trocadero Grill in payment of his bill for dinner on Saturday evening. The suit might have been a dark grey, I may mention, and the waiter really couldn't call the gentleman's face to mind, because there were a lot of people dining that night. You can't say we policemen get much help! Look here, I

must be going! Many thanks for by far the most pleasant hour I've spent on this case yet."

Giles laughed. "Well, I hope they'll prove to have been profitable ones."

"You never know," said Hannasyde. "It's always good to get another point of view."

KENNETH, getting wind

next day of Hannasyde's visit, was loud

with statements to the effect that if there

was any double-crossing going on he should

immediately change his solicitor. When

Giles gave every evidence of regarding such

a happening in the light of a Utopian

dream he forgot his complaint in pointing

out his own virtues as a client.

But a more immediately pressing question

than Kenneth's absurd rhodomontades

was, in the estimation of his entourage,

that of how to induce him to attend Arnold

Vereker's funeral. Exhaustive, and at

times heated, discussions into which Giles

was dragged raged throughout the evening.

Murgatroyd, Violet, Leslie, and Giles being

banded upon the side of respectability,

against Kenneth, who was supported by his

sister, and his own quite irrefutably logical

arguments. The contest was won eventually

by Violet, who, though lacking Murgatroyd's

stern piety, was quite as insistent

that Kenneth must at least appear to

accord a proper respect to the dead.

"If Kenneth marries that young woman

he won't be able to call his soul his own,"

Giles remarked later to Antonia, at the

door of the flat.

"I know; it's sickening," she agreed. "He

isn't really in love with her, either. He's

in love with what she looks like."

"Which reminds me," said Giles. "What

has become of your intended?"

"I don't know, but I'm beginning to be

afraid he's going to jilt me," replied

Antonia with undiminished cheerfulness.

This theory, however, proved to be in-

correct, for Mesurier attended the funeral

the following afternoon, and returned with

Kenneth to the flat afterwards. He had

recovered his poise, and nothing could have

been more graceful than his apology for

having left Antonia in anger when they

had last met. He apparently considered

that his action in seeking out Superintendent

Hannasyde at Scotland Yard with the

revised version of his story exempted him

from any future inquiry, but Kenneth did

what he could to dissuade him on this

point, and succeeded so well that within

two days of being reconciled to his fiancée

Rudolph's nerves began to show signs of

fraying, and he exclaimed, in exasperation,

at the Vereker's absorption in other and

more everyday matters: "I don't know how

you two can go on as though nothing had

happened, or was likely to happen!"

"Oh, curse what's likely to happen. Like-

wise Hannasyde and his bloodhounds," said

Kenneth. "And, talking of bloodhounds,

why's all my bedroom furniture in the

hall?"

"Murgatroyd. She says she's going to

turn the whole flat out."

"What, not this room, too?" cried Ken-

neth in such tones of dismay as not the

gloomiest of Rudolph's forebodings could

wring from him.

"Yes, but not till to-morrow. Leslie said

she'd come and help, so I daresay she'll

take care of your pictures," said his sister,

omitting, however, to add the information

that Murgatroyd's bitterly expressed object

was to keep the place free from that Violet

Williams for one day, even though she had

to make the studio floor wringing wet to

do it.

IT was as well for

Murgatroyd's temper that this was not

really her main object, for when Violet

walked into the flat after luncheon on the

following day (a habit which she had lately

acquired) and found the studio in a state

of glorious disorder, with one dishevelled

damsel polishing the handles of a bow-fronted chest, the other turning out the contents of an over-loaded bureau, and Kenneth, sitting on the window-seat, reading aloud to them snatches from the Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse, she displayed an unexpectedly domesticated trait in her character, demanded an overall from Murgatroyd, and within ten minutes of entering the studio had taken complete charge of operations. By the time she had shown Leslie a better way to polish brass, convinced Antonia that what she wanted was a large box to put all the wastepaper in, and rehanging all the pictures which had been taken down to be washed, one only of the original four in the studio remained unruffled. But Violet's capable assistance so soon reduced the studio to order that Antonia repented of her momentary ill-temper, took the Oxford Book away from Kenneth, and told Murgatroyd to go and make tea.

They were in the middle of this repast when the door was opened and a man who might have been any age between thirty-five and forty-five looked in. He had a good-humored, if somewhat weak countenance, from which a pair of rather blood-shot grey eyes looked out with a certain amiable vagueness.

The party gathered round the table stared at him blankly and unhelpfully.

He smiled deprecatingly. "Hallo!" he said, in the slightly husky tones of one in the habit of indulging his penchant for spirits too often. "Door was on the latch, so I thought I'd walk in. How's everybody?"

Antonia glanced inquiringly at her brother, and was startled to see his face suddenly whiten. A look of mingled incredulity, horror, and anger came into his eyes. "My God in Heaven!" he said chokingly. "Roger!"

CHAPTER 13.

A SLICE of bread and butter dropped from Violet's fingers on to the floor. Leslie, seated beside her, heard her say numbly: "But he's dead. They said he was dead."

Antonia looked the visitor over frowningly. "Is it really? Yes, now I come to think of it that's whom you reminded me of. We thought you were dead."

"Thought!" Kenneth cried. "We know he was dead! He's been dead for years!"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I never was dead," said Roger Vereker, with the air of one making a confidence. "Just at the time it seemed a good thing on the whole to be dead, because there was a bit of trouble over some money. I forget the rights of it now, but people were very unpleasant, very."

"But why on earth did you go on being dead all this time?" demanded Antonia.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Roger with the vagueness which characterised him. "There wasn't much point in coming to life again, really. It would have meant a lot of bother one way and another. I did think of it, but I was getting on quite well as I was. But I'm going to settle down at home now. After all, why not? You get sick of roaming about, and the man they mistook for me in that Cuban dust-up was called Harry Fisher. The man who was killed, I mean. I didn't mind at first; one name seemed as good as another. But you've no idea how tired you can get of being called Fisher. I've had seven years of it, and it's very irritating. I thought I'd come home."

"It's damnable!" Kenneth burst out. "What's the use of Arnold being murdered if we're saddled with Roger?"

Violet, who had been sitting in a kind of frozen silence, now said in a sharpened voice: "Please! Must you talk like that?"

No one paid any attention to her;

Antonia sat glowering at Roger, Kenneth continued to walk up and down, and Roger, glancing from one to the other, said cautiously: "What was that you said? Sometimes I think I'm getting a bit deaf. I wish you wouldn't tramp about so; it's a disgusting sort of habit. Makes me giddy." "Arnold's dead," said Antonia briefly.

HE blinked at her, apparently incredulous. "My brother Arnold?" "Yes, of course. Do you think we know hundreds of Arnolds?"

"Well, that's a very extraordinary thing. Of course, if you say he is I daresay you may be right, but I don't understand it at all. What did he die of?"

"He died of a knife in the back!" Kenneth flung over his shoulder.

Roger stared at him, and then looked round for a chair. He sat down. "Well, I'm surprised," he said. "Extremely surprised."

Kenneth paused in his pacing. "Just how long have you been in England?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you," answered Roger obligingly. "I landed yesterday. Extraordinary coincidence. I mean, I come home expecting to see poor old Arnold, and I find he's just been killed." He drew Antonia's attention to Leslie Rivers, who had risen from the table and was putting on her hat before the mirror. "Someone's going. Nobody need go on my account, you know."

"I think I will, though," Leslie said. "I expect you've got a lot to say to each other."

"Nice girl," observed Roger, when she had departed. "Who's the other one?"

"Violet Williams. She's engaged to Kenneth," answered Antonia.

"Oh!" said Roger dubiously. He found that Violet was bowing slightly, and half rose to return this civil greeting. Sinking back again into his chair he became lost in thought, from which he presently emerged to say: "If Arnold's dead, who gets all the money?"

"Oh, give me air!" besought Kenneth, beginning to tramp up and down again.

Antonia replied somewhat scornfully: "You know jolly well you get it. That's why we're so disgusted you've turned up."

"Well, I thought I did," said Roger. "I must say I could do with it. I was a bit shocked at the news at first, but I see it's not so bad. Mind you, I quite appreciate your point of view."

"If you don't clear out of this damned quick there'll be another murder in the family!" Kenneth said through his teeth.

"Now, don't get worked up," Roger advised him kindly. "You'll soon get used to me being back. When you've lived as long as I have you'll find it's extraordinary what you can get used to. And talking of clearing out, my idea was that I'd stay with you for a day or two till I get my bearings."

"No!" cried his step-brother and sister in unison.

"That's all very well," said Roger, "but if I don't stay here where am I going?"

"Anywhere. We don't mind," replied Antonia.

"Yes, but to tell you the truth," confided Roger, "I'm a bit hard-up just at the moment."

"You've got two hundred and fifty thousand pounds," said Kenneth bitterly. "Is that what Arnold left? You don't mean it! If I'd known that—" He paused, and shook his head.

"What on earth do you mean—if you'd known it?" asked Antonia.

He looked at her in his hazy way. "Forgotten what I was going to say. Trouble is, I haven't got any clothes."

"You must have some clothes," replied Antonia.

"That's just it: you might think so, and as a matter of fact I did have some, only I had to pawn my suitcase."

"Well?" said Antonia unsympathetically.

"Well, that's the whole thing in a nutshell. It's no use hanging on to a lot of shirts and things if you haven't anything to carry them about in. You see my point?"

"Oh, God!" groaned Kenneth. "I can't bear it!"

"I call that very unreasonable," said Roger. "After all, they weren't your clothes. Supposing you were to lend me a few pounds—say fifty—to tide me over?"

"Let's pretend!" said Kenneth sarcastically. "You've never paid a debt in your life!"

At this moment the door opened to admit Murgatroyd, who came in to clear away the tea. Antonia said gloomily: "Look what's happened, Murgatroyd. Isn't it damnable?"

Murgatroyd started to say: "How many times have I told you I won't have you use such—" Then she caught sight of Roger, and gave a scream.

"Hullo, Murgatroyd!" said Roger, with his sleepy, apologetic smile. "You still alive?"

Murgatroyd seemed to find difficulty in speaking. She swallowed once or twice, and in the end said in a hollow voice: "I knew it. You ask Miss Leslie if I didn't see bad news in my teacup yesterday, plain as plain. Mark my words, I said, something awful is on its way to this house."

She sniffed, and then asked rhetorically: "What have you come home for, that's what I'd like to know? Not that I need to ask. Trust you to come nosing round after pickings! Talk about hysterics!" Wrath swelled her voice. She said strongly: "Just like you it is to try and take what's Master Kenneth's away from him! Don't tell me! If I had my way, back you'd go to where you came from, double quick!"

"Yes," said Antonia, "but he hasn't got any clothes, and he says he's going to stay with us."

"Not in this house he isn't," said Murgatroyd.

Violet got up from the table, and came slowly across the room. "Don't you think this is all a little undignified?" she said in her calm way. "Kenneth, dear, please stop growling, and try to be reasonable. Poor Mr. Vereker can't help not being dead, after all!" She smiled at Roger, and added prettily: "They're an awful couple, aren't they? You mustn't pay any attention to what they say. And no one's offered you any tea! Would you like some?"

"No," said Roger frankly, "but I shouldn't mind a whisky and soda if it happened to be handy."

"Of course," she said. "I'll get you one—since these rude people have forgotten their manners!"

Kenneth gazed at her in blank astonishment. "My good girl, do you realise what this means?" he asked. "Have you by any chance grasped who he is?"

"Yes, dear, perfectly," replied Violet, going over to the sideboard, and opening one of its cupboards. "And if I can put a decent face on it, I think you might, too. Will you say when, Mr. Vereker?"

"If he does it'll be a record," remarked Kenneth.

"That'll do, Kenneth," Violet said, in a tone of authority. "There, is that how you like it, Mr. Vereker?"

"I like it almost anyhow," replied Roger simply. "I've forgotten your name, but thank you."

"Williams," she said. "Violet Williams. A very ordinary name, I'm afraid."

"Yes, they're always the worst to keep in your head," agreed Roger. "Well, here's luck, everybody! Chin-chin!"

MMURGATROYD, who had been thinking, said: "I suppose he'll have tramping round town like a regular tramp. He can have the camp-bed in the box-room."

"I shall want a pair of Kenneth's pyjamas as well," said Roger helpfully.

"If you stay in this flat I shall clear out of it," announced Kenneth.

"No, you won't," said his sister. "I'm not going to be left to cope with him."

"All right, then let's both go."

"I can't. Who'd look after the dogs?"

"Damn the dogs!"

"Don't be childish, Kenneth," interposed Violet. "It isn't for me to make a suggestion, but don't you think Mr. Carrington ought to be told what's happened?"

"You don't mean to tell me Uncle Charles isn't dead yet?" said Roger. "I don't want to see him. The last time I set eyes on him he said a whole lot of things I'm glad I can't remember."

"You won't have to see him," replied Antonia. "Giles took over all our affairs years ago."

"Oh, Giles!" said Roger. "Well, I don't mind him. Do just as you like about it. Now I come to think of it he wasn't a bad chap at all. I was at school with him."

"Yes, till they sacked you," said Kenneth.

Antonia, apparently thinking that Violet's suggestion was a good one, had walked across the studio to the telephone, and was dialling her cousin's number. He answered the call himself, and as soon as Antonia heard his voice she said without any preamble: "Giles, are you doing anything? Because, if not, you'd better come round at once."

"Had I?" he said. "What's happened now?"

"Something utterly sick-making. Roger's turned up."

"What?"

"Roger. He isn't dead at all. He's here."

There was a moment's startled silence; then Giles said in a voice quivering with amusement: "But what a disaster!"

"Yes, it's awful. We don't in the least know what to do about it."

"My poor Tony, I'm afraid there's nothing you can do."

"No, I thought that would be what you'd say. But it's pretty grim if we've got to have him here, you know."

"Where is he?"

"I keep on telling you! Here! We want you to come round."

Giles' voice was brimful of laughter. "I can't do any good if I do, Tony, but I'll look in after dinner if you like."

WITH this she had to be content. At the other end of the telephone Giles Carrington sat for a moment after he had laid down the receiver, thinking. Then, with a faint smile hovering about his mouth, he picked the receiver up again and rang up Scotland Yard.

Superintendent Hannasyde was still in the building, and after a few minutes Giles was put through to him.

"Is that you, Hannasyde?"

"It is," replied the superintendent.

"Do you remember, I wonder, that I prophesied something unexpected would turn up?"

"I do," The superintendent's voice quickened with interest.

"Well, I thought perhaps you'd like to know that it has," said Giles. "Roger Vereker has come home."

"Roger—Who's he?"

"Roger Vereker," said Giles. "Is the brother who ought to have died seven years ago!"

"Good Lord!" The superintendent sounded startled. "When?"

"I'm informed that he landed yesterday—I believe from South America, but I'm not certain on that point. At the moment he's staying at the studio. I'm going round to see him this evening."

"Do you mind if I come with you?"

asked Hannasyde. "Not in the least," replied Giles cheerfully.

CHAPTER 14.

VIOLET, who made a show of leaving the studio shortly before dinner, was easily persuaded to remain. Kenneth said that since she seemed to like Roger so much she had better stay and entertain him, as neither he nor Tony felt at all capable of doing it. In the middle of the inevitable discussion that followed, to which fuel was added by Violet's assertion that Kenneth, by his evident disgust, was placing himself in a very suspicious light, Roger came back into the room after inspecting his temporary abode in the box-room, and Kenneth, to whom, once he was embarked on an argument, all persons were alike, immediately put the case to him.

Roger listened attentively, and then asked: "By the way, did you murder Arnold? I don't want to be inquisitive, but I just wondered."

"What do you suppose I'm likely to answer?" retorted Kenneth.

"Quite so," said Roger. "Silly of me. What I mean is, it's a nuisance for you if you did, now I've come home. Waste of time."

"Unless I murder you, too," said Kenneth thoughtfully.

"Now, don't start talking like that," said Roger. "Before you know where you are you'll be doing it. I never could stand impulsive people, never."

KENNETH eyed him speculatively. "The best thing, of course, would be to forget Arnold's murder on to you," he said. "I don't quite see how, at the moment, but I may think of something."

"That's not a bad idea," remarked Antonia. "You wouldn't have to make up a motive, either, because he's got one."

"Well, I don't like it," said Roger, a shade of uneasiness in his voice. "And it's no use going on with it, because I've already told you I only landed yesterday."

"Moreover," continued Antonia, brightening, "the knife was a foreign dagger or stiletto (I forget which), common in Spain and South America. They said so at the inquest."

"You never told me that," Kenneth reproached her. "It's very important. Naturally that's just the sort of thing Roger would use."

Started on the new train of thought, Kenneth was not easily to be diverted from it, and he continued to pursue it until dinner was brought in. Murgatroyd waited on them in silence, and only occasionally threw Roger a hostile look. She confided to Antonia, later, that it might be as well to keep in with Roger. "For whatever his faults, Miss Tony—and it would take me all to-morrow to tell you them—he's not mean. That I will say for him."

"You needn't think I'm going to sponge on Roger," replied Antonia.

"You never know what you may do till you come to it," said Murgatroyd.

It was not until after nine o'clock that Giles Carrington entered the flat, and when she admitted him, and recognised his companion, Murgatroyd gave a disparaging sniff and remarked that it never rained but what it poured.

The small party gathered together in the studio was not being a success, in spite of all Violet's efforts to make it one. She had taken pains to draw Roger out on the subject of his travels, but Kenneth, who was invariably made irritable when she bestowed her attention on another man, blighted most of Roger's reminiscences by interposing now and then the remark that he didn't believe a word of it.

Antonia, frankly bored, had curled herself up on the divan with two of her dogs at her feet, and was reading a novel. She

put it down when the door opened to admit her cousin, and greeted him with relief. "Oh, good!" she said. "Now you can come and tell us how to get rid of him! Hullo! What have you brought the police for?"

Kenneth's scowl vanished. He sprang up, exclaiming: "You see how right my theory is, Roger! They've come for you already!"

Roger, too, had risen, and was looking greatly disturbed: "If policemen are going to infest the place I shall have to go," he said. "It isn't that I'm afraid I shan't be comfortable, because I've tried the camp-bed and it isn't bad. What I mean is, I've slept in many worse. But I don't like policemen. Some people feel the same about cats. Always know the instant one comes into the room, and begin to get creepy. Not that I've any objection to cats, mind you. Far from it. In fact, if I had to be bothered with any sort of an animal I think I should choose a cat."

"I wish you wouldn't talk such drivel," said Antonia. "Anybody would think you were going to have a jolly policeman as a pet."

ANY hope Hannasyde might have cherished of finding in Roger one normal member of the Vereker family vanished. He sighed, and transferred his attention to Kenneth.

Giles interposed before Antonia could carry the argument further. "Shut up, Tony. Well, Roger, how are you? When did you arrive?"

"I'm getting tired of answering that question," replied Roger, shaking hands. "I keep on telling everyone I landed yesterday—I'm glad you've come round, because it's a very awkward predicament, mine. I've run out of cash. They tell me you're one of Arnold's executors, so you'll be able to advance me some of the money. How much have you brought?"

"I haven't brought any," answered Giles. "I can't advance you money in that haphazard fashion."

The superintendent, when offered it, declined any refreshment. "I'm sorry to interrupt—a family party," he said, "but—"

"Not at all," said Kenneth. "We're charmed to see you. At least, my step-brother isn't, but that's probably because his conscience isn't clear. But the rest of us are delighted. Aren't we, Violet? By the way, I don't think you've met our friend the superintendent, darling. This is he. Superintendent, my fiancée—Miss Williams."

Violet bowed slightly, and bestowed on Hannasyde the small, mechanical smile she reserved for her social inferiors. Turning from him, she suggested to Kenneth in a low voice that she should go. He instantly quashed this, so she compromised by withdrawing tactfully to the other end of the room under pretence of opening a window.

Meanwhile Giles had introduced the superintendent to Roger, and Hannasyde, in his good-humored way, was explaining the ostensible reason for his visit. "As I expect you have been told, Mr. Vereker, your brother, Mr. Arnold Vereker, was stabbed at Ashleigh Green last Saturday," he began, "so I'm sure you will—"

"Yes, I've been told that," replied Roger, "but it has nothing to do with me. Naturally, I was shocked to hear it. In fact, I didn't at first believe it."

"It must have been a terrible shock," agreed Hannasyde sympathetically. "Especially coming on top of your return. When did you land?"

"Yesterday," said Roger, eyeing him suspiciously.

Hannasyde smiled. "That sounds to me like a remarkably good alibi," he said lightly. "What was your ship?"

"Well, I've forgotten," said Roger, "if I

ever knew, which I rather doubt. To tell you the truth, I don't take much interest in ships. There are some people who no sooner get on board than they start making friends with the chief engineer so that they can go down and have a look at the engine-room, which, as a matter of fact, is a nasty, smelly place. I'm not like that at all."

Giles, who had been inquiring of Antonia half-laughingly, half-anxiously, whether she were reconciled to Mearlier, turned his head and said: "You must remember the name of the ship, surely?"

"There's no must about it," replied Roger. "I can forget much more important things than that. Though I don't say it won't come back to me. Very often things do, and, what's more, things that happened years and years ago."

"I've just had a horrible thought," interrupted Antonia suddenly. "Are you married?"

"It doesn't matter if he is," snapped Kenneth. "The mere fact of him being alive has dithed the whole thing."

"Not absolutely," Antonia answered. "After all, he's bound to die ages before you, because he's nearly forty now. Only if he's got hordes of children it all becomes a complete washout."

"You needn't worry about that," said Roger. "Because I'm not married. I've done a lot of silly things in my time, but I never let anyone marry me."

"Wonderful!" mocked Kenneth. "One can so readily picture the eager queue of maidens—"

"Now, don't try to be witty," besought Roger. "It's a very unattractive habit. All I want is a quiet life, but how I'm going to get it with you being clever, and policemen dancing in and out like—"

"And all I wanted," Kenneth struck in savagely, "was for you to remain decently interred!"

"Antipathy, Mr. Vereker? or are you making the discovery that the acquisition of a large fortune is not a matter of such indifference as you would have had us believe?"

THERE was a note of irony in the superintendent's level voice, and at the sound of it Kenneth turned not put out of countenance, but alert, and with his sullen ill-humor gone in a flash. His eyes held a challenge, his self-smile reappeared. "A hit, a very palpable hit! And yet, my friend—the superintendent—you would suspect me more if I didn't seem to care whether I inherited Arnold's fortune or not."

"Perhaps," Hannasyde acknowledged. "But there is such a thing as being too clever, Mr. Vereker."

"I'll take your word for it. But I am only being honest. Didn't you come here to-night to see how I was reacting to the prodigal's return?"

Hannasyde smiled faintly. Antonia, watching him, said dispassionately: "They bleed on both sides. I hoped I'd be able to get that one off sooner or later."

This sally seemed to complete Roger's bewilderment. He had been trying to follow the dialogue, but he gave it up at that point, and shut his eyes.

"You're not being exactly helpful, Kenneth," said his cousin.

"Why should I be? I don't want the murderer to be unmasked—unless it was Roger, of course. I approve of him."

Roger opened his eyes again. "Now, that's a very sensible remark," he said. "I don't mean the bit about me, but the rest of it. I don't want to know, either, and if we don't what's it got to do with anyone else? That's what I complain about in policemen. Always poking their noses into other people's business."

Hannasyde apparently decided that this was the moment to leave. The Verekers paid very little attention to his departure.

but Giles escorted him to the front door and said that he had all his sympathy.

"Thanks," returned Hannasyde. "Was Roger Vereker deported, by any chance?"

"Probably," said Giles, with perfect equanimity. "At all events he's been cast up penniless on our hands."

Hannasyde looked at him under his brows. "Are you acting for him, Mr. Carrington?"

"Not if I know it," answered Giles.

A few moments later, having sped the superintendent on his way, he returned to the studio to find that the conversation had been interrupted by Violet, who throughout Hannasyde's visit had sat quietly at the other end of the room turning over the leaves of a magazine. "I held my tongue while that man was here, because, of course, I realise that it isn't my affair," she was saying. "But I really was shocked at the way you went on, Kenneth. It's so silly of you, and childish. We know you didn't kill your step-brother, but you're simply asking for trouble, talking as you did. And I must say I don't think it's particularly nice of you, or sporting, to be so unkind to Mr. Vereker."

"Don't bother about me," said Roger. "I don't mind him as long as he doesn't start sticking knives into me."

"I think that's extremely generous of you, Mr. Vereker," said Violet. "And whatever Kenneth may say I hope you'll believe that I at least don't share his feelings." She picked up her hat and gloves, and held out her hand. "I'm going now. Good-bye—and please don't pay any attention to Kenneth or to Tony."

"Aren't you going to kiss him?" inquired Antonia ruthlessly.

"Shut up!" said Kenneth, an edge to his voice. "I'll see you home, Violet."

THEY had barely left the studio when Roger remarked with sudden and unexpected shrewdness: "I'll tell you what she is, she's a gold-digger. I've met lots of them. He'd better not marry her." Antonia regarded him for the first time with a friendly eye. "Yes, she is a gold-digger, and I'll bet anything she's trying to vamp you so that you'll do something handsome for Kenneth."

"Well, I shan't," said Roger simply. "Not," he added, "that I've got much chance to do anything for anybody so far, even myself. When can I have some money, Giles?"

"I'll let you know to-morrow, as soon as I've had a word with Gordon Truelove," said Giles, "he's the other executor."

"Come and have tea," invited Antonia. "Kenneth's taking Violet out to a matinee." "He needn't do that," said Roger. "Just ring me up."

Giles paid no heed to this somewhat tactless suggestion. He was looking at Antonia. "Do you want me to, Tony?"

She raised her candid eyes to his face. "Yes, I do," she answered.

So Giles Carrington, making vague excuses to his suspicious and somewhat incensed parent, left the office shortly after half-past three next day, drove himself to Chelsea, and arrived at his cousin's flat just as Superintendent Hannasyde was preparing to mount the stairs to the front door. "Hallo, what brings you here again so soon?" he inquired. "Have you discovered a startling new development?"

"Yes," said Hannasyde. "I have."

CHAPTER 15.

THE smile vanished from Giles Carrington's eyes, but it was in the same lazy, rather humorous voice that he said, "That sounds exciting. What has happened?"

They began to walk up the stairs together. The superintendent said with a

twinkle, "Don't worry, neither of your clients is implicated in the new developments."

"I'm glad of that," replied Giles, pressing the front door bell. "Roger was in England at the time of the murder. Is that it?"

"Yes," said Hannasyde. "That is it."

"Poor old Roger!" remarked Giles. "I rather suspected he was when he forgot the name of his ship."

Hannasyde bent an accusing stare upon him. "You're as bad as the rest of them," he said severely. "The instant you set eyes on Roger Vereker you not only suspected that he'd been in England some time longer than he admitted, but you were pretty sure also that he was the shabby stranger who visited Arnold Vereker that Saturday. Isn't that true?"

"Not quite," said Giles. "I suspected it several hours before I set eyes on him. As soon as I heard he had turned up, in fact, Good afternoon, Murgatroyd. Miss Tony in?"

"Oh yes, she's expecting you, sir," said Murgatroyd, holding the door wide.

GILES CARRINGTON nodded, and walked across the little hall, followed by the superintendent. In the studio Roger Vereker was apparently working some problem out on scraps of paper, critically but not unamiably watched by his step-sister, who sat with her chin in her hands, looking over his calculations. She glanced up quickly as the door opened, and when she saw Giles, smiled in her confiding way. "Hallo!" she said. "Roger's trying to work out a system. I think it's all rot, myself."

"Long may you continue to think so," said Giles.

Antonia perceived Superintendent Hannasyde, and raised her brows. "I didn't know you were coming, too," she said. "I rather wish you hadn't, because to tell you the truth I'm getting awfully sick of the family crime. However, come in if you must."

"I'm afraid I shall have to," Hannasyde answered, closing the door. "I want to ask your step-brother a few questions."

Roger, who had started violently at sight of him, said, "It's no good anyone asking me questions because I'm very busy at the moment. As a matter of fact, I was hoping for a quiet afternoon now we've got rid of Kenneth."

Hannasyde replied without preamble: "You informed me last night, Mr. Vereker, that you landed in England two days ago."

"I dare say I did," admitted Roger. "One way and another there was a lot of chatter going on last night and I don't remember all I said. But I don't want to start an argument, so have it your own way."

"Do you still adhere to that statement?"

"Why shouldn't I?" said Roger cautiously.

"Principally because it is untrue," replied the superintendent with disconcerting directness.

"I object to that," said Roger. "That's a very damaging thing to say. It seems to me there's no limit to what the police can get away with in this country."

"There is a limit," said Hannasyde, "but your cousin is here to see that I don't overstep it. Your name, Mr. Vereker, does not figure on the lists of passengers on board any vessel arriving from South America two days ago."

"That's probably true enough," agreed Roger. "Of course, if I'd known you were interested I could have told you the whole story before. The fact of the matter is I got off at Lisbon."

"What on earth for?" demanded Antonia.

"There was a man I wanted to see," said Roger vaguely.

"About a dog, I should think," said Antonia, with considerable scorn.

"No, it wasn't about a dog. It was about a lot of parrots," said Roger, improvising cleverly.

"I trust you arrived at an agreement," said Hannasyde, with heavy sarcasm.

"Well, no," said Roger, ever fertile. "We didn't, and the whole thing is more or less in abeyance, because he wanted to buy the parrots in bulk, which is ridiculous, of course. However, now I've come into money I shan't bother any more about it."

"I say, what a shame, Kenneth's missing all this!" said Antonia. "Where are the parrots supposed to be?"

"Round about the Amazon," said Roger. "You have to catch them."

"Yes, I can just see you penetrating into forests and laying snares for parrots. You are an ass!"

"Well, I shouldn't do that myself. I should employ people," said Roger. "Of course, if the business grew, and I dare say it would, the idea was to start a farm and breed them, the same way that people breed silver foxes and things." He decided that the parrots had served their turn, and jettisoned them. "But as I say, I've given up thinking of it now that I've come into money. They're really beside the point."

"I agree with you," said Hannasyde. "I have ascertained, Mr. Vereker, that you were a passenger on board the *ss. Pride of London* which docked at Liverpool on June 16—the day before that on which your brother was murdered."

ROGER leaned back in his chair. "Well, if you've ascertained it, that's that," he observed. "It's silly to argue points like that with detectives, so I'll tell you right away that the parrots were just a little joke of mine."

"I am aware of that," replied Hannasyde. "We shall get on better and faster if you don't make any more jokes."

"A lot of people think speed is the curse of the age," said Roger. "I can't say I'm keen on it myself. Mind you, I'm not at all sure there isn't something in that parrot scheme. The more I think of it the more I think there might be. Supposing people started trimming hats with parrot feathers, for instance?"

"Mr. Vereker, I am not quite fool enough to believe that you are the fool you pretend to be. Shall we abandon the subject of parrots?"

"Just as you like," said Roger amiably.

"You admit that you landed in Liverpool on Friday, June 16?"

"If you've been nosing around at shipping agents there's no point in asking me whether I admit it or not. It's a great pity you've been so inquisitive, because you're bound to waste a lot of time trying to make out I murdered Arnold, and I can tell you at the start I didn't."

"If you are so sure that I shall be wasting my time, Mr. Vereker, why did you try to conceal the fact that you were in England on June 17?"

"Now that's what I call a damned silly question," said Roger. "It's obvious that if it was known that I was in England then I should have had the police after me like a pack of bloodhounds. I turn up one day, broke to the wide, and Arnold gets himself murdered the day after. I should be a bigger fool than any I've ever met with if I didn't see who was going to be suspected once that leaked out. I don't like unpleasantness, and I don't like policemen. What's more, I find all this sort of thing very exhausting, because I'm not one of these people who always want to be using their brains trying to remember a lot of unimportant details. It makes my head ache. All I want is peace and quiet."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Vereker, I must ask you to cast your mind back to the day you landed and tell me just what you did."

Roger sighed, but he seemed to be more or less resigned to the necessity of answering, and said in a wary voice: "Well, I came to London. Naturally. What else should I do?"

"When did you come to London?"

"Next day, of course. But it's no use asking me what time the train got in, because I don't remember. I had lunch on it."

"And when you arrived in London what did you do?"

Roger thought this over for a moment, and then asked: "Do you know what I did?"

"I am asking you," replied Hannasyde. "I know you are, and that's just the trouble. The point is, if I know just how much you know it'll save a great deal of bother."

Giles Carrington interposed before Hannasyde could reply. "May I give you a piece of advice, Roger?"

"Anybody can do whatever they like as far as I'm concerned," said Roger.

Giles disregarded this. "Don't play the fool. You're not dealing with a fool."

"Is that your advice?" demanded Roger incredulously.

"It is."

THERE was a distinct gleam of intelligence in the hazy, blood-shot eyes. "Well, listen," said Roger. "Nobody's going to land me in trouble. Of course, I don't say that there may not be a great deal of unpleasantness. I daresay there will be. But Tony's been telling me all about this murder, and it looks pretty watertight to me. You haven't got any clues at all, not even a finger-print; you don't know who was with Arnold that night—in fact, you don't know anything at all, except that he was murdered."

"Listen to me, Mr. Vereker," said Hannasyde. "I should take your cousin's advice if I were you. What did you do when you reached London?"

"This and that," said Roger airily.

"For one who is so convinced that nothing will land him in trouble, you are singularly reluctant to admit that you went to call on your brother, Mr. Vereker."

"Ah, you did not know that, did you?" nodded Roger. "Oh, well, that makes it easier, I must say. I was getting very tired of hedging. Yes, I went to call on Arnold."

"A very natural thing to do," agreed Hannasyde.

"Of course it was a natural thing to do. I hadn't any money left."

"I see. Am I to understand that you shared your step-brother's and sister's dislike of him?"

"No, I didn't dislike him," said Roger, reflecting. "Not that I've really considered the matter."

"You were, in fact, indifferent?"

"That's it," said Roger. "Just the word I wanted. Though I must say that now I know what he was worth I'm not at all surprised he was disliked. Mean, very mean. You'd hardly believe it, but fifty pounds was all I could get out of him, and he only gave me that because he didn't want it to get about that a brother of his was spending the night on the Embankment."

"I'm surprised you were satisfied with fifty pounds, Mr. Vereker."

"I wasn't at all satisfied with it, but I'm a reasonable man, and you can't expect people to carry much more than fifty pounds on them. Besides, I didn't know he'd made such a packet out of the old mine."

Antonia suddenly elected to take part in the conversation, and said forcefully: "Look here, I don't want to crab your story, but if it's got to be Kenneth or you or me (the murderer, I mean) I'd rather it was

you. So don't tell me you were going to fade out of Arnold's life for fifty pounds!"

"Certainly not," replied her imperturbable step-brother. "As a matter of fact, the story is rather funny. Naturally, as soon as I saw how green he was looking I realised that this was where I tried my hand at a little police blackmail. You'd be surprised how easily he fell for it. I said I'd come to stay with him. He didn't like that at all. In fact, he got a bit violent at one time. However, he cooled down after a bit, and offered me fifty pounds to clear out. So I pocketed that, and said I'd think it over. That was more or less the end of the meeting. Arnold had a date, and wanted to be off."

"With whom?" asked Hannasyde quickly.

"How on earth should I know? I didn't ask him."

"Do you know where he meant to dine?"

"Look here," said Roger, "you don't seem to have got the hang of things at all. We weren't having a friendly chat."

"Very well," said Hannasyde. "What happened next?"

"Oh, nothing much! I told Arnold he could give me a lift as far as Piccadilly, and we got into his car and drove off. He didn't much want to give me a lift, but he seemed to be afraid I might tell his butler who I was, or something, if he refused."

THE superintendent was watching him closely. "And what did you do then, Mr. Vereker?"

"I went to Monte Carlo," replied Roger. "You went to Monte Carlo?" repeated the superintendent.

"Seemed an obvious thing to do," said Roger. "I've been wanting to try out a system for some time."

The superintendent glanced rather helplessly at Giles. Giles' lips quivered.

"Yes, that's in the part," he said.

Hannasyde turned back to Roger. "When did you leave for Monte Carlo?"

"Next morning," Roger replied.

"On Sunday?"

"I daresay it may have been a Sunday. I didn't notice."

"So that on the night of June 17 you were in England?"

"That's right," agreed Roger. "If I'd known Arnold was going to be murdered I wouldn't have been, but it can't be helped now."

"Where did you spend that night, Mr. Vereker?"

Roger finished what was left in his glass, and set it down. His sleepy gaze travelled from one intent face to the other. "Well, that's a very awkward question," he confessed.

"Why is it an awkward question?"

"Because I don't know what to say," answered Roger.

The superintendent's brows began to draw together. "You can say where you were on the night of June 17, Mr. Vereker!"

"Well, that's where you're wrong," said Roger. "I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because," said Roger simply, "I don't know."

CHAPTER 16.

HIS words produced an astonished silence. He smiled in his apologetic way, and took advantage of his audience's surprise to get up and replenish his empty glass. "We shall be needing some more whisky, Tony," he remarked. "Thought I'd better mention it."

The superintendent found his voice. "You don't know where you spent the night of June 17?" he repeated.

"No," said Roger. "I don't."

"Come, Mr. Vereker, that is not quite good enough!"

There was a note of anger in Hanna-

syde's voice, but it left Roger unmoved. "Well, I was in London. That I can tell you."

"For God's sake, Roger, pull yourself together!" his cousin besought him. "You dined at the Trocadero, didn't you?"

Roger thought this over. "Wasn't it the Monaco?" he inquired.

"Did you pay for your dinner with a ten-pound note?" demanded Hannasyde.

"Now you come to mention it, I believe I did," Roger admitted. "Wanted change, you see."

"Very well then, we can assume that you dined at the Trocadero," said Hannasyde. "What time was it when you left the restaurant?"

"I don't know," said Roger.

There was no trace of his usual kindness in the superintendent's face by this time. His grey eyes were stern, his mouth set rather rigidly. "Very well, Mr. Vereker. Do you happen to know what you did when you left the Trocadero?"

ROGER performed a vague gesture with one hand. "Just drifted about here and there," he said. "The trouble is I don't know where I was," he added, with the air of one making a fresh disclosure. "You see, I didn't give the address to the taxi driver, which accounts for it."

"You were with someone, then?"

"That's it," said Roger. "I was with a friend."

"And your friend's name?"

"Flossie," said Roger. "At least it may have been Florence, but that's what I called her."

At this point Giles turned away rather hastily, and walked over to the window. The superintendent was in no mood to share his obvious amusement, and merely rapped out: "Flossie who?"

"Well, there you rather have me," said Roger. "I didn't ask her. I mean, why should I?"

"I see," said the superintendent. "You spent the night at an address you don't know, with a woman whose name you don't know. Is that what you expect me to believe?"

"It doesn't matter to me what you believe," said Roger. "You can do as you like about it. The point is, you can't prove I didn't."

Superintendent Hannasyde returned to the attack. "Was it the news of your brother's death which brought you back from Monte Carlo, Mr. Vereker?"

"Oh, no!" said Roger. "I didn't know anything about that. As a matter of fact that particular system didn't work out right."

"Do you never read the papers, Mr. Vereker? Your brother's death was widely reported."

"I wouldn't say never," replied Roger conscientiously. "Occasionally one hasn't anything better to do, but there's always something better to do at Monte Carlo. And if you think it over you'll see that if I read the papers, and knew about Arnold being murdered, I shouldn't have come home."

"As far as I can make out, you had no choice in the matter," said Hannasyde tartly.

"Now, don't start losing your temper," advised Roger. "No one forced me to come and look my relations up, so I could quite easily have lain low till it all blew over."

"You had to look your relations up, as you call it, because you were badly in need of money," said Hannasyde.

"That's perfectly true," conceded Roger, "but if you'd been broke as many times as I have you'd know that there are always ways of rubbing along somehow. You don't suppose I should go shoving my head into a noose just because I wanted some money, do you? And, talking of money, I want to

talk business with my cousin when you're quite finished asking me questions."

"I have finished," said Hannasayde. He turned. "Good-bye, Miss Vereker. I'm sorry to have interrupted your tea-party." He nodded to Giles Carrington, and walked over to the door. It closed behind him.

Beger looked slightly pained, but quite resigned. "Gone off in a huff," he remarked. "One of those touchy people."

However, there were no signs of ill-temper about Hannasayde when, some hours later, he faced Giles Carrington across a dinner-table. He had accepted Giles' invitation to dinner without any hesitation, and the twinkle in his eye was clearly discernible as he remarked: "I can't make up my mind which of your cousins I would most like to convict of this murder. Are you letting that—just lunatic get his hands on the Vereker fortune?"

"What can we do?" shrugged Giles. "Do you believe his story?"

"No. But I can't say I disbelieve it, either. I'm doing what I can to check up on it, of course—without much hope of success." He took a salted almond from the dish in front of him and ate it. "I'm planning my hopes to the finding of the restaurant where Arnold Vereker dined that night, if he did dine at one."

"But we have to face the fact that he may have dined at a private house—with one of his lady-loves probably. I think I've seen most of them, but you never know. At Cavelli's, where he seems to have been a pretty frequent visitor, they tell me that he had been in the habit, lately, of bringing a new lady to dine there—dark, good-looking girl, unknown to Cavelli. On the other hand, the head-waiter at the Cafe Morry says that the last time Vereker was there he had an ash-blond in tow. It isn't very helpful, is it?"

GILES picked up the decanter, and refilled both the glasses. "I shall have to take a hand in this myself," he said meditatively.

The superintendent laughed. "Talented amateur, eh? I wish you luck!"

"You never know," murmured Giles. Almost immediately after dinner the superintendent took his leave, and nearly collided on the stairs, on his way out, with Antonia Vereker, who was being towed up at a great rate by one of her dogs.

She betrayed no embarrassment at meeting Hannasayde, but said hello, in her casual way, adding darkly that she always knew her cousin was playing a double game.

"I shouldn't be surprised," agreed Hannasayde, stooping to pat Bill.

She smiled. "He's nice, isn't he?" she said ingenuously.

"Very nice."

There was a quizzical look in Hannasayde's eye, though his voice remained perfectly grave. Antonia was quite impervious to it. "Rather a bore for him, all this," she said. "Specially as he's always disapproved of us more or less. However, it can't be helped." She nodded in a friendly way, and went on up the stairs.

The superintendent resumed his progress down the stairs, wondering by what sign (hidden from his own trained eye) Miss Vereker deduced that her cousin disapproved of her.

Disapproval was certainly not the predominant emotion visible in Giles Carrington's face when Antonia was ushered into his sitting-room. He got up quickly from a deep chair, and stretched out his hand. "Tony! My dear child, what on earth brings you here? Has anything happened?"

"Oh no!" replied Antonia. "Only I got fed-up with everybody at the flat, and thought I'd come and see if you were in. Can I have some coffee?"

Giles said: "Yes, of course. Sit down. What's the matter, chicken?"

She looked up at him, flushing, sudden surprise in her eyes. "Oh Giles, you haven't called me that for years!" she said.

"Haven't I?" he said, smiling down at her. "No, perhaps I haven't."

"You know just well you've had a hate against me ever since you were such a vile beast about my first engagement to John Potheringham!" said Antonia.

"Well, that's one way of putting it," said Giles.

"It's the only way of putting it," said Antonia firmly. "In fact, I practically made up my mind never to speak to you again, after the things you said to me."

"You didn't speak to me again, Tony, for over a year."

"Yes, I did," contradicted Antonia. "I spoke to you at the Dawsons' dance, and once I had to ring you up about my insurance shares. All the same, I wouldn't have, if I could have helped it. Only then I got myself into this ghastly mess, and I had to send for you to get me out of it."

Giles was watching her inscrutably. "Why, Tony?"

She smiled at him. "Well—well—whom else could I have sent for?" she asked, puzzled.

"Brother—dance?" suggested Giles.

IT was evident that this had not previously occurred to her. "Oh!" she said doubtfully. "Yes, I suppose I could, not that they'd have been much use. Anyway, I didn't think of them. And I'm glad I did send for you, because really and truly I was quite sick of the hate, and—and you have been frightfully decent to me ever since all this happened. So I don't mind admitting that actually I made a mistake about John—though I still think you were utterly rancid about the whole affair." She paused, and then added, "I've been rather wanting to bury that hateful absolutely ever since Arnold was killed. I did mean to have it all out with you at Hamborough, that day, only, when you turned up it didn't seem as though we ever had a hate, and I forgot. Only if you did happen to be still feeling secretly stuffy about me I thought I'd just mention the matter."

"Tony," Giles said abruptly, "are you still engaged to Monsieur?"

"Yes, and it's the most unutterable bore," she replied with her usual shattering honesty. "To tell you the truth, it was partly because he turned up at the flat to-night that I cleared out."

"Tony, what in the world did you get engaged to that fellow for?"

"I can't make out. It's all most odd, and I'm inclined to think I must have been slightly deranged when I did it. But really, Giles, I thought I liked him awfully. And Kenneth had just picked up Violet, and life seemed fairly moth-eaten, anyway, so—so I got engaged to Rudolph. And the funny part of it is I went on thinking he'd do for ages, and never noticed the things Kenneth kept on pointing out, like showing his teeth too much when he smiles, and wearing the sort of smart clothes that one's own men don't wear. And I didn't see that he was on the flashy side till all of a sudden it dawned on me. I mean absolutely in a burst. I can tell you the exact date. It was that Sunday—the day after Arnold was murdered—when we were all in the studio. You were there, too, and Violet. It came over me like a tidal wave for no reason at all. And now I feel rather rotten about it, because, really, he didn't do anything to make me go clean off him like that."

"It doesn't matter how rotten you feel about it, Tony. You've got to break it off. Understand?"

"Well, of course I understand. But I

can't break it off while there's a chance of him being pinched for the murder. It would be a frightfully mean trick."

"It's a much meaner trick to keep him dangling when you've no intention of marrying him."

She considered this. "No, I don't think it is," she answered presently. "It's bound to look a bit fishy if I throw him over while he's a suspect."

"Tony, what if he did it?" Giles asked.

"Oh, well, then I shall just have to stick to him!" she said. "However, I left him proving to everybody how he couldn't possibly have done it, so perhaps he didn't. He's being rather pleased with himself at the moment, and that, coming on top of all the rest, was too much for me, so I bolted." She turned as Giles' man came into the room with the coffee-tray, and waited until it had been arranged on a low table beside her chair. "Thank you. Is that cream? Because, if so, it is lovely!"

"All the rest of what, Tony?" Giles asked as the door closed again.

"I'll tell you. I've put two lumps into yours. Is it enough? Well, to start with, Leslie Rivers drifted in after you left this afternoon. Usually she's a quiet sort of creature, and definitely sensible, but—this is absolutely private, Giles—she's not sane when it comes to Kenneth, and from the way she talked about Roger you'd think he'd come home on purpose to do Kenneth an injury. The point is I got properly bored with Leslie being intense about the whole situation. She went away after a bit, then Kenneth and Violet came back from that matinee in the middle of a most thrilling row. Apparently, some fat old man with a pearl chain came up to speak to her in the theatre, and according to Kenneth, called her Vi, and pawed her shoulder, and was quite obviously one of her past conquests."

"And then Roger came in in the middle of it, and it was quite obvious he'd been at a pub because he was just nicely."

"Where did he get the money," inquired Giles.

"Took it out of my bag. He said so. Anyway, he was in a ghastly state."

GILES was frowning. "Really blind?"

"No, not in the least. That wouldn't have mattered, because we could have put him to bed. I don't think he can get decently tight, he's picked by this time. He was just himself, only much more so, and he said the most outrageous things."

"So Violet took a hand, and was excessively sweet and charming to Roger, and I'm daunted if he didn't say it was no use her making up to him because he was too experienced to be caught, and didn't admire her type anyway. I will say this for Violet: she took it very well; but even she looked pretty peeved when Roger told Kenneth he could cut him out with her if he wanted to, but didn't."

"What a party!" Giles exclaimed. "How long did this go on?"

"Oh, till Rudolph turned up after dinner. Roger started on him then. He wanted to know why he had such wavy hair, and said he didn't like it; and when he heard he was engaged to me he asked me what on earth I could possibly see in him. That sort of thing. Rudolph realised he was a trifle screwed, of course, and pretended not to listen. The last I saw of them Roger was still going on about my being badly to marry Rudolph, and Rudolph was holding forth about not having murdered Arnold, and Kenneth was snapping at everybody in turn. So I cleared out, and came to talk to you. This is very good coffee."

"I'm glad. When is Roger going to leave the studio?"

"As soon as he can. I must say, I'm thankful to you and Gordon Truelove for

telling him have some cash. I don't mind him as much as Kenneth does, but I couldn't stand much more of him. He's going to take a service flat."

"A service flat! Why the devil can't he go and stay in Eaton Place?"

"He says it isn't his style. Kenneth had a friendly spasm when he heard that, but it turned out that he meant he couldn't stand having a lot of servants about. He said it would fidget him. So Violet—who badly wants Eaton Place—backed him up, and said she knew of a very good block. I gather she means to take him by the hand and lead him to a flat."

"Is Violet behaving with real nobility of character, or is she actually trying to catch Roger?"

"I don't know. I shouldn't think she can be trying to catch him, because she needn't have got engaged to Kenneth in the first place if she was set on marrying a rich man."

"Kenneth seems to be taking this pretty badly," Giles said. "Yet I shouldn't have said that he cared much about money."

"He doesn't, but of course he is rather hard-up at the moment, and after thinking you're next door to being a millionaire it must be fairly sick-making to find you're just as poor as you always were." She got up and fastened his leash to Bill's collar. "I'd better go, I suppose. Do you know, Giles, I'm almost beginning to wish Arnold hadn't been murdered?"

"Tony, you're atrocious!"

"Well, but it did look good at first, you must admit. Only now we all seem to be in a mess over it, and everything's rather wearing. I'm glad we've got you. You're about the only dependable thing we have got."

"Thank you, Tony," he said, smiling a little.

"And I'm glad we've definitely buried the hatchet. I like you, Giles."

"Think again," he said.

She frowned. "Why? Don't you believe me?"

"Oh, yes, I believe you," he replied. "But I've never thought half a loaf better than no bread, my dear."

CHAPTER 17.

ON the following morning Violet came in soon after breakfast, a circumstance which induced Kenneth, still in a bitter mood, to ask her savagely whether she ever did any work at all. He himself was in his overall, scowling at a half-finished canvas on the easel. Violet refused to take offence at his tone, and replied that she had already sent off a couple of fashion drawings by post, and thought that she was entitled to a holiday. "I see," Kenneth said. "Devoting it to me, of course."

"No, dear, I'm not," replied Violet calmly. "You are far too disagreeable, let me tell you. I am going to try and fix my step-brother up in a place of his own."

"Sweet of you, my pet. I hope he'll appreciate all this pure altruism."

Violet stood for a moment, her lips slightly compressed. Then she walked across the room to Kenneth's side, and laid her hand on his arm. "Kenneth dear, will you try and be reasonable?" she begged. "We must get Roger away from here. He's making you impossible to live with. You know quite well he'll never move unless he's made to, and if neither you nor Tony will do anything about it it's up to me. I think you might be a little grateful, I must say."

"You're doing it for what you can get out of him," Kenneth said.

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Well, what if I am? Why shouldn't he do something for us? I don't want to be poor if you do."

He looked at her with narrowed eyes.

"Gold-digging, eh? Do you care for anything else, my girl? Do you?"

She stiffened. "I am not going to be spoken to like that, Kenneth. I'll go."

She reached the door, then turned, fixing her great eyes on his. He put down his palette suddenly, and strode across the floor to her side, and pulled her roughly into his arms. "Oh, hell! Damn you, you've no heart, but I'm going to paint you like that, against the door, with the light falling just so."

She returned his embrace, and took his face between her slender hands. "Try not to mistrust me, darling. It hurts."

"Leave Roger alone, then," he replied.

"Yes, dear, as soon as I've got him out of this place I will," she promised. "You can't really suppose that he's of any interest to me!"

He let the subject drop, but might well have pursued it more rigorously had he but heard what his step-brother was saying to Antonia at that very moment.

Roger, who said that the sight of Kenneth dabbling at a picture was very unrefined, had sought refuge in the kitchen, where he found Antonia busily engaged in ironing handkerchiefs. This was a hardly less disturbing sight than that of an artist at work, but it had the advantage of being unaccompanied by the smell of turpentine. Having ascertained that Murgatroyd had gone out to do the marketing, Roger sank into the basket chair by the fire, and lit a cigarette.

"That girl's here again," he said.

"Who? Violet?"

"She's going to find me a service flat."

"Good," said Antonia. "The sooner the better."

"Now, don't you get spiteful!" said Roger.

"Now about this Violet."

"What about her?"

"Well, I think it would be a good idea to get rid of her. I mean, do you want her joining the family?"

"Not particularly."

"Of course not. Who would? I know her type. When I haven't got anything else to do I think a lot, and, of course, it's quite obvious that she's not at all the sort of girl Kenneth ought to marry."

"How do you propose to stop him?"

"Well, said Roger, tipping the ash of his cigarette vaguely in the direction of the stove, "Kenneth seems to be a jealous young cub. Flies off the handle at nothing. My idea was that if I took Violet about a bit it might lead to the engagement being broken off."

"Now I've come into all this money," he continued, "I shall go about a bit here and there, and she's a very good sort of a girl to take around. What I mean is, she's smart, and she won't want me to think out what she'd like to eat. If there's one thing that wears me out quicker than anything it's having to choose a lot of food for someone else to eat. Besides, if she's supposed to be going to be my sister-in-law I shan't have to be polite. Not that I want to be rude, but I find ceremony very exhausting. And, talking of things being exhausting, they tell me I own the mine now."

"I thought it was a limited company."

"Yes, but I've got all Arnold's shares, which apparently gives me control. Of course I've nothing against holding the shares, but I'm not going to control the mine. It's absurd. I suppose Kenneth wouldn't like to be chairman?"

"I shouldn't think so," said Antonia indifferently. "But why worry? You may be arrested for murdering Arnold before you have to think about appointing chairmen."

ROGER blinked at her, and said unthinkingly: "I don't see why you need bring that up, just when I'd forgotten

about it. That's one reason why I shall be glad to get out of this place. I can't stand having that superintendent bobbing in and out like a dog at a fair. It's not my idea of comfort by any means. If he thinks he's going to treat my flat like his own house he's mistaken, and that's all there is to it."

Antonia put the iron back on the stove. "Giles wants to know why you can't live in Eaton Place," she observed.

"Because I don't want to be bothered with a great house like that, and a lot of servants worrying me to know whether I'll be in to lunch, and what I'd like to wear. Besides, if you run a pack of servants you have to look after them. I've already told Kenneth he can have Eaton Place, which is, of course, why Violet's so keen on fixing me up in a flat."

"One thing I will say for you, Roger," remarked Antonia, preparing to depart: "You may be an ass in some ways, but there aren't many flies on you. All the same, there aren't many on Violet either, so don't be too optimistic about cutting Kenneth out."

At this moment the door opened and Violet looked into the kitchen. "Oh, you are here!" she said. "I heard someone talking, so I thought it must be you two."

Antonia could not help wondering how much she had heard, and had the grace to blush. However, Violet was not paying any attention to her. She suggested to Roger that they should go out together to look at flats, and added, with a thoughtful glance at his suit, that she knew of a very good tailor if he had not already got one of his own.

Antonia seeing Roger go off meekly in Violet's wake, was more than ever convinced that she would be the very person for him to marry.

The events of the next few days did nothing to weaken this conviction. Not only was Roger installed in a furnished flat, but an entire wardrobe was purchased for him, so that Kenneth regained possession of his shirts and pyjamas, and Murgatroyd was induced to look upon Violet for the first time with approval.

Roger was so well pleased with his flat that he roused himself sufficiently to give a dinner-party as a sort of house-warming, and invited not only his step-brother and sister, but Violet and Giles as well. Disliking Mesurier, he did not invite him for comprehensive reasons which he was quite ready to expound to any and everybody.

MENTION of the party made Kenneth at once point out to him that his home-coming was no occasion for rejoicing for anyone but himself. He said that he had no intention of being present, but in the end he was present, not as a result of any persuasion on Roger's part, but because Violet had coaxed him into it. She was unusually kind to him throughout the evening, and paid so little heed to Roger that he became quite good-humored after a while, even enlisted Roger's support in an argument with Violet on the question of whether or not it was indecent to attend a public dance within a fortnight of Arnold's death. As this discussion was started in the restaurant which was attached to the flat, and conducted with a total disregard for whoever might overhear it, a good many shocked glances were cast at the Verekers' table, and one stickler for the proprieties spent the rest of the evening composing a letter of complaint to the landlord.

As might have been expected, Violet was firm in refusing to countenance the bare notion of appearing at the ball, which was to take place three days later. She said that there was such a thing as respect to the dead, and that, definitely, she wouldn't go; to which Kenneth replied that he had

no more respect for Arnold dead than he had for Arnold alive. "Besides, I paid thirty bob for the tickets, and I'm going to use them," he added, and turned to his sister. "Will you come, then, Tony?"

"She's dining with me, and going to a show," interposed Giles.

"I see. Thus evincing a proper respect for the dead." Giles laughed. "More or less. Will you come, Tony?"

"Yes, please," said Antonia. "Is it a party, or just us?"

"Of course it's not a party," said Kenneth. "Where's your sense of decency?"

"I've no doubt these little social conveniences seem absurd to you, dear," remarked Violet, "but Mr. Carrington is perfectly right. Going to a public ball and dining quietly with someone at a restaurant are two entirely different things."

"Why don't you all leave each other alone?" Roger interposed suddenly. "If Kenneth wants to go to a dance, why shouldn't he? And if Violet doesn't want to, that's her affair. I'll tell you what: you come and have dinner here with me, Violet."

This casual invitation produced a noticeable tension in two at least of the party. Antonia, thinking it a trifle crude, scowled at Roger, and Kenneth fixed Violet with a smouldering gaze awaiting her answer.

She excused herself gracefully, but failed to satisfy Kenneth, who harked back to the invitation on the way home, and informed her that in case she had any idea of spending the evening with Roger she could get rid of it immediately.

"Darling, how silly you are!" she sighed. "Of course, I'm not going to do any such thing! Didn't you hear me refuse?"

"I heard," Kenneth said rather grimly. "But it also transpired, my love, in the course of Roger's artless chatter, that you dined with him two nights ago—a circumstance hitherto unknown to me."

SHE colored slightly. "Oh, you mean the night you were out!" she said. "Well, what if I did? Tony apparently went off with Rudolph, and poor Roger was left alone in the flat. I merely took pity on him."

"You have a lovely nature, my sweet. I suppose it slipped your memory, which was why you forgot to tell me about it."

He sounded a little dangerous, and she at once stopped trying to argue with him and set herself to coax him out of his bitter mood. When they parted he had softened towards her, and she had said that perhaps she would go to the ball with him if he was so set on it. A quarrel was thus happily averted, but when at half-past six on the day of the ball she arrived at the studio and said gently that really she didn't think she could go after all because she had a bad headache, Kenneth looked her up and down for one minute and then strode over to the telephone and called Leslie Rivers' number.

Violet said nothing, but stood looking out of the window while Kenneth arranged to call for Leslie to take her out to dinner at a quarter to eight. Apparently Leslie had no scruples about attending the ball in his company, and it was with a glint of triumph in his eyes that Kenneth glanced towards his fiancée as he put down the receiver. "Go home and nurse your headache, darling," he said sweetly. "Or have you other plans? I'm sorry I can't spare the time to discuss them with you, but I'm going to have a bath and change."

Antonia, who had entered the room at the beginning of this scene, and had been a silent but critical audience of the whole, watched him go out, and then looked at Violet with a certain amount of contempt. "Well, you've mucked that pretty successfully," she observed. "I should have thought anyone with a grain of sense would have known better than to have tried to pull that trick on Kenneth."

"Would you?" said Violet smoothly. Giles arrived at seven o'clock to find Antonia standing in the middle of the room with Violet kneeling on the floor at her feet, mending a tear in the hem of her chiffon frock.

Antonia said penitently: "Oh, Giles, I'm so sorry to be late, but I had to dash off two letters, and then I went and stuck my heel through this accursed skirt. I shan't be a minute."

"If you'd only stand still!" begged Violet. "You've got some ink on your finger, too."

"I'll wash it off. Thanks, awfully, Violet. Could you also find a couple of stamps and stick them on my letters? Top drawer of my bureau, I think."

"Yes, I'll see to them," said Violet soothingly. "Hurry up and wash and get your cloak." She found the stamps after a little search, fixed them to the letters, and said with her slow smile, "Rather a miracle to find a stamp in this house. Tell Tony I've taken the letters and will post them on my way home, will you, Mr. Carrington?"

"You are not going to the ball?" Giles asked. "I thought—"

"No, I'm not going," she replied. "I shall spend a quiet evening at home instead. I hope you enjoy your theatre. Good night."

He escorted her to the front door and opened it for her. As he shut it again behind her, Antonia came out of her bedroom, her evening coat tumbled over her arm. He took it from her and helped her to put it on. "Violet has gone," he remarked. "I thought you told me she was going to the Albert Hall show after all?"

"Yes, but she changed her mind, and came to tell Kenneth so just now. So the balloon went up good and proper. Have you got my letters?"

"Violet took them."

"Oh, that's all right then. I've been writing a pretty thank-you letter to Roger."

"A what?" demanded Giles.

She grinned. "Yes, I thought you'd be surprised. But it had to be done. According to Rudolph, he drifted into the Shan Hills office this morning, and sent for Rudolph, and told him it was all right about cooking the accounts, and said he wasn't going to do anything about it. Rudolph rang me up at lunch time, and I must say I think it's extremely decent of Roger—particularly as he doesn't like Rudolph. And if only we can clear Rudolph of suspicion of having done Arnold in I can break off the engagement with a clear conscience," she added happily.

CHAPTER 18.

GILES CARRINGTON had just finished his breakfast next morning when the telephone rang, and his man came in after a short pause to say that Superintendent Hannasyde would like to speak to him.

Giles laid down his napkin, rose in a leisurely way to his feet, strolled out into the hall of his flat, and picked up the telephone receiver. "Hello!" he said. "Carrington speaking. What can I do for you? Very bright and early, aren't you?"

The superintendent's voice sounded unwontedly sharp. "I'm speaking from Scotland Yard. Roger Vereker is dead."

The lax smile was wiped from Giles Carrington's face. He said incredulously: "What? Say that again!"

"Roger-Vereker-is-dead," enunciated the superintendent with great clarity. "Good God! But how—where?"

"In his flat. I've only just had the news."

"But—you don't mean murdered, do you?"

"I don't know. The divisional inspector seems to think it's suicide. I'm going round immediately."

"I'll join you there," Giles said.

"Good, I hoped you would. We may want you," replied Hannasyde.

Roger Vereker's flat was in a new block erected between Queen's Gate and Exhibition Road. Giles Carrington arrived there shortly behind the superintendent. Nothing had been touched in the room as yet, and the first thing that met Giles' eyes as he entered was the figure of Roger Vereker, seated in a chair turned a little way from his desk. He had fallen forward; his head rested on the edge of the desk, and his right arm hung loosely down to the ground. An automatic pistol lay on the floor just under his hand, and there was an ugly wound in his right temple, from which the blood had run down his face and arm, to form a congealing pool on the pile carpet. The superintendent was listening to what a dapper inspector had to say.

He said: "You're quick. I've only just arrived myself. I'm afraid he's been dead some hours." He turned back to the inspector, and nodded to him to continue.

THE inspector had not much to tell. A maid-servant, whose duty it was to sweep and dust the flat before breakfast, had entered at seven o'clock, using a pass-key, and had been surprised to find the hall light still on. She had switched it off, concluding that it had been forgotten overnight, and had then noticed a streak of light under the sitting-room door. She had opened the door, and had found the room lit by electricity, all the curtains drawn, the ashes of a dead fire in the grate, and Roger Vereker dead in his chair. She had let fall her dustpan and brushes, and rushed screaming from the flat, downstairs, to sob out her discovery to the hall-porter.

The porter's first action had been to go upstairs and see for himself, but one glance had been enough to satisfy him that this was a case for the police, and before notifying the manager of the flats, who occupied a suite on the ground floor, he had rung up the police station, which, in turn, had phoned the divisional inspector.

"And though it looks like an ordinary suicide, Superintendent, I thought proper to advise you before going any further, knowing you are handling the other Vereker case," ended the inspector.

"Quite right," Hannasyde answered. He glanced down at the pistol, and then at the dead man, his lips slightly pursed. "We'll have a photograph, I think," he decided, and opened the door to give a brief order.

Sergeant Hemingway came in with the photographer, and went to stand beside Giles Carrington while the flashlight photograph was taken, and the dead man's body removed. "Looks like we knew who murdered Arnold Vereker, sir," he said cheerfully.

"It does, doesn't it?" agreed Giles.

The sergeant looked sharply up at him. "You don't think so, sir? Now why?"

"I didn't say so," replied Giles, his gaze resting for a moment on a meerschaum pipe lying on the mantelpiece.

"It fits together all right," argued the sergeant. "He knew we were on his track; guessed, maybe, we should break that alibi of his; lost his nerve, and put a bullet through his head. It fits; you can't say it doesn't, sir."

"No, it fits beautifully," said Giles.

"And still you don't like it. Would it be family feeling, sir, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

Giles shook his head. By this time the body had been taken out on a stretcher, and Superintendent Hannasyde, having got rid of the inspector, was looking thoughtfully at the desk. He turned for a moment, and said: "What do you make of this?"

"Obviously suicide," drawled Giles.

"H'm! I don't think much of you as a

detective. Nothing strikes you as being a little unusual?" He lifted an eyebrow. "Or does it, and are you hoping it doesn't strike me?"

Giles smiled. "Three things—at first glance."

"Three?" Hannasayde looked round the room. "Now, I only spotted two. This is interesting. There is first the glass of whisky and soda on the desk. I can readily imagine Roger Vereker drinking that prior to shooting himself. What I can't imagine is him pouring it out, and leaving it untouched. Secondly—though I don't know that it signifies much—is his position. It struck me so forcibly that I had that photograph taken. He was turned away from his desk. Take a look at the angle of the chair; why had he shifted it? If he sat at his desk, presumably he had been writing. But he could not have written at it seated almost sideways."

"That's right," agreed the sergeant. "You mean he pulled the chair round a bit to talk to someone else in the room?"

"I think he might have done so," Hannasayde took out his handkerchief, and with it opened the leather blotter on the desk. A sheet of notepaper lay in it. He picked it up, read it, and handed it to Giles. "Well," he said.

THE letter, written in Roger's untidy scrawl, was dated the day before, and was unfinished.

"Dear Sirs," it began. "Enclosed please find cheque for £15/6/3, in payment of your account herewith. I should be glad if you would send me—"

There the brief note ended.

"Interrupted," said the sergeant, in his turn reading the note. "Stands to reason he wouldn't want anything sent him if he meant to commit suicide. Something might have happened to make him do it after the interruption, of course. You can't tell. But certainly he was interrupted. Say, there's a ring at the door-bell. Super. He slips the letter into his blotter—or not; he has the blotter open, writing in it. All he does is to close it while he goes to see who's at the door. Sort of instinctive movement. If you follow me."

"Yes, something like that," Hannasayde said. "But we haven't heard Mr. Carrington's third point yet."

Giles, whose good-humored countenance had grown rather grim, said:

"Are you a pistol-shot, Hannasayde?"

"No, I can't say I am."

"So I should suppose. Your expert won't like that." He pointed to the ground at his feet, where, half hidden in the shaggy hearthrug, a cartridge case gleamed.

Both men looked down. "Yes, I'd already seen it," Hannasayde said. "It's in the wrong place? Is that it?"

"That's it," nodded Giles. "If Roger Vereker, seated in that chair, put the pistol to his right temple and pulled the trigger, the empty cartridge case ought to be somewhere between the desk and the window, not here, by the fire." He lit a cigarette, and flicked the dead match behind him, into the grate. His eyes measured the distance between himself and the chair by the desk. "I think, when the autopsy takes place, you will find that the pistol was not held quite so close to the head," he remarked.

"Thanks," said Hannasayde. His eyes narrowed suddenly, looking at something beyond Giles. "Was your cousin a pipe-smoker?"

"I don't think so."

Hannasayde stepped forward and looked more closely at the pipe on the mantelpiece. "A meerschaum, colored more on one side than the other," he said. "I fancy I have seen it before."

"Possibly," said Giles. "It belongs to Kenneth. But I shouldn't build on it as a clue. Kenneth was one of a party held at this flat three—four evenings ago."

"Wouldn't he miss his pipe?" inquired the sergeant. "I'd miss a pipe of mine quick enough. The dottle's in it still, what's more. You'd expect Roger Vereker to have seen it, and knocked it out, and sent the pipe back to his brother."

"On the contrary," said Giles, "I shouldn't expect Roger to do anything so energetic."

"You are probably right," said Hannasayde, "but a little of the ash has fallen out of the pipe, as you see. Would you not expect the housemaid who cleans this flat to have dusted them away?"

"It depends on the housemaid," answered Giles.

HANNASAYDE picked the pipe up and slipped it into his pocket. "I'll see the hall porter, Hemingway," he said. "Ask him to come up, will you?"

Giles was ruminating. "Of course," he said at length, "you never know with a man who drinks as much as Roger did. That cartridge-case is the thing. I think it argues an unaccustomed hand. Had I done this, for instance, I should have looked carefully for that case after firing the shot."

"People don't always keep their heads under such circumstances. If they did, there would be more unsolved mysteries."

"True, but didn't we decide some time ago that the murderer in this case must have been a very cool customer?"

"Assuming the murderer of Arnold Vereker to have been one and the same person," said Hannasayde, a little ruefully. "I haven't much doubt of that, myself, but whether I shall ever prove it is another matter."

"How long did the police surgeon think my cousin had been dead?"

"According to Inspector Davies, at least seven or eight hours, and possibly more," replied the superintendent. "He saw the body at about 7.45 this morning. I understand."

He turned as Sergeant Hemingway came back into the room escorting the hall porter, and said in his pleasant way: "Good morning. You are the porter here?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, looking rather fearfully round the room. "Leastways, the night porter, more properly speaking."

"What is your name?"

"Fletcher, sir. Henry George Fletcher."

The sergeant interpolated: "I've got the name and the address, Superintendent."

"All right. What time do you come on duty, Fletcher?"

"At 8 p.m., sir, and go off the same a.m."

"My room is on the ground floor."

"Small room. I thought," said the sergeant. "Draughty, I daresay."

"It is that," agreed the porter.

"Sit with the door shut?"

"There isn't anything against it, not in my orders," said Fletcher defensively. "If I'm wanted I'm rung for, and I'd hear the lift working, door or no door. I can keep my eye on things with it shut on account of the upper part being glass, like you saw."

Hannasayde said: "I take it you didn't hear anything that might have been a shot last night?"

"No, sir, else I would have up and said at once. But we're close to the Exhibition Road, and there was a lot of cars went down it last night on account of a big do they had at the Albert Hall. Charity ball, I believe it was. One way and another, there was a bit more than usual, though not in this building, that I'll swear."

"I see. Is your main front door open all night, or do you shut it?"

"Not till midnight, I don't."

"But you do shut it, then?"

"Yes, sir. Them's my orders."

"So that anyone entering the building after twelve would be obliged to ring for you to let them in?"

"That's right, sir."

"Did anyone come in late last night?"

"Oh yes sir! Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley of No. 15 they did. Then there was Sir George and Lady Fairfax and the two young ladies what was all at this ball I was telling you about; and Mr. Humphries of No. 6 he was out late too; and Mrs. Muskett of No. 9; and Miss—"

"These are all residents I take it? You didn't admit any visitors after twelve?"

"No sir. Well I wouldn't hardly expect to not at that hour."

"And before twelve do you remember whether you saw any stranger enter the building?"

THE porter rubbed his chin. "Well, it's a bit hard to say, if you understand me," he confided. "Of course, if I was to see anyone hanging about suspicious-like I should be on to them quick enough, but there's twenty flats here, sir, and people coming in and out a good bit. If anyone passes my door I take a look, naturally, but I wouldn't always like to swear who it was, not if they go straight past to the lift, or the stairs. For instance, there was a couple of ladies went up last night, and three gentlemen to my certain knowledge. I fancy the first lady was Miss Matthews, but I only saw her hat, it being all on the side of her head like they wear them now. She must have come in about 8.30 or thereabouts. The other one came in soon after eleven, but I didn't get more than a glimpse at her. I never saw her go out again, so I expect it was Miss Turner, Mrs. Delaford's personal maid, come home a bit late. Then there was a gentleman went up in the lift to the fourth or fifth floor. He was a stranger all right, because he came down again about 11.5, and had me call him a taxi. Tall, military gentleman, he was. The second gentleman wanted Admiral Craven's flat, and I took him up. I didn't see the other, not properly. He must have come in about half-past ten by my reckoning, but he went up on his own, not using the lift. I rather thought it was young Mr. Muskett, because he was wearing one of those black felt hats which Mr. Muskett does with his evening clothes, but now you put me in mind of it I wouldn't wonder if it wasn't him at all, on account of Mr. Muskett's flat being on the third floor and him not being one to walk up when there's a lift."

"Did you see him leave the building?" Hannasayde asked.

"Well, I can't rightly say as how I did," confessed the porter.

"And are you sure that these were the only people who might have been strangers who came in last night?"

"I wouldn't say that," replied the porter cautiously. "Not to take my oath on it, that is."

"Is there anyone in the flat above this?"

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Muskett, what was out late, too. Well, when I say late, half-past twelve it would have been when she came in. But if you was thinking she might have heard the shot I wouldn't like to say she would. These flats is built sound-proof."

"I'll go up and see her all the same," Hannasayde said. "You needn't wait; I expect you want to get home."

"Well, it is past my time," agreed the porter. "Of course, if there's anything I can do—"

The porter left, Hannasayde going with him to interrogate the occupant of the flat above. Giles occupied himself watching the sergeant at work testing for finger-prints. When the superintendent returned he glanced towards Giles.

"Sorry to keep you hanging about like this," he apologised. "I'm going to Chelsea now. There's no reason for you to come if you don't want to, you know."

"I'm coming, if only to see fair play," said Giles. "Any luck with the Muskett?"

"Rather dubious. One thing I have ascertained: The man the porter saw was not young Muskett. He came in at 8.30 last

night, and didn't go out again. Somewhere round about eleven he heard a noise which he thought was a car back-firing. The trouble is, it may well have been. He turned to Hemingway. "I'm leaving you here, Sergeant; you know what to do. I'll see you at the Yard. If you're ready, Mr. Carrington, let's go."

CHAPTER 19.

THE journey to Chelsea was accomplished in Giles Carrington's car. The superintendent cast a quick look at his face as he settled down beside him, and said: "I'm afraid this is rather a nasty case for you, Mr. Carrington."

"It's a very nasty case, indeed," said Giles calmly. "Not particularly for me." He changed into second gear, and then into top. "I see whither your thoughts are tending, of course, but you'll hardly expect me to believe that a cousin—or, to be strictly accurate—a connection of mine, would be capable of committing so cold-blooded a murder."

The superintendent was silent. After a moment Giles added with a faint smile: "Moreover, I hardly think he would have overlooked the cartridge-case."

They had come to a crossing, and the traffic lights were against them. Not until the car had moved forward again did Giles Carrington speak. Then he said, with a smile: "I told you I was going to take a hand, didn't I?"

"Well, if anything has occurred to you, let me have it," said Hannasyde placably.

"Two possibilities have occurred to me, but both are so wildly improbable that I think I won't bother you with them," replied Giles. "One is obvious enough for you to have thought of for yourself—"

Hannasyde gave a chuckle. "Thank you!"

"Sorry, I didn't mean it quite like that. The other—" he paused—"the other, as far as I know, has absolutely nothing to support it. I'll see if I can find something."

"It doesn't sound very promising," said Hannasyde, rather amused. "But by all means go ahead with it."

In another few minutes they had arrived at the studio. Giles ran his car a little way down the mews, and followed Hannasyde up the stairs to the door of the flat.

It was opened to them by Murgatroyd, who exclaimed: "What, again?" in tones of deep disgust. "Well, one thing's certain: you can't go worrying my young lady and gentleman now. They're having breakfast. Good-morning, Mr. Giles."

"Having breakfast, Murgatroyd?" Giles said. "Do you know it's nearly eleven?"

"Yes, and it was nearly five before Mr. Kenneth and Miss Leslie came back from that dance," said Murgatroyd grimly.

"Well, I'm sorry, but Superintendent Hannasyde is a busy man. Mr. Kenneth will have to be disturbed."

"If you say so, sir," conceded Murgatroyd disapprovingly, and stood back. "Not but I doubt whether Miss Leslie's dressed to receive company, but I'll see."

"Miss Leslie? Is she here?"

"Oh yes, she's here, and has been all night—what there was left of it by the time Mr. Kenneth brought her back," replied Murgatroyd. "What must she do but leave her latchkey behind, so sooner than knock up her landlady she wakes Miss Tony, and gets into her bed." She opened the door into the studio as she spoke, and looked in. "Here's Mr. Giles with that superintendent, Miss Tony. Will I let them in, or not?"

"Oh, my God, at this hour!" groaned Kenneth. "Say we're out."

"No, don't. Of course they can come in," said Antonia. "You don't mind, do you, Leslie? Hello, Giles! Good-morning, Superintendent. Have some coffee! What's the matter?"

"I'm afraid something very serious, Tony. Roger is dead—shot."

There was a moment's frozen silence. Then Antonia gasped out: "Gosh!"

Kenneth, who had staved his coffee-cup half-way to his mouth, blinked again, and drank with a good deal of deliberation. Then he set the cup down in the saucer, wiped his lips with his napkin, and said coolly: "If true, slightly redundant. Is it true, by any chance?"

"Perfectly true, Mr. Vereker," said Hannasyde, watching him.

It struck Giles, also watching, that Kenneth's control over his features was almost too perfect. There was a suggestion of rigidity about his mouth, a curiously blank look in his eyes. They travelled from Giles' face to Hannasyde's. Then Kenneth picked up his cup and saucer, and handed it to Antonia. "More coffee, please," he said. "How my fortunes do fluctuate!"

"You don't seem to be greatly surprised, Mr. Vereker."

"I should hate you to know how very greatly surprised I am, my friend—the superintendent. You did say shot, didn't you? What does that mean? Suicide?"

"That or murder," said Hannasyde. The word, uttered so baldly, had an ugly sound, and made Leslie Rivers shiver involuntarily.

"Let's stick to suicide," suggested Kenneth. "It's more likely."

"Do you think so? Why?"

"Obvious inference. He killed Arnold, thought you were on to him, lost his nerve, and pulled the trigger. Violet said he had the wind up."

"Did she?" It was Giles who spoke. "What made her think that?"

"I didn't ask."

LESLIE said in rather a strained voice: "He must have had the wind up. I thought so myself."

"Well, I never saw any signs of it," said Antonia flatly.

Leslie looked steadily at her. "Oh yes, Tony! He often had a sort of scared expression in his eyes."

"That was only because he thought you'd like to murder him," replied Antonia irrepressibly. "He said you—"

She broke off, flushing scarlet. "Oh Lord, what on earth am I saying? It was only a joke, of course! He didn't really think so!"

"No, I should hardly suppose he did," said Leslie quietly. "I can't say I liked him much, but I hadn't any desire to murder him. However, perhaps it's just as well that I've got an alibi." She turned to Hannasyde, and smiled. "I was with Mr. Kenneth Vereker last night, from a quarter to eight onwards. We had dinner together at the Carlton, and went on from there to the Albert Hall, where we danced till after four o'clock. Then we came back here."

"Were you together the entire evening, Miss Rivers?"

"Yes, of course," she answered.

Kenneth's eyes went swiftly to her face with a look in them hard to read.

"Did you go to the ball alone, or in a party?" asked Hannasyde.

It seemed to Giles that she hesitated for a moment. "We joined a party," she said.

"How many were in it?"

"About a dozen, all told," said Kenneth.

"We shared a box."

"And you naturally danced with other members of the party besides Miss Rivers?"

"Naturally," concurred Kenneth.

"But we always met in the box again after each dance," Leslie struck in. "I don't think we lost sight of each other for more than five minutes at a time the whole night, did we, Kenneth?"

"No," said Kenneth, slowly. "Probably not."

Giles thought, with a sinking heart:

That's a lie. And Kenneth isn't doing it well.

"You didn't leave the Albert Hall during the course of the dance, Mr. Vereker?"

"No."

There was a pause. Hannasyde put his hand in his pocket, and drew out the meerschaum pipe. "Have you ever seen that before?" he asked.

Kenneth looked at it, then held out his hand. Hannasyde put the pipe into it. Kenneth inspected it more closely, and gave it back. "Many times. It belongs to me."

"I found it upon the mantelpiece in your step-brother's flat, Mr. Vereker."

"Did you?" said Kenneth. "I must have left it there."

"When?"

"Two or three nights ago. I was dining there."

"You haven't missed it?"

"No," said Kenneth indifferently. "I don't always smoke the same pipe."

"A meerschaum is usually a somewhat cherished possession," Hannasyde said. "I, too, am a pipe-smoker, you know."

"You may be, but you're not a Vereker," returned Kenneth, the ghost of an implish look in his eyes. He pushed his plate aside, and set his elbows on the table. "And now may I ask a few questions?"

"In a moment, Mr. Vereker. I want you first to tell me the names of the other members in your party last night."

"You are going to have a busy day," remarked Kenneth. "Leslie, who was in our party?"

Assisting each other they managed to give the superintendent a list of the party.

"Don't forget the copper-headed wench," ended Kenneth, getting up and strolling over to the fireplace. "She came with Tommy, and appeared to regret it." He selected a pipe from the rack on the mantelpiece and began to fill it from an earthenware jar of tobacco. By the time it was alight the superintendent was jotting down the last name in his notebook. Kenneth puffed for a moment, and then said: "And now, if you've no objection, when did my step-brother shoot himself?"

"Your step-brother, Mr. Vereker, was shot some time last night—probably before midnight, but on that point I have as yet no certain information."

"And the weapon?"

"The weapon was a Colt's .32 automatic pistol."

KENNETH'S brows lifted.

"It was, was it? Where's your gun, Tony?"

She looked startled, saw the hint of a frown in Giles Carrington's eyes, and said jerkily: "What are you driving at? I didn't shoot Roger!"

"Nobody said you did, my child. Where is it?"

"In the top left-hand drawer of my bureau."

He moved towards the bureau. "I'm willing to bet it isn't."

"Well, this time you'd lose," retorted Antonia. "I happen to know it's there, because I had it out and filed it that day we spring-cleaned this room."

Kenneth opened the drawer, and turned over the papers in it. "I win," he said. "Think again."

"But I know I put it there!" said Antonia, growing rather pale. "Under the used cheques. Leslie, you were here: don't you remember?"

"I remember you oiling it, but I don't think I saw you put it away," said Leslie. "Try the right-hand drawer, Kenneth."

"Not there, either," said Kenneth.

"I am utterly positive I put it in the left-hand drawer," stated Antonia. She got up and went to the bureau, and turned the contents of the drawer upside down. Then she said in rather a frightened voice: "No, it isn't there. Someone's taken it."

"You're quite sure you didn't move it later, and forget about it?" Giles asked.

"Yes. It always lives in my bureau. I'll look, but I know I never moved it."
"I shouldn't bother," said Kenneth.
Hannasyde said quietly: "Did anyone other than your brother and Miss Rivers know where you kept your pistol, Miss Vereker?"

"Oh, yes, lots of people!"
"Do you think your step-brother knew, Miss Vereker?"

She reflected. "Roger? I should think he must have found out, because he told me himself he'd been through my bureau to see if I kept any money there. Kenneth, is that what you're driving at? Do you think Roger took it?"

"Yes, of course I do," replied Kenneth. "My friend-the superintendent, on the other hand, thinks I took it."

Hannasyde paid no heed to this, but merely asked Antonia if she knew the number of the pistol.

"On your licence, Tony," prompted Giles. "Can you lay your hand on that?"

"It's sure to be somewhere in my desk," she said hopefully.

Exhaustive search, in which she was aided by Kenneth, Giles, and Leslie Rivers, at last brought the arms licence to light. She gave it triumphantly to Hannasyde, apologising at the same time for its somewhat discoloured appearance. She said that dogs got hold of it once when Juno was a puppy.

Hannasyde noted down the number of the pistol, gave her back the licence, and prepared to depart. Kenneth stopped him. "How serious are you in thinking that this may not have been suicide, friend Superintendent?" he demanded.

"You have reminded me myself that I am not a Vereker," replied Hannasyde. "I don't joke on such matters."

"Some reason up your sleeve for thinking it murder?"

"Yes," said Hannasyde. "Several reasons. Is there anything else you would like to know?"

"Certainly there is," answered Kenneth, a trifle unexpectedly. "I want very much to know who, after me, is the next heir." His words produced a surprised silence. Hannasyde broke it. "That is hardly my province," he said.

"I hate to contradict you," said Kenneth, "but it is very much your province. If this was murder, I look like being the next victim. And, frankly, I don't fancy myself in the part. I want police protection, please."

CHAPTER 20.

THE superintendent looked at him for a moment under slightly frowning brows. It was Antonia who spoke. "But aren't I the next heir?" she asked.

"Giles, aren't I?"

"I'm not sure, Tony. Your father didn't visualise the deaths of all three sons when he made his will. You may be."

"What of it?" said Kenneth blandly. Antonia said with feeling: "You beast, Kenneth!"

"If you are serious in wanting police protection no doubt you will get it upon application to the proper quarter," said Hannasyde. "Meanwhile I should like to see your maid—Murgatroyd—please."

"That ought to be good value," observed Kenneth, and lounged over to the door and called Murgatroyd.

She came at once, and upon being told that the superintendent wanted to speak to her sat down and confronted him with undisguised hostility in her eyes. "Well?" she said. "No need to tell me something's happened. I can see that."

"You'd never guess what, though," said Kenneth. "Roger's dead. And, needless to say," he added, "the police think I did it."

This brought her up out of the chair with a bounce. "Oh, they do, do they? Well, let me tell you," she said, rounding upon Hannasyde, "that Mr. Kenneth was

at a dance all last night, as Miss Rivers here can swear to!"

"That isn't what I want to know," said Hannasyde quietly. "I want you to tell me where you were."

"At the pictures," she replied.

"And afterwards?"

"Straight back here, where I was when Miss Tony came in."

"What time did you get back?"

"Twenty minutes past eleven. You can ask Mr. Peters if you like—you'll find him further down the news. He owns the lock-up garages, and he saw me come in and asked me what the picture was like. Which I told him."

There was nothing more to be got out of her. Hannasyde let her go, and in a few minutes had left the flat himself.

FOR some moments after the front door had shut behind the superintendent no one spoke. It was Murgatroyd, recovered from the shock of the news, and coming back into the room, who broke the silence. "I've got my vegetables to do," she said presumptuously, "let me do all this washing up, so it stands to reason I can't waste time talking. You'd better come and give me a hand, Miss Tony. You won't do any good sitting there looking scared. It's a nasty set-out, and no mistake, but brooding won't mend matters."

Antonia looked at Giles. "Giles, it's all getting so beastly," she said. "I didn't mind about Arnold, but I hate this! Kenneth—you were at the Albert Hall the whole night, weren't you?"

"God bless the girl, now she thinks I did it!"

Giles said, watching Kenneth: "You lied badly. You were in Roger's flat last night, weren't you?"

"He wasn't! I tell you he never left the hall!" Leslie struck in fiercely.

Giles paid no heed to her, but kept his eyes on Kenneth's face. Kenneth met that look challengingly. "Why should I have been in Roger's flat? Can you think of any reason?"

"Yes," said Giles. "I can."

Kenneth's lip curled. "I see. Murder. You're wrong."

"Not murder. Jealousy."

A flush crept into Kenneth's lean cheeks. "Again you're wrong."

"Very well, what was the reason?"

"You've already heard me say that I didn't leave the Albert Hall until past four."

"Is that statement likely to be corroborated by the other members of your party? Miss Rivers gave that alibi, not you. I was watching you: you weren't expecting it. I think you nearly denied it."

"Why don't you join the police force?" inquired Kenneth. "You've missed your vocation."

Giles got up. "You young fool, can't you see what a tight corner you're in?" he said. "Lie to Hannasyde if you must, but if you lie to me you can look for another lawyer. I won't touch your case."

"As you wish," Kenneth said. "Don't throw him over, Giles!" Antonia begged, a catch in her voice. "Please, please don't desert us!"

His face softened; he said more gently: "I shan't do that, Tony. But I can't handle a case where I'm kept in the dark."

"All very moving," remarked Kenneth.

"So far I haven't asked you to handle my case. Supposing someone in my party did lose sight of me for half an hour? Have you ever danced at the Albert Hall? It's a jargish sort of place, you know."

They could get no more out of him than that. He walked up and down the studio, his hands in his pockets and his pipe clenched between his teeth. "It's possible they may arrest me," he said, frowning.

Giles, who had been looking in the telephone book, having apparently found what he was looking for, shut the directory and laid it down. "Think it over," he advised.

"And don't overlook the fact that no one has so strong a motive as you for murdering Arnold and then Roger. I'm going now, but if you come to your senses, ring me up!"

"What, with a full confession?" asked Kenneth.

GILES did not answer. Antonia went out with him, and at the front door detained him for a few moments. "Giles, it's getting worse. I'm dead sure he was with Roger last night. What will happen if they find it out?"

He took her hands, and held them comfortingly. "Don't worry, chicken. I don't believe Kenneth did it any more than you do." He smiled down at her. "Here's one cheering thought for you at least: Murderer looks like being cleared of all suspicion."

"Oh, him!" said Antonia. "I'd forgotten about him. He's fed-up with me, by the way. Not that I blame him. I don't think I'll get engaged any more. It doesn't seem to lead anywhere."

"It will next time," said Giles. "That I promise you." He gave her hands a quick squeeze, released them, and ran down the stairs to his car.

Five minutes later he drew up outside a house in a street leading up from the Embankment. It had been converted into two maisonnettes, the one on the ground and first floor having Violet Williams' name on a brass plate beside the door.

He rang the bell, and was presently admitted by a middle-aged woman in a dirty overall. Her method of announcing him was to call out: "Oh, Miss Williams, here's somebody to see you!"

Violet came out of a room at the front of the house. She gave an exclamation of surprise at seeing Giles. "Why, Mr. Carrington! I'd no idea—I do come in!"

He followed her inside, and said: "I hope I'm not disturbing you. You look as though you were busy."

"Of course not. Won't you sit down?" She picked up a cigarette-box from a low table by the fireplace and offered it to him. "Don't think me terribly rude," she said, smiling, "but what on earth do you want to see me about?"

He struck a match and held it to the cigarette she had taken from the box. "I'm hoping you will be able to induce Kenneth to behave sensibly," he answered.

She laughed. "Oh, I'm afraid he's impossible! What has he been up to?"

"I wish I knew, Miss Williams. You see, something rather shocking has happened. Roger Vereker has been found shot in his flat."

She gave a start. "Mr. Carrington! Oh, no!"

"I'm afraid it is quite true," he said gravely.

She put a hand over her eyes. "How awful! Poor, poor Roger! I never dreamed he was feeling it all so badly as that. I knew he was on edge, of course, but that he would actually—Oh, it doesn't bear thinking about!"

"Was he in a very nervous state?" Giles asked. "I believe you saw more of him than anyone—you would probably know."

"Yes, he was," she answered. "He had it fixed in his mind that the police were hounding him down. I was saying so to Kenneth only the other day. He didn't see it—or wouldn't see it—but, then, Kenneth isn't always very observant." She let her hand fall. "But that he should actually have taken his own life—I can't get over it!"

"I don't think he did take his own life, Miss Williams."

SHE turned very pale.

"You mean—oh, impossible!"

She was silent for a moment then, still very white, her eyes fixed on the glowing end of her cigarette. She raised them presently and said: "But, whatever hap-

opened, no one can suspect Kenneth of having had anything to do with it. He was at the Albert Hall last night with Leslie Rivers."

"He was at the Albert Hall, I know," agreed Giles. "But the Albert Hall is not five minutes' walk from Roger's flat, Miss Williams. Nor are the police at all satisfied that he didn't leave the dance for a time during the course of the evening. In fact, though he won't admit it, I am pretty sure that not only did he leave the dance, but he also called on Roger."

"I'm sure he didn't!" she said quickly. "Why should he? There could be no reason for doing such a stupid thing!"

He hesitated. "I think there was a reason," he answered. "May I speak quite frankly?"

"Oh, please do!"

"Well, Miss Williams, Kenneth has—as you probably know—a very jealous temperament. Do you remember that on the evening when we all dined with Roger he invited you to dine with him again on the night of the ball?"

She said rather coldly: "Yes, certainly I remember that, but it was merely a joke."

"It is just possible that Kenneth took it seriously," Giles said.

"Really, I think that is a little too ridiculous!" she said, half laughing. "Why do you assume that he was at Roger's flat last night? Does he admit it?"

"No. But we found his pipe, with the ash in it, on the mantelpiece in Roger's sitting-room," he replied.

"His pipe—?" She looked at him with an expression of incredulous horror in her eyes. "But it's impossible! I don't believe it! What time was Kenneth in the flat? What was he doing there?"

"That is precisely what I, as his legal adviser, want to find out," said Giles. "According to Miss Rivers, he was never out of her sight the entire evening. Superintendent Hannassey has only to question the other members of the party to find out whether that is true or not. If—as I am very much afraid—it is not true, Kenneth will be in an extremely dangerous position. And since he has this bee in his bonnet that he's capable of handling his own case without assistance, I can't do anything to help him."

"But why do you come to me?" she interrupted. "What has it got to do with me? What can I do about it?"

"I hope very much that you will exert your influence to make him see sense," replied Giles. "He doesn't realise how serious the situation is, nor how essential it is that I at least should know the truth about his movements last night."

SHE struck her hands together, as though exasperated. "He's a fool!" she said. "Why on earth should he elect to call on Roger last night? What took him there? It's utterly mad!"

"There is one all too obvious reason, Miss Williams," said Giles. "He is, as I said, an extremely jealous young man, and we know that he resented from the outset any friendliness on your part towards Roger. Last night—at the eleventh hour—you cried off that dance, didn't you?"

"I never definitely said I'd go with him," she answered. "I always disapproved of it, and hoped he'd give it up."

"Quite. But you did allow him to think that you might go with him after all, didn't you?"

"Oh, to avert a scene—! But I didn't promise."

"At any rate your last-minute refusal made him very angry," said Giles. "Now, I know what Kenneth is like when he's roused. I think that he lashed himself into suspecting that you had cried off the dance so that you could spend the evening with Roger. That may have been why he called on Roger—just to assure himself that you were not at the flat."

"I never heard of anything so insult-

ing!" she said, stiffening. "I in Roger's flat at that hour? It may interest him to know that—so far from being with Roger I was at home the entire evening! And if he doesn't believe me you may tell him to apply to Miss Summerton, who came to dinner with me and stayed till eleven, when I went to bed!"

"I don't suppose that, in his cooler moments, Kenneth would dream of suspecting you," said Giles in his calm way. "And if he went to Roger's flat he must know that you weren't there, mustn't he?"

She was silent, her lovely mouth compressed into a thin red line. She sat very straight in her chair, one hand clenched on the arm. There was an air of implacability about her, and the unconscious hardening of her face made her beauty seem a brittle thing, surface-deep.

She turned her head presently, and looked directly at Giles. "You're thinking that I'm stupidly annoyed!" she said. "Well, I am rather annoyed, but that doesn't matter. I mean, it's so much more important to get Kenneth out of this dreadful mess. Personally, I have an absolute conviction that it was suicide. I don't know what your reasons are for thinking it wasn't, but I keep remembering things Roger said. I didn't set any store by them at the time—at least not enough to foresee this—but now that I look back I can't help feeling that I ought to have guessed. Only I don't know what I could have done, quite, if I had. I did speak to Kenneth about it, but he paid no heed."

"It wasn't suicide, Miss Williams."

She frowned. "I don't see how you can say that so positively. Why wasn't it?"

"I don't think you'd be much the wiser if I explained," he answered. "It is a question of where the empty cartridge-case should have been found. Moreover, I can't for the life of me see what could have induced Roger to shoot himself when he must have known that there was no evidence against him. He was no fool."

"Technicalities about pistols are beyond me, I'm afraid. Where ought the empty case to have been found?"

"In quite a different place," he replied. "There were other points, too—minor ones, but significant."

"I see. But they can't prove Kenneth did it. He might have left his pipe there any time, and if Leslie sticks to her story—"

"Well," Giles said, getting up, "I hope so, but he's being just as impossible now, Miss Williams."

She, too, rose. "Yes, I quite see. I'll go round to the studio at once, and talk to him. Of course he must take you into his confidence. I shall tell him so, and I expect he'll call on you at your office."

"Thank you," said Giles. "I hope he will."

CHAPTER 21.

FROM Violet's maisonette Giles drove to Adam Street, where he found his father upon the point of going out to lunch. Mr. Charles Carrington looked him over, grunted at him, and when he had heard of the tragedy, said that Giles had better come to lunch, too. "Heaven knows I don't want to hear anything about this disgusting affair," he said irritably, "but, of course, I shall have to. What's more, your mother's anxious. Says Kenneth isn't capable of murder. What was that red-headed little minx, Tony, up to last night?"

"She was with me," replied Giles.

"The devil she was! So your mother was—what were you doing, the pair of you?"

"Dinner and theatre," said Giles. "And mother was quite right. She usually is."

Charles Carrington coughed, and changed the subject rather hastily.

Giles did not spend much of the afternoon in Adam Street. At four o'clock he

put a call through to Scotland Yard, and having ascertained that Superintendent Hannassey was in the building left his office and drove to Whitehall. The news of Roger Versker's death was in the evening papers, and several glaring posters announced a startling sequel to the Stocks Mystery.

AT Scotland Yard, Giles was conducted almost immediately to Hannassey's office, where he found not only the superintendent, but Sergeant Hemmingsway as well.

"I rather expected you to look in," Hannassey said. "Sit down, won't you? I've just had the report on the P.M. You were quite right, Mr. Carrington. Dr. Soura considers that the pistol must have been fired from a distance of about two feet."

"When, in his opinion, did death occur?" Giles asked.

The superintendent glanced down the typewritten report. "Always rather a difficult question," he said. "Approximately, between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m."

"Thanks. Was anything found in the flat?"

"Nothing useful." He paused and looked squarely at Giles. "You may as well know it now as later, Mr. Carrington: the evidence of the other members of that party at the Albert Hall does not bear out the story told me by Miss Rivers and Mr. Versker. As a matter of fact, I was on the point of going to the studio when you rang up."

Giles nodded. "I see. I'll come along, if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind," said Hannassey. "I've no power to stop you if I did. It'll probably save time if you come, as I imagine Mr. Vereker would be quite likely to refuse to talk until he'd consulted you—if only to annoy."

Kenneth, however, when they found him a little while later at his studio, seemed to be in one of his more cheerful moods, and showed no desire to be obstructive.

His sister was present, and also Violet Williams and Leslie Rivers. It was evident that they had foregathered to discuss the situation, and equally evident that Kenneth himself was paying very little heed to what they were saying. Giles and Hannassey entered the studio to discover him sketching idly on his knee. He looked up as the door opened, and said: "I thought as much. A lantern!"

Antonia betrayed neither surprise nor dismay at the superintendent's arrival, but the other two girls looked a trifle startled. Leslie threw a swift, anxious look at Kenneth, and seemed to stiffen herself.

Kenneth continued to sketch. "Come in and make yourselves at home," he invited. "I won't say I'm pleased to see you, because that wouldn't be true."

"You don't always stick so rigidly to the truth, I think, Mr. Vereker," said Hannassey, closing the door behind him.

Kenneth smiled. "Nearly always. Sometimes I get led astray, I admit. Tell me the worst."

Three of the other members of your party last night state that for about half an hour you were missing from the ballroom," said Hannassey, without beating about the bush.

Kenneth looked up from his sketch. His eyes were narrowed and keen, but they were focused not on Hannassey but on Leslie Rivers.

"You're rather a nice-shaped head, Leslie," he remarked. "Don't move! Sorry, my friend—the superintendent. Anything else?"

"To be missing from the ballroom at a dance for half an hour is not unusual," said Leslie. "One sits out occasionally, Superintendent."

"Quite," said Hannassey. "But am I not right, Mr. Vereker, in saying that you left the Albert Hall by the main entrance

at twenty minutes past ten, and returned just before eleven."

"Pausing on both occasions to exchange a few words with the commissaire," added Kenneth, still at work on his sketch. "Thus doing what I could to stamp myself on his memory. The question which is worrying you at the moment is, of course, am I diabolically cunning, or incredibly stupid?"

"Don't pay any attention to him!" Leslie said quickly. "This is all nonsense—every word of it! He didn't leave the Albert Hall until we came away after four o'clock, together."

Kenneth tossed the sketch aside. "My dear girl, do, do dry up! I'm sick of this involved story, anyway, but don't you realise that at any moment now my friend-the-superintendent is going to produce that commissaire out of his hat to identify me?"

The superintendent looked at him under his brows. "What sort of a hat were you wearing last night, Mr. Vereker?"

Kenneth smiled. "Unworthy of you, my friend. Didn't your commissaire tell you?"

"I asked you."

"Don't answer!" Leslie said, gripping her fingers together in her lap.

Violet's cool, well-modulated voice interrupted. "Really, Leslie, you are making yourself positively ridiculous. You had much better keep quiet, if you don't mind my saying so. You seem to me to have done quite enough harm already."

Kenneth said: "Leave the kid alone, Violet. If she's misquoting at least it's with the best intentions."

"Oh, certainly, my dear!" Violet said silkily. "But her anxiety to make us believe that you were with her all the evening would almost lead one to suppose that she would like to prove an alibi for herself."

Antonia removed the cigarette from her mouth. "Cat," she remarked.

Hannasyde interposed. "I am still waiting to know what sort of a hat you wore last night, Mr. Vereker."

"A black felt," said Kenneth.

"Thank you. When you left the Albert Hall shortly before 10.30, where did you go?"

"That question," said Kenneth, "I must regretfully decline to answer."

Giles' eyes rested thoughtfully on Hannasyde's face. It was quite impassive, nor was there much expression in Hannasyde's voice as he said: "Very well, Mr. Vereker. If you are determined not to answer, I have no option but to detain you."

Giles carefully tipped the ash off the end of his cigarette. He still said nothing.

Kenneth's brows rose. "Now, I thought you'd arrest me," he remarked. "Why don't you?"

The superintendent made no reply. Antonia got up rather suddenly, and said with a curtness which informed all those who knew her how much alarmed she was: "Giles! For God's sake, why don't you do something?"

He said in his calm way: "There is nothing I can do at the moment, Tony. Don't panic."

"But it's impossible! You're making an absurd mistake, Superintendent!" Leslie cried. "He didn't do it! I know he didn't do it!"

Violet, who had turned very pale, fixed her eyes on Hannasyde's face and said slowly: "One sees, naturally, that the evidence is very strong, but surely you are being a little hasty? I mean, Kenneth isn't the only person who could have done it. And I must say—though I know perfectly well that it won't be appreciated—that I should like very much to know what Tony was doing last night."

"Thanks, we'll cut out that bit," said

Kenneth. "Tony was out with Giles, as you very well know."

Violet rose, a spot of color on each cheek. "It's no use talking to me in that rude way! I've a right to say what I think—more right than Leslie Rivers, let me tell you! Of course, I'm getting used to being snubbed in this household whenever I open my mouth, but I'll thank you to remember that I'm your fiancée, Kenneth!"

He looked at her in a detached way, as though he found her a curious but not uninteresting specimen. "Funny," he remarked. "Tony always said you had a streak of vulgarity. I see what she means now."

"How dare you insult me?" she flashed, her lips thin with anger.

"If you don't want me to insult you, lay off my sister!" he said, a hard light in his eyes.

"One moment, Miss Williams," said Giles. "You are forgetting my evidence, aren't you?"

"No, Mr. Carrington, I'm not. But it's quite obvious that you'd say or do anything to shield Tony. I'm sorry if you're offended, but I can't and I won't stand by and see Kenneth taken to prison for want of a little plain speaking!"

At this point Hannasyde interposed by asking Kenneth if he were ready to go with him.

"No," said Kenneth. "I'm not. I want a word in private with my cousin."

"Certainly," Hannasyde replied.

"Come to my room, will you?" Kenneth said to Giles. "I've no intention of running away. Superintendent, so you needn't worry."

Giles followed him out of the studio, and across the little hall to his bedroom. He shut the door, and watched Kenneth sit down on the end of his bed. Kenneth had a taut look about him, and when he spoke it was a little jerky.

"Go on! You're my solicitor. What do I do now?"

"Keep your mouth shut," answered Giles without hesitation. "Were you at Roger's flat last night, or were you not?"

A faint smile flickered in Kenneth's eyes. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"If I don't know I tell you in all seriousness, Kenneth, I won't touch your case."

Kenneth shrugged. "I haven't needed you so far, but it looks as though I may."

"At what hour?"

"Precisely the hour specified by our clever detective."

"What did you go there for, Kenneth?"

"Private affairs."

"Luckily I can interpret that," said Giles.

"You went to see if Violet Williams was there, didn't you?"

Kenneth flushed. "What a lively imagination you have!"

"Was she there?" Giles demanded.

"She was not."

"Quite sure of that?"

"Quite."

"Your error, in fact."

Kenneth burst out laughing. "Yes, blast you! My error."

"Did you part with Roger on good terms?"

"No, not at all."

Giles sighed. "Why not? What was there to quarrel over if Violet hadn't been there?"

"I could always find something to quarrel over with Roger," replied Kenneth. "In this case it was his Advice to a Young Man About to Marry. But I didn't kill him. How long am I likely to be in jail?"

"I hope not more than a day or two. Don't annoy the police more than you can help."

"The temptation," said Kenneth, getting up and opening the door, "is pretty well irresistible!"

Hannasyde was waiting for him in the hall, and at sight of him Kenneth's eyes gleamed. "Hush! Not a word!" he said.

"This is where I fade out, skipping the leave-taking. On your way, my friend—the-superintendent!"

Hannasyde, propelled towards the front door by an insistent hand on his elbow, looked back to say, "I'll send a man round to fetch what Mr. Vereker needs. Would you ask Miss Vereker to pack a suitcase, Mr. Carrington?"

"Tell her to shove my sketching-block in, and the usual appurtenances," ordered Kenneth. "I'm going to do a series of black-and-white policemen. After you—Macduff!"

Giles went back into the studio. Violet was standing by the fireplace, her lips still tightly compressed, and a look in her face more of exasperation than concern. Leslie had put on her hat and seemed to be on the point of departure. Antonia was lighting a cigarette from the stub of her old one. They all three looked towards the door as Giles entered, but it was Violet who spoke. "Well?" she said. "Where's Kenneth?"

"Gone," replied Giles unemotionally.

"I think," said Violet, in a voice of still anger, "that that is the last straw!"

"Oh, damn you, shut up!" snapped Antonia. "How could he help going?"

Violet spoke with meticulous politeness. "Will you please not swear at me? I am quite aware that he had to go, but I don't in the least understand why he could not take the trouble to say good-bye. It is a piece of rudeness which—"

"If you don't hold your tongue there will be a third murder," said Leslie with deadly calm. "You've said more than enough already. In fact, there's only one thing you forgot: why didn't you advise the superintendent to inquire into my movements last night?"

"I am quite sure that he has done so, dear," replied Violet sweetly. "Not that I think you did the murder, for, after all, what motive could you have?"

"If it comes to that, what motive could Tony have had? She doesn't inherit."

"Not while Kenneth is alive," agreed Violet with meaning.

Antonia, not in the least indignant at this remark, frowned thoughtfully. "Well, I don't know," she said. "I should have to be pretty hard-bolled to commit three murders. I would be damn silly, too, because I'd be bound to get caught out."

"It seems to me that anyone of normal intelligence can get away with murder," said Violet scornfully, drawing on her gloves.

Nobody made any reply to this, but when the gloves were at last on Giles moved in his leisurely way towards the door and opened it for Violet to pass out.

"Well, Tony," she said, tucking her bag under her arm, "if I've said anything I shouldn't, I'm sorry, but this thing is getting absolutely on my nerves. You had better come along, too, Leslie; Tony wants to talk to her cousin."

Leslie said stiffly: "Of course. But please don't wait for me. I'm not going your way."

Violet gave a little laugh. "Oh, just as you like, my dear. Good-bye, Mr. Carrington. No, please don't bother to see me out. I know my way."

"Of course she just had to say 'I know my way,'" commented Antonia gloomily, as Giles, disregarding her request, went with Violet to the front door. "I used to collect her clichés at first, but it got so boring I gave it up. This is a most sanguinary affair, Leslie."

"I know," Leslie said. "Only don't worry, old thing." Then, as Giles came back into the room, she said: "If that sick-making female has gone, I'll push off, too. Mr. Carrington, you'll look after Tony, won't you, and try and cheer her up? Good-bye, Tony darling: I'll come round first thing in the morning. Good-bye, Mr. Carrington."

The door closed firmly behind her. An-

tonia was left alone with her cousin. She said forlornly: "You needn't be afraid I'm going to cry, because I'm not."
He sat down beside her. "There's nothing to cry about, chicken," he said.
She turned a rather wan face towards him. "Giles, I have such a ghastly fear that he may have done it after all!"
"Have you, Tony? Would you like to bet on it?" he asked, smiling. Her eyes questioned him. "You don't think he did?"
"I'm very nearly certain he didn't," replied Giles Carrington.

CHAPTER 22

THIS pronouncement did not have quite the desired effect, for, after staring at Giles blankly for a moment or two, Antonia tried to smile, failed, and felt a choking lump rise in her throat. Giles saw her face begin to pucker, and promptly took her in his arms. "Don't cry, Tony darling!" he said gently. "It's going to be all right."

Antonia hid her face in his shoulder and gave way to her overwrought feelings. However, she was not one to indulge in an orgy of tears, and she soon stopped crying, and after one or two damp sniffs sat up and said shamefacedly: "Sorry. I'm all right now. Thanks for my handkerchief out of his pocket and compelled Antonia to turn her face towards him. He looked down at her lovingly, and said: "I won't kiss a wet face. Keep still, my lamb."

Antonia submitted to having her tears wiped away, but stammered, rather red in the face: "D—don't talk rot, Giles!"
"I'm not talking rot," he replied, and took her in his arms again, this time not gently at all, and kissed her hard and long.

Antonia, unable to utter any protest, made one feeble attempt to push him away, and then, finding it impossible, grasped his coat with both hands and clung to him. When she was able to speak she first said, foolishly, "Oh, Giles!" and then, "I can't! I mean, you don't really—I mean, we couldn't possibly—I mean— But I can't think Uncle Charles would like it if we did," she ended lamely. "You'll find that he's bearing up quite well," replied Giles. "Will you marry me, Tony?"

She looked anxiously at him. "Are you utterly sure, Giles?" He nodded. "Because you know what a beast I can be, and it would be so awful if—if you were only proposing to me in a weak moment, and— and I accepted you, and then you regretted it."

"I'll tell you a secret," he said. "I love you."

Antonia suddenly dragged one of his hands to her cheek. "Oh, darling Giles, I've only just realised it, but I've been in love with you for years and years!" she blurted out.

It was at this somewhat inopportune moment that Rudolph Mesurier burst hurriedly into the studio. "I came as soon as I possibly could!" he began, and then checked, and exclaimed in an outraged voice: "Well, really! I must say!"

Antonia, quite unabashed, went, as usual, straight to the point. She got up and held out the ring. "You're just the person I wanted to see," she said naively. "Giles says I must give this back to you. I'm terribly sorry, Rudolph, but— Giles wants me to marry him. And he knows me awfully well, and we get on together, so—so I think I'd better, if you don't mind very much."

This frank admission threw Rudolph momentarily out of his stride, but after a few seconds' pained discomfiture he said with a good deal of bitterness: "I might have known. I can't grasp it yet. I expect I shall presently. Just now I feel merely numb. I don't seem able to realise that everything is over."

"You can't really think that everything's over merely because we're not going to be married," said Antonia reasonably. "I

expect you only feel numb because I took you by surprise. You'll be quite thankful when you do realise it. For one thing, you won't have to have bull-terriers in your house, and you know you never really liked them."

"Is that all you can say?" he demanded. "Is that the only crumb of comfort you can find?"

It was apparent to Giles that Mesurier was enjoying himself considerably. He rose, feeling that the jilted lover did at least deserve to hold the stage alone for the last time. "I'm sorry about it, Mesurier," he said pleasantly. "But Tony made a mistake. I expect you'd like to have a little talk with her."

Giles went out of the studio and shut the door behind him.

Twenty minutes later Antonia joined him in Kenneth's bedroom, remarking with a sigh of relief that Rudolph had gone at last.

"And a good job, too!" said Murgatroyd, fitting a bulging sponge-bag into Kenneth's suitcase that lay, half full, on the end of the bed. "If it weren't for this dreadful thing that's happened I should be congratulating you from the bottom of my heart, Miss Tony."

The rest of the packing was soon done, and in a few minutes Giles had locked the suitcase and set it on the ground. "I shall have to go, Tony," he said. "Promise me you won't worry!"

"I'll try not to," said Antonia dubiously. "What are you going to do?"

"Save some constable or other the trouble of having to fetch Kenneth's things," he replied.

She raised her eyes to his face. "Shall I see you to-morrow?"

He hesitated. "I'm not sure. I think probably not until late. If at all," he answered. "I'm going to be pretty busy."

It was past six o'clock when Giles Carrington left the studio. He delivered the suitcase first, and then, after a glance at his wrist-watch, drove to the Temple and changed into evening dress. His subsequent proceedings might not have seemed to Antonia to be the actions of a man trying to aid her brother. He visited three cocktail bars, four hotels, one night club, and two dance halls. He partook of refreshment in all of these resorts, and engaged various head waiters, assistant waiters, hall porters, and page boys in conversation which they at least found profitable. He reached his flat again in the small hours, swallowed a couple of aspirin tablets in the hope of defeating the inevitable headache, and got thankfully into bed.

A bath, followed by an excellent pick-me-up, more or less restored him the following morning. He was able to face the task of shaving, and even, when that was over, to partake of a very modest breakfast. While he sipped a cup of strong coffee he told his man to put through a call to Scotland Yard, and to ask for Superintendent Hannasyde.

Superintendent Hannasyde, however, was not in the building, and an inquiry for Sergeant Hemingway was equally fruitless. The voice at the other end of the telephone was polite but unhelpful, and after a moment's reflection Giles thanked the unknown, said that it didn't matter, and rang off. His next call was to his own office, and his man, hovering discreetly in the background, had his curiosity whetted by hearing that Mr. Carrington was to be told that Mr. Giles Carrington had important business out of town, and would not be at the office that day. It was certainly a queer set-out, and what Mr. Giles Carrington thought he was playing at Heaven alone knew.

At half-past five in the afternoon Giles walked into Scotland Yard and once more asked for Superintendent Hannasyde. This time he was more fortunate; the superintendent had come in not half an hour earlier.

Hannasyde looked up, when Giles entered. "Good afternoon, Mr. Carrington. I'm sorry I was out when you rang up this morning. I've had rather a busy day." He looked more narrowly at Giles, and said, "Sit down. You look as though you'd been having a busy day, too!"

"I have," said Giles, sinking into a chair. "And a still busier night. What I want to know is, did your men find anything that had any possible bearing on the case when they searched Roger Vereker's flat yesterday?"

HANNASYDE shook his head. "No, nothing. Was that what you wanted me for this morning?"

"Partly that, and partly to let you know what I'd been doing." He moved rather restlessly in his chair, frowning. "I want to see that night-porter, by the way. I wish I'd been present when the flat was searched."

Hannasyde regarded him with some slight show of amusement. "My dear Mr. Carrington, there was nothing there other than what we saw."

"Kenneth's pipe? Oh, that's not it! Kenneth had nothing to do with either murder. I wanted you to come and place out the first murder with me to-day, but when I couldn't get hold of you I thought I'd better do it myself rather than hang about perhaps for hours."

Hannasyde stared at him in astonishment for a moment, and then drew out his chair from behind the desk, and sat down in it. "Forgive me, Mr. Carrington, but have you been drinking, or are you just having a little joke with me?" he inquired.

A rather weary smile touched Giles' lips. "To be frank with you, I've been drinking," he answered. "Not quite lately, but last night, from seven o'clock onwards. I had to be so tactful, you see—pursuing what might have turned out to be a wild and scandalous goose-chase."

"Mr. Carrington, what have you got hold of," demanded Hannasyde.

"Arnold Vereker's murderer, I hope."

"Arnold Vereker's murderer?" exclaimed Hannasyde.

"Roger's too. But if there was no clue of any kind in the flat—"

Hannasyde drew in his breath. "What there was you saw, Mr. Carrington," he said patiently. "You saw the pipe, the pistol, the half-finished letter in the blotter, the glass of whisky and soda, and the note from—No, you didn't see that, now I come to think of it. Hemingway found it after you'd left. But it hasn't any bearing on the case that I can see. It was only a note from Miss Vereker, thanking her step-brother for—" He broke off, for Giles Carrington's sleepy eyes had opened suddenly.

"A note from Miss Vereker . . . ?" Giles repeated. "A note—where was that found?"

"Screwed up in a ball behind the coal-scuttle. I should say that Roger Vereker meant to throw it into the fire, but missed his aim. Do you mean to tell me—"

"Where was the envelope?" Giles interrupted.

"We didn't find it. I suppose Vereker had a luckier shot with that. I wish you would stop being mysterious and tell me just what you're driving at."

"I will," said Giles. "Violet Williams."

Hannasyde blinked at him. "Violet Williams?" he said. "Are you seriously telling me that she murdered Roger Vereker?"

"Also Arnold Vereker," said Giles.

"She had never met Arnold Vereker!"

"Oh yes, she had," replied Giles. "She was the dark girl you couldn't trace."

Hannasyde had been twirling a pencil between his fingers, but he put it down at this, and sat a little straighter in his chair. "Are you sure of that?" he asked, watching Giles keenly.

"I've found two waiters, one commission-

airs, and the leader of a dance band to identify her photograph," answered Giles. "One of the waiters volunteered the information that he had several times seen her with Arnold Vereker, who was an habitué of that particular restaurant. The commissionaire also said that he had seen her with Arnold. The leader of the dance band did not know Arnold by name, but he recognised his photograph. In fact, he said instantly that he was the man who was with the most striking woman in the room that night. He is an intelligent fellow, that musician—I've got his name and address for you. He not only recognized both photographs, but he was able to state on what date he saw the originals. The locality—my dear Watson—was Ring's Hall, which, as you probably know, is a very popular road-house about twenty miles to the east of Hamborough. And the date (which was imprinted on my observant friend's memory by the coincidence of his having been the date on which his pianist sprained his wrist and had to be replaced by a substitute) was June 17."

"Good—God!" said Hannasyde very slowly. "But—she never came into the case at all!"

"No," agreed Giles. "And if she hadn't committed the second murder she never would have come into the case. She said she had never even set eyes on Arnold; both my cousins said it; and not a soul came forward to explode that fallacy. Moreover, no one ever would have come forward. None of my witnesses has any idea of her name, you see."

"But—Hannasyde was trying to puzzle it out—"how did she meet him? And having met him why did she keep it so dark? Do you suggest that she set out to become acquainted with him with the idea of murder in mind? It's almost incredible!"

"Yes, I don't think she did. From what I've seen of her I imagine she started with the intention of getting Arnold to marry her. But when it came to marriage Arnold was very wary. He would never be caught by a girl of her type. I've no doubt it didn't take her long to realise that. She's acute, though not clever. And then she planned to get rid of him."

"What made you suspect her in the first place?"

GILES reflected. "I don't think I know. It first occurred to me when Roger was killed, but it seemed wildly improbable. Then I made an excuse to call on her, and it struck me—perhaps because I was already suspicious—that she was a little too anxious to convince me that she had an alibi for that evening. That might have been my imagination, of course, but it was enough to make me go back over everything I knew about her, and add it up, and find what the total was. To start with I knew she was a gold-digger. My cousins were continually pointing that out to her. Also, I saw her setting her cap at Roger in a highly-determined manner. She thinks more of money than anything else; that was always evident. To go on with, I learned from Kenneth (I think you were present, too) that she was a close student of every kind of detective fiction. In itself that didn't mean anything, but added to the rest, it seemed to me to mean quite a lot. Thirdly, Kenneth went to call on her on the night of Arnold's murder—and she was out." He paused. "Little things like that—not much in themselves. Also the fact that she was obviously not in love with Kenneth. I could never imagine why she got engaged to him. I remembered, too, that Miss Vereker had told me, quite lightly, heartily, that Violet had always been in the habit of picking up well-to-do men in hotel lounges, and that sort of thing. Then came Roger's death. You didn't know it, of course—how should you?—but she did a thing that evening that seemed to me

stupid, and curiously unlike her. At the last moment she told Kenneth Vereker that she wouldn't go with him to that ball. She put his back up so badly that he at once rang up Miss Rivers, and invited her to go in Violet's stead. At the time I was merely surprised that Violet had handed him so clumsily—for the attitude she had adopted was that it would be indecent for either of them to appear at such a function. Now I think that she did it on purpose to ensure Kenneth's going to the ball, and thus providing himself with an alibi. She meant Roger's death to look like a suicide, and it was she who launched the theory that he was in a state of nerves on account of the police. That was one of the most suspicious things she did, I thought. The first murder had been so perfectly planned, and was so successful, that it went to her head. She's a conceited young woman, you know, and she ran away with the idea that if you could fool people once you could fool them any number of times."

Hannasyde nodded. "Very often the way."

"So I believe. Well, she was perfectly confident she could stage a convincing suicide, but in case of accidents she took care to provide herself with some sort of an alibi. Actually, it wasn't an alibi at all, but it might have worked if she hadn't made her fatal mistake."

"Something to do with that mysterious letter," Hannasyde said instantly.

"Yes, everything. You see, I was present when Miss Vereker gave Violet Williams that letter to post. She gave it her on the night of Roger's death—after seven o'clock." He paused, and looked at Hannasyde. "Which meant, of course, that having missed the 6.30 collection it would catch the next—I don't know the exact time, but I suppose not earlier than 8.30, and probably later. I have a great respect for the post office, but I can't bring myself to believe that a letter posted at that hour can possibly be delivered at its destination the same evening. Violet Williams must have used the letter as an excuse to call on Roger at that unconventional hour."

"What hour?" Hannasyde asked. "Have you any idea?"

"Some time after eleven—when the girl she had invited to spend the evening with her left—and certainly before twelve, when she knew the main door would be shut."

"Yes, I see. Coinciding with the entrance of the woman who might have been Mrs. Delaford's personal maid, and the noise which was thought to be a tyre burst, heard by Mr. Muskett. Is there a possibility of her having delivered the letter by hand prior to the arrival of her visitor?"

"No, I think not. She told me that her visitor came to dinner with her, and I expect you'll find that she was speaking the truth. She wouldn't have had time."

"There was a long silence. Then Hannasyde said ruefully. "It all this turns out to be true you'll have made me look rather silly—Mr. Holmes."

"Not at all," replied Giles. "I only got on to it because I'm on very intimate terms with my cousins, and have been in a position to watch every move in the game at close quarters, as you never could."

"I ought to have thought of it," Hannasyde said. "If it hadn't seemed so certain that she'd never met Arnold Vereker I must have thought of it. She was the only other person who had a motive."

Giles laughed. "I really don't think you can blame yourself. My young cousin has been building up far too damning a case against himself to admit of your looking beyond him for some really unlikely suspect. At the same, you've never felt sure that Kenneth did it, have you?"

"No," confessed Hannasyde. "I haven't. It always seemed to me that he was enjoying himself at my expense, for one thing, and for another—if he killed Arnold Vereker, why the stocks?"

"You gave up your first idea of a practical joke? Yes, that was what made me sure it wasn't Kenneth, and must have been a woman. The more I thought about it the more certain I felt that the stocks had an important bearing on the case. Whoever stabbed Arnold wanted to get him in a helpless position—in case, I suppose, the first blow didn't kill him. That pointed to a woman. Whether the stocks were a premeditated feature I suppose we shall never know. I'm inclined to think not. Perhaps Arnold's tyre burst occurred in the village, and Violet got the idea of using the stocks while she was waiting for him to change the wheel. Or perhaps—since it was a moonlight night—she caught sight of them when they were driving through Ashleigh Green, and got him to stop then, on the spur of the moment. It must have occurred to her that it would be safer to kill him in the open than to wait until they reached the cottage."

Hannasyde did not speak for a moment or two. Then he said: "What a case! I apologise for not taking your amateur efforts seriously, Mr. Carrington. You ought to be in the C.I.D. That pistol, by the way, had been recently oiled. There should be traces of the oil on the gloves Violet Williams wore, or in her handbag, where I suppose she carried it. Probably not noticeable to her. What a fool she was to use Miss Vereker's gun! Suspicion was bound to fall on young Vereker."

"Yes, but she thought he was provided with a safe alibi," Giles reminded him. "I don't suppose either that she could lay her hands on any other pistol. Nor is she a clever woman by any means. I grant you that she planned the first murder neatly, but it was quite easy to kill Arnold and leave no trace. When it came to staging a suicide it was far more difficult. There were no clues to destroy in the first place, several in the second."

"A thoroughly diabolical young woman!" Hannasyde said roundly. "Now, Mr. Carrington, if you'll let me have the names and addresses of your witnesses—"

"Yes, certainly," Giles said, smothering a yawn. "And then perhaps you'll release my client."

Hannasyde said seriously: "I'm sorry for that boy. This'll be a bad business for him."

"I expect he'll get over it," Giles answered. "It wouldn't surprise me if, when he's had time to recover from the shock of it all, he and Leslie Rivers made a match of it."

"I hope they will," said Hannasyde, glancing sideways at Giles. "And does Miss Vereker mean to marry Mesurier—er—soon?"

Giles smiled. "No, that's off. Miss Vereker has become engaged for the third and last time."

Hannasyde stretched his hand out across the table, and gripped Giles Carrington's. "Splendid!" he said. "Many congratulations! Yes, come in, sergeant. While we've been chasing red herrings, Mr. Carrington has solved our case for us. We shall have to let Mr. Vereker go after all."

"Let him go?" said Hemingway. "You'll have a job to make him go. The last I saw of him he was asking what they'd charge for board-residence till he's finished a set of the most shocking pictures you ever laid eyes on. Portraits of the police, he calls them. Libels, I call them. Are we going to make an arrest, Super?"

"Yes, thanks to Mr. Carrington. Just take down the addresses he's got for us, will you?"

The sergeant drew out his notebook, and opened it, and, moistening the tip of his pencil, looked at Giles, waiting for him to begin.

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.)

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